

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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Proud is her heart and her life is filled
With joy that is solemn and sweet.
She looks ahead down the aisle of years
That is trod by a mother's feet.

Dedication

Years that shall call for the sympathy
And strength of love and its duty.
For her life is a dedication
To this cuddlesome bundle of beauty.

—P. Duncan-Brown.

DANGERS of TONSIL OPERATION

Warning By
A London
Authority
Australian Attitude

One of the most common operations nowadays is the removal of tonsils—particularly children's tonsils. But from a London authority comes a warning that the operation is more dangerous than is generally realised.

This warning has received much attention in B.M.A. circles in Australia, and The Australian Women's Weekly has obtained an authoritative statement setting out the highest local viewpoint.

FROM our London office we received the statement regarding the danger of tonsil operations.

The warning was delivered in the "Lancet" by Dr. T. B. Layton, F.R.C.S., surgeon to the throat and ear department of Guy's Hospital, a leading London hospital.

He says a grave situation has arisen from the number of children in private and council schools who have undergone operations for the removal of tonsils.

The operation for the removal of tonsils has a greater number of complications to life, to immediate illnesses, and to post-operative impairment of function, than any other operation of the same magnitude. So long is the list that if it were read over at the time of consultation any parent would hesitate to consent to the operation being performed.

"The operation is never 'absolutely



necessary." It is of recent origin... yet there is no evidence as yet to show that the subsequent generations who have grown up in the age of tonsillectomy are fitter than that which experienced the great war.

"I believe that the operation is fraught with grave consequences to the hearing even when all immediate post-operative complications have been avoided."

Local Attitude

THE Australian Women's Weekly referred Dr. Layton's statement to the Children's Hospital, Sydney, where doctors advised us to consult the British Medical Association.

Our representative was subsequently referred to a specialist who is secretary of the ear, nose, and throat section of the B.M.A.

This specialist gave the following statement:—"The statement attributed to Dr. Layton is such a sweeping one, and so contrary to the accepted teaching experience of most medical men in Australia, that it is bound to create a storm of criticism."

"Complications of the operation known as tonsillectomy are in inverse proportion to the skill of the operator."

"It has to be realised that the operation for the removal of the tonsils is not the simple matter it is often thought to be."

"When it is unskillfully performed certain complications do arise, the commonest being haemorrhage. When performed by a surgeon properly trained, and under proper conditions, that is in hospital with suitable equipment for the

operation, complications are extremely rare, and the results of the operation are very gratifying. "It is, of course, necessary to carefully consider the indications for the operation. When infected tonsils are causing or prolonging disease, either local or of the system, it is very wrong not to remove them. "Anything short of complete removal is usually ineffective, and frequently leaves the patient worse off than before, as the natural openings of the

tonsils become closed over. This especially applies to cauterisations and electrical treatment.

"Tonsillar infection is very often caused by neglect of the teeth, the germs from which find their way into the tonsils and breed there."

"Certain forms of deafness, especially hereditary deafness, are unimproved by tonsillectomy, but deafness caused by running ears, especially in children, often cannot be cured in the presence of diseased tonsils."

Where TWINS ... are a HABIT

New Guinea Tribe

Australia's mandated territory—New Guinea, that fiercely beautiful but dangerous land, Nature's last stronghold—to-day possesses some of the most interesting colored people in the whole world.

ON the Yuat River, a tributary stream of the great Sepik River, the largest in New Guinea, is the biggest native settlement, Mondugum, wherein dwells a tribe peculiarly blessed in that it has developed the amazing trait of twin-bearing almost to the exclusion of single births!

Scientists who have closely studied these natives have discovered that as far back as can be remembered in the settlement virtually every mother in the tribe has given birth to twins on every occasion, and the habit shows no signs of diminution.

It is believed that this remarkable recurrence of twins has been brought about by the intermarriage (accidental) between cousins of families in which the "twinning trait" was a feature, leading to the eventual predominance of the twin-bearing characteristic after many generations.

Scientists say that the same result could be obtained anywhere by similar marriages; but to the natives of Mondugum the whole thing is inexplicable.

THEY cannot understand why they are so unlike all other tribes in the neighborhood in this respect, and, needless to say, they regard the occurrences as distinctly economically disadvantageous. However, to cope with the situation, a general system of family adjustment is in vogue.

As a rule, one child is retained by the mother, while the other is relegated to some foster-parent, who is less blessed with children or who is more richly endowed with worldly goods.

The women of the Mondugum settlement are very much bigger than the men—most of them grow to about six feet in height and weigh anything up to thirteen stone!—and in addition to bearing large families of twins they do all the work. In the ten years prior to 1923 one woman in the settlement had given birth to ten pairs of twins! The men do nothing but sleep and practise with their weapons of war.

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ATKINSONS
LONDON... PARIS... BO... SYDNEY



A special-formula Face Powder
that all London clamoured for

Beautiful women, leaders of London Society, have come to Atkinsons' exclusive Perfumery Shop in Old Bond Street in their search for a face powder that brings a smooth, dewy beauty to the skin and yet looks natural. Hundreds of formulas were perfected, but there was one—known simply as "No. 24"—favored above all the rest for the exquisite skin-beauty it always gave, and for its delicate fragrance. For each distinguished person the prizeless formula "No. 24" was prepared specially, and this made it so costly that only a few could afford it.

The charm of real skin-tones

Shades vibrant with warm beauty. A tone in which your coloring is among them—Russet, Rachel No. 2, Natural, Suntan, Ochre, Rose, White and Brandy.

NOW... The new Large Box 1/6

ALL CHEMISTS AND STORES

J. & E. ATKINSON (AUSTRALIA) LIMITED

The WOMEN'S WEEKLY LINKS up with STATION 2UW

Something entirely new in women's radio sessions will commence on Monday next, at 2 p.m., when the Lady Mayoress, Mrs. Parker, will officially inaugurate The Australian Women's Weekly 2UW special women's sessions over the air from the station's new studios.

Negotiations for a link-up, which have been taking place for some time between The Australian Women's Weekly and the Commonwealth Broadcasting Corporation Limited, are now complete.

MRS. PARKER will be accompanied by Mr. George Warnecke, Editor-in-Chief of The Australian Women's Weekly, and Mrs. Warnecke, Mr. Stuart F. Doyle, director of 2UW, and Mrs. Doyle, Sir Benjamin Fuller and Mr. Frank Albert, also directors of 2UW, and Lady Fuller and Mrs. Albert. Mr. Oswald Anderson, gen. manager of 2UW, Mrs. Albert Littlejohn, newly-appointed director of The Australian Women's Weekly-2UW women's sessions, and Miss Dorothea Vautier, the new official announcer for The Australian Women's Weekly hour.

After the Lady Mayoress has opened the session, the speakers will say a few words on what is a unique venture in Australian radio history.

The Australian Women's Weekly, through Mrs. Littlejohn, will take over the broadcasting of special women's sessions from station 2UW, so that readers will be provided with a daily service of news and features of special interest to women.

MRS. ALBERT LITTLEJOHN, president of the United Associations, is an old friend of The Australian Women's Weekly readers, and her weekly talks from 2UW have been a popular feature of the station's programmes.

Apart from her many years of journalistic and broadcasting experience, which makes her eminently suitable for this work, Mrs. Littlejohn has the happy knack of being at home with everyone. She takes up her new duties



MISS DOROTHEA VAUTIER

with 2UW and The Australian Women's Weekly fresh from a holiday at Government House, Canberra.

To co-operate with Mrs. Littlejohn, The Australian Women's Weekly and 2UW have obtained the services of Miss Dorothea Vautier, the popular young announcer who was recently with 2UE.

Miss Vautier, who has been appointed official announcer for the Women's Hour—from 2 to 3—has one of the finest broadcasting voices in Australia.

During the last six years she has been broadcasting regularly from "A" and "B"



MRS. ALBERT LITTLEJOHN

class stations in New Zealand and Australia.

The Australian Women's Weekly features to be broadcast at 9.45 in the morning sessions will be conducted by Miss Myra Dempsey, president of the Rosemary Club, who is a well-known 2UW radio personality.

Our Policy

THE policy to be followed in these new women's sessions is to be the same as that which has made The Australian Women's Weekly the best-read woman's paper in Australia to-day. This policy is, first and foremost, to give the best possible service, then to keep trying to make it better.

It will be Mrs. Littlejohn's aim to see that readers of The Australian Women's Weekly and 2UW listeners get what they want over the air in the way of talks and music. Mrs. Littlejohn will welcome suggestions from listeners.

For fuller details of the new radio programmes see the Music and Radio columns on page 18.

Let's Talk of
**Interesting
P.E.O.P.L.E**



IDEAL HOSTESS

MADAME ELLA KINGSTON, who recently paid a hurried business trip to Sydney, is one of the most interesting people in Australia's musical world. Before her marriage to Claude Kingston, J. C. Williamson's publicity manager, Madame Ella had achieved a goodly measure of musical success, and her beautiful soprano voice was often heard on H.M.V. records and over the air. Last Christmas, she produced "The Messiah" at Melbourne's new Town Hall, taking the soprano role herself with Joseph Hladop as the tenor.

A vivacious brunette, she is endowed with a magnetic charm of manner, and the many visiting celebrities whom she and her husband have entertained at their home in South Yarra have spread her fame abroad in the musical circles of Europe as being the ideal hostess.



—Dorothy Welding.

MODERN ARTIST

MISS HELEN STEWART, whose exhibition of paintings attracted much attention in Sydney, holds that in portrait work, her favorite form of artistic expression, the work as a whole is much more important than the sitter. Thus, apart from their merely personal interest as portraits, many of her studies are valuable because they portray essentially Australian types of girlhood.

"She has captured the winged brightness of the Australians as never it has been captured before!" said Mrs. A. T. Anderson, in opening the exhibition. "It is a very important event in the history of Australian art." Miss Stewart, who has studied in Paris and under Miss Thea Proctor, is an artist of the modern school.



FROM CHINA

MRS. HAROLD ANDERSON, with her husband, Dr. Harold Anderson, is on furlough from Western China Union University at Cheng-tu. After Eleanor MacNeil took her degree in music at the Melbourne University Conservatorium, she was sent to China, to fill the office of Australian Secretary in China for the Y.W.C.A. In the course of her work she met and married Dr. Harold Anderson, who is an Englishman.

The University at Cheng-tu soon became the centre of both their lives, for Dr. Anderson's work lay in the medical school, and Mrs. Anderson took charge of the music there.

KRISHNAMURTI'S Message To ALL

Thoughts of Most of Us Are "Frozen"

By F. W. L. ESCH

THAT the majority of people in the world to-day are suffering from "frozen" thought, which prevents them from realising the facts of life, is the foundation upon which is based the message of Krishnamurti, who describes himself as an international figure.

IN two long, exclusive interviews with The Australian Women's Weekly this Indian savant who has roused the curiosity of the whole world explained some of his ideas for the benefit of Australian women.

The unusual part about Krishnamurti is that he claims to have no beliefs or philosophy, and is not a member of any cult or religious sect. On the contrary, he is opposed to systems of philosophy. He says that you cannot find happiness or truth by thinking along lines laid down by other people. You must think for yourself.

Group Thinking

FOR this reason he does not care to be described as a philosopher or teacher, and, of course, as everybody knows, he repudiated the title of "The New Messiah," which, some years ago was bestowed on him by admiring Theosophists. He even went further, and dissolved his own group, The Order of the Star in the East, as a practical demonstration of his disregard for group thinking.

And so, when The Australian Women's Weekly wanted to know whether to refer to Krishnamurti as a philosopher or a teacher, he said, "No... just refer to me as an international figure."

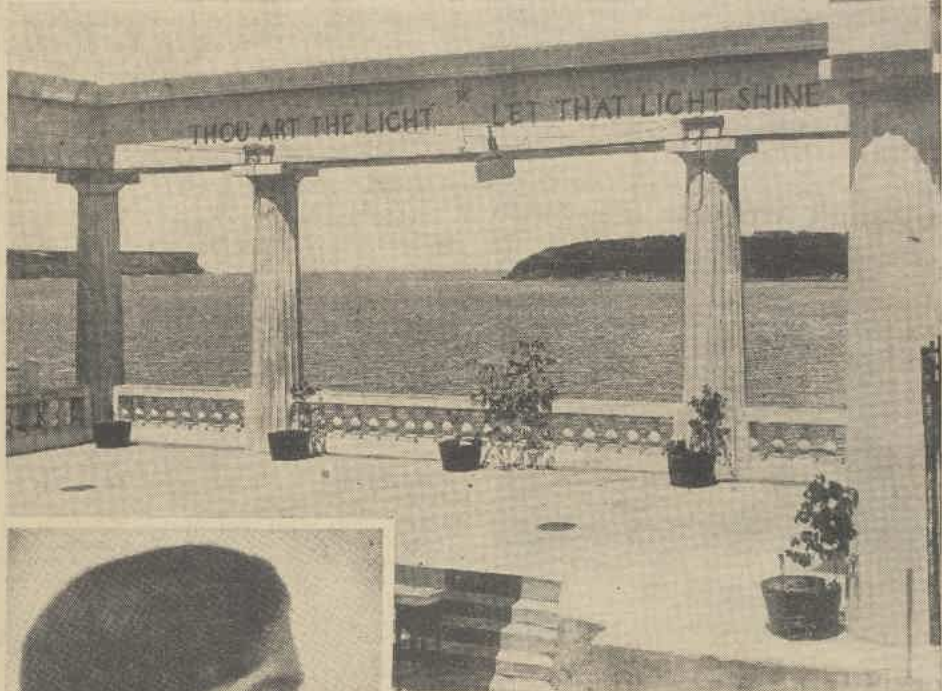
In explanation of what he means by "frozen" thought, he said, "The beginning of thinking is questioning, but most people are not able to do this because they are weighed down by authority of opinion."

"Ninety-nine per cent. of our ideas on the general facts of life," said Krishnamurti, "are the ideas of other people. We accept their statements about economics, the social system, and religion. We have deep-rooted prejudices, and all these things have become habits of thought, from which it is very difficult to escape."

It is to these habits of thought that Krishnamurti ties the label, "frozen." If they were true, if they were real, it would not matter, but it is only too obvious that they are not true, he says. The chaotic state of world affairs to-day proves this.

"The average person's ideas about most things that matter are not things that they know; they are things that they believe, and they believe them because other people have said they are true, and because their friends believe them," he said.

Krishnamurti explained, however, that there is a difference between believing something and knowing it. We know



Above: The Balmoral Temple, overlooking Sydney Harbor. It was built by members of the Order of the Star in the East to be used by Krishnamurti when he came to Australia. Now he is here, but under what different conditions to those expected!

Left: J. Krishnamurti—he will be leaving for New Zealand and America in March.



that the sun rises in the east. This is not something that we believe. And so we should understand the realities of life in such a way that we do not have to make believe about them, either.

"It is unessential," he said, "to have any belief. This does not mean that you are an atheist and all the rest of it. To have a belief indicates that a man is escaping from the realities of existence."

Eternal Escape

HE explained that the reason why people tried to escape from the realities of existence was because existence, as it is to-day, does not offer comfort and security to the average man, and as he is not advanced enough, as a thinker, to make mental adjustments, he cannot be happy under present-day conditions.

He therefore seeks to escape from realities, and looks for comfort, security, and self importance from one or more of the great institutions that exist for the exploitation of his unhappy condition.

What Krishnamurti implies is that he

falls out of the frying-pan into the fire, and that this will always be the case until individuals refuse to be exploited in this way and start to think for themselves.

Wrong Basis

AT the bottom of all the trouble in the world to-day, said Krishnamurti, is the fact that our basis of living is wrong. Everything that is done is done for a reward of some kind. With rare exceptions, nobody does anything for the sake of doing it.

Krishnamurti uses the term "reward"

in a very wide sense. He covers not only the person who seeks material gain for his efforts, but the person who strives after an ideal, his reward being the achievement of this ideal.

The average man seeks security, comfort, and a position which will give him self-importance, but until he stops dangle these rewards in front of himself, like the carrot is dangled in front of the lazy donkey, and until he lives and does for the sake of living and doing, he will always be afraid of not getting what he wants, and he will always be the victim of social exploitation.

According to Krishnamurti, to have an ideal or an aim in life is a mistake. It is even a mistake to strive after things and to make an effort to get somewhere or be somebody.

"The average man will ask," he said, "what will happen to the person who does not make effort. Will he not stagnate? To this I reply, if the seed is healthy it must grow; it must put forth and flower."

He thinks that the healthy-minded person who understands the realities of life will grow in the same way.

"A thing that is," he said, "is eternally becoming. It is only a thing that is not that strives to become. We should do things," said Krishnamurti, "for the sake of doing them; not to beat somebody else to the reward."

Krishnamurti... the Man

TALKING to Krishnamurti, one is impressed by his obvious sincerity and his anxiety to make himself understood.

When you ask him a question he thinks deeply before answering, then leans forward, and touching you on the arm, gives his answer. If you grasp his meaning he is very pleased and laughs happily, saying, "You see, sir. You see!"

It is said that he has no possessions. He travels round the world as the guest of people who want to hear what he has to say. A trunk and a couple of suitcases hold his worldly belongings.

At one time he used to be a keen golfer and tennis player, but now his favorite exercise is walking. He frequently goes driving to the country, but will leave the car when away from the city to do a few miles by foot. He indulges in some form of physical culture every morning.

In spite of this, however, he is very delicate, and after a lecture or after a series of interviews he shows unmistakable signs of weariness.

WHEN he stays in any particular place it is the custom for his host and hostess to arrange times during which he meets, sometimes, a hundred people at a time, and talks with them about the facts of life.

At these meetings he does not lecture

Everyone can take part in the discussions. He endeavors to guide the arguments along some constructive channel, and, considering the ease with which the human mind can stray from the point, he is very successful.

But these gatherings are obviously a strain. He throws the whole force of his mind into the arguments, and at the end he is worn out.

When it is all over he stands apart from his visitors. Those who approach him to say a few words are rewarded by a warm smile and perhaps a handshake, but no more.

Nobody who has met Krishnamurti could help liking him. He is so eager, enthusiastic, and yet so anxious not to lay down the law. He wants his friends to understand him, not to believe him.

Asked what he did for mental relaxation, Krishnamurti said he read good novels. A talk to him reveals that he is well versed with the most modern writers.

For instance, he was greatly amused by Aldous Huxley's "Brave New World." He said it was a brilliant piece of satire and that Huxley was one of the greatest minds in England. When he was told that this book had been banned in Australia he was amazed. He could not believe it at first, then he roared with laughter. "But why, my dear sir..." he asked. "But why?"

Eat
THE 1934
BREAKFAST



... you'll
feel Better

DO you have heavy, cooked food for your morning meal? Think how unsuited it is to our life and climate! Change to the 1934 breakfast—crisp, ready-to-eat, nourishing Kellogg's Corn Flakes. You'll enjoy a new feeling of energy! Have Kellogg's regularly with milk, honey or fruits. Children and grown-ups love them!



Oven-fresh
Always
The new, inner,
sealed Waxette
Wrapper keeps
Kellogg's fresh and
crisp after opening.

Kellogg's
CORN FLAKES

EIGHT YEARS of NURSING At LEPER Settlement An Island Heroine



Peel Island (Q.) has been brought before the attention of the public on several occasions recently, but there remains one interesting story yet to be told.

It concerns Miss Annie E. Dwyer, the woman who has dwelt there for eight years, ministering to the sufferers at the leper settlement.

NURSE DWYER
and her brown
retriever, "Peter,"
who is her faithful
companion on
Peel Island.

A LIFE in the sub-tropical glory of a sun-swept Queensland island! Many a woman in Australia would give years of her life to secure such an existence.

Yet, when some of the circumstances of Miss Dwyer's life are revealed, maybe readers will hardly envy her.

Surfing, fishing, beach ramblings and excursions into bushlands abounding with wild-flowers and fruit are some of the recreations which fill the leisure hours of Miss Dwyer, who, as an island dweller on one of the most beautiful of the Moreton Bay group, can certainly lay claim to one of the most unique domiciles among Queensland women.

That is the leisure side of Miss Dwyer's life. The other side—that of her reason for being on the island, for she is a trained nurse, not a millionairess!—is less romantic.

FOR the past eight years Miss Dwyer has filled the position of trained nurse at Peel Island—the Queensland State Government's leper lazaret.

At present there are 62 patients (white and colored) on the island.

Apart from the six white women patients, Nurse Dwyer and the superintendent's housekeeper are the only other white women at the settlement.

Her duties are to minister treatment to the patients as required each day, and to assist the medical officer in charge (Dr. J. Grahame Drew) when

each Monday he makes his special visit from Brisbane.

A congenial, ever-smiling, and sympathetic woman, Nurse Dwyer is beloved by every man, woman, and child in her charge.

In her leisure hours she takes long walks through the bush tracks and along the beaches of the island with her brown retriever, "Peter." Occasionally she puts in a pleasant hour fishing from the rocks or a dinghy.

The nurse is the daughter of a well-known settler of Coochin-Coochin, in the prosperous Fassfern district. Prior to taking the post at Peel Island she was for 14 years a nurse at the Diamantina Hospital, South Brisbane.

Every five weeks Miss Dwyer makes a visit to the city, some 20 miles away, the island being situated about 64 miles from Cleveland, which span of water often provides a miniature Atlantic for the small launch which connects the island with the mainland.

"I'm quite happy here. In the whole eight years I have been here I have not had a day's sickness," she told The Australian Women's Weekly representative who visited the island recently.

Miss Dwyer's sun-tanned, happy countenance certainly confirmed her statement.



..... GO away, yer gettin' on me nerves!

PARIS Models COMING DIRECT to AUSTRALIA

From MURIEL SEGAL, Our Special Representative in Europe

A NEW era in the fashion world of Australia started to-day.

Fashion experts gathered at the Piccadilly Hotel to see the sports clothes brought over from Paris by Worth, and heard the news that an Australian firm had bought up the entire collection. The strict law against copying will be waived for the first time in Paris fashion history.

All the new materials which are used will be sent out in quantities so that the original models will be copied and stamped with specially made labels inscribed, "Worth's, Bought in Paris. Authentic Copy."

The models will be delivered in Australia in February, which is several weeks sooner than in England or America. This collection is not allowed to be sketched or photographed, even for the English fashion papers, so here we are getting Paris fashions first in the world. No more waiting till next season for last season's models on account of the difference in climate.

Australia leaps ahead, and will, if things go on like this, be first in fashion. Here are a few of the details which the David Jones buyer has purchased:

The principal feature is the use of flax. This is the first time flax has ever been dyed, having always been used in the natural color. It is treated in various ways, and in coarse weaves, and with metal thread running through and is also used to make smart sports suits, often accompanied by a linen blouse.

Here we see the difference between flax in its new state, as compared with the more refined version of linen.

Uncrushable

Flax is uncrushable, and linen certainly is not. Flax washes beautifully, and has enough body to be most successful when made up into two-piece suits. Another material is a very fine jersey cloth, so fine as to be quite indistinguishable from flannel, also most appropriate for sports suits and skirts.

Thirdly, there appears the lightest weight homespun, which has yet been put on the market, weighing only four ounces a yard.

Yet another fabric introduced for the first time is half wool and half linen material, which is very international. It is woven in Scotland, and finished in Ireland, the linen finish being given by the famous Irish linen workers, then shipped to Paris to be made up, returned to England to be sold to Australia.

The jersey tops are most interesting and original. These of the knitted flax especially new.

Neutral colors are featured, such as grey or beige, relieved by some fresh tint. A knitted scarf of green angora is slotted through the neck of a grey flax frock, and in another model an apple-green sleeveless cardigan is worn over a grey cashmere frock, which is trimmed with the green.

CHILDREN'S Hour Radio MISTAKES Important Points for Commission to Consider

A very important part of broadcasting is the Children's Hour. To hear a voice over the air giving you a birthday greeting and telling you where your presents are hidden—what an extra thrill for a small person!

It may be rather tedious for the adult unrelated listener-in, but, after all, it can always be switched off.

If you do happen to listen-in at that time, there is nothing to offend, except perhaps the bad habit which some parents are acquiring of getting the announcer to administer reproof in this extremely public way.

Any child psychologist would tell us that to say to the listening world, "Many happy returns, Lorna. But what's this I hear? You're a big girl now, and yet you don't practise properly," is all wrong.

But wireless bedtime stories must be a boon, not only to children, but also to the harassed mother who has no gift that way herself.

HERE in Australia we have striking examples of how and how not to deal with the Children's Hour. Let us take the good one first.

In Melbourne, "Pat" has brought to her nightly task fun and imagination, romance and high endeavor. She has not only a wide background of culture and knowledge of the world, but also a cozy manner and a sympathetic understanding of the child mind. When she began her work she told her listeners the old story of the Argonauts and the Quest of the Golden Fleece. Out of that has grown her Argonauts' Club, with a badge and a song of its own.

From sheltered ports the Argonauts Of Legendary Greece Put out to sea unitedly.

To win the Golden Fleece. And we to-day have found a way Whereby we too may row, As brave and bold as heroes old In days of long ago.

The Argonauts take this oath: "Before the sun and the night and the blue sea, I vow to stand faithfully by all that

is brave and beautiful; to seek adventure, and having discovered aught of wonder or delight, of merriment or loveliness, to share it freely with my comrades, the Band of Happy Rowers."

Alas, at the end of this month, "Pat" is saying good-bye to her Argonauts. She is going to live in Adelaide. Let us hope that her work will be carried on by a fit successor.

NOW, by way of contrast, let us turn to Sydney. Every other night "Sandy" is on the air.

"Sandy" is a ventriloquist's doll, though you might listen-in for long enough without ever realising this. The whole point of ventriloquism is that the speaker can throw his voice about; if you can't see him doing it the point is therefore lost.

On the air "Sandy" is merely a personality, and a repulsive personality at that—a cringing hobbledy-ho half-wit, out to raise a snigger.

His conversation is punctuated by whines and clamors for money to buy ice creams; he hates school, where he expects to be caned (and so he should be); his jokes are mostly feeble and sometimes suggestive. That such a creature may be hovering over little children's pillows is enough to cause any conscientious parent to shudder.

No one asks for an angel-child instead; but surely "Sandy" could be replaced by a more normal type of healthy human boy.

There have been some decent things in the Sydney Children's Hour—for instance, a talk about three children who went to live in New Guinea, given by a man who knows how to tell stories to children with humor, simplicity and sincerity.

If the Commission intends to offer us more of that sort of thing to the eventual suppression of the other, good luck to them.

PICK-ME-UP SAUCE

"Makes all the difference"

Make Refreshing Summer FRUIT DRINKS whenever you need them with—

P.M.U. EXTRACTS

These extracts contain highly concentrated fruit juices and ensure refreshing fruit beverages that will appeal to thirsty palates. One 6oz. bottle makes half-gallon fruit cordial—enough for 50 large glasses.

Made in the following flavours—

Orange, Lemon, Raspberry, Strawberry, Pineapple.

Stocked by all good grocers.



FREE This Delightful Test-Size Set....

—with every purchase made at
OUTDOOR GIRL BEAUTY SHOPPE
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Buy any one of the marvellously Natural Outdoor Girl Beauty Aids... and get this special packet of test-size POWDER, VANISHING CREAM, CLEANSING CREAM and LIPSTICK, absolutely FREE! Then you can try them ALL. Discover for yourself the magic-working charm of the olive-oil-base in every one. Expect new thrills. Enjoy the best values you've ever known in cosmetics.

**OUTDOOR
GIRL**
"Olive-oil-base"
AMERICAN BEAUTY AIDS



SUNBURN PAIN/ relieved!



"Sun-baking" the skin should be protected by a coating of oil, and browned gradually. But if you have exposed the skin too suddenly, bathe the part in warm water, dry, and apply caron-oil. Then take a genuine Vincent's A.P.C. Powder or Tablet, with a glass of water, to obtain quick, safe relief. If there is serious distress, see a doctor. Be sure you get genuine Vincent's A.P.C. Vincent's A.P.C. is absolutely safe, and does not affect the heart or nerves.

All Chemists and Stores
or direct from Vincent
Chemical Co., Sydney.



A PRINCE of GOOD FELLOWS

First Chapters of
Our Delightful
New Serial
— By —
MONICA EWER

CHAPTER I.



JENNY FOSTER stretched a slim hand towards the alarm clock, stopped its imperious summons, and glanced uneasily round. Eve must not be woken yet. At eleven she had an audition at which she must look her best.

Her sister turned her golden head on the pillow. "Oh, curse," she murmured, and settled deeper into the bedclothes.

Pulling on her shabby old dressing-gown Jenny slipped across the corridor.

"Mum!" She beat a soft tattoo upon her mother's door. "Mum, it's seven."

A gentle groan answered her summons. It was rather a shame that Mum should have to get up so early. For Mum—bless her—was by nature inclined to be fat, and by temperament inclined to be lazy. Jenny turned on the bathroom tap. All this jumping out of bed to greet the lark or the milkman was bad enough when one was nineteen and weighed eight stone, but when you tipped the scales at twelve and were going on for fifty it was unbearable.

Jenny gasped a little in her cold bath and hoped that when she was fifty she would be able to pay someone else to get up for her at seven. Perhaps if Mr. Freeman—She rubbed her brown curls vigorously. Somehow she

By a Girl of 16

Barter

Upon her table stood the gem,
A necklet wrought in jade;
And as I looked I wondered long
What price the woman paid.

I saw her eyes were coldly deep,
Her lips were thin and red,
And parted in a subtle sneer,
They seemed to speak of dread.

Upon her table stood the gem,
The necklet wrought in jade,
And as I looked I knew full well
The price the woman paid!

Yvonne Webb.

didn't want to think about him. He was nice enough but so—so—she worried after the exact word—so set.

She beat the bottom of the tin of talcum powder against her palm. Empty of course. Eve must have finished it last night. Eve had no more sense of any distinction between "mine" and "thine" than the rest of Jenny's irresponsible family.

She must be careful to take the tin out of the bathroom, otherwise it would stay on the shelf for ever. Mum would never notice it when she came to give her vague "tidy around." Jenny often wondered where she herself had inherited this hard practical streak which made her mildly impatient of the perpetual muddle of the Foster family.

The others, she thought dispassionately, should have been rich. It didn't matter so much for her, but they had all the qualities that made the very richest rich people. They were gracious and good-tempered, they were handsome and quick-witted, they had taste and talent. Unfortunately they had none of the qualities that were demanded by their inadequate income. They were not hard-working or tidy, they were not practical or ambitious. They did not know the value of money. Her mother was a shocking house-keeper and a worse cook. Her father never even troubled to add a tradesman's bill. If he had the money he paid it, if he hadn't the money he smiled at his creditors in such a vague, puzzled way that they generally departed opining that the Professor was mad but honest. The tradespeople were shrewd judges of human nature. They knew well enough that they would be paid some day.

JENNY fastened her last suspender and slipped into her plain black working frock. In the kitchen she took her apron from behind the door, put on the kettle and laid the table rather sketchily. Breakfast would have to be in the kitchen again this morning because Dad had a piano lesson in the sitting-room at



Jenny's sister turned her golden head on the pillow...
and settled deeper into the bedclothes.

Illustrated by
— WEP —

ten, and breakfast in the Foster household was a meal that was apt to drag on, and Mum was not skilful at creating order at short notice.

"Good morning, darling," Jenny raised her eyes to meet her mother's smile.

"Hello, Mum, you were quick." "Well," and the soft Irish voice had a caressing confidential note. "I just did only what was essential."

Her luxuriant hair might be in a rather untidy bun, her regular features innocent of powder, her bodice held together with a safety pin, but Mary Foster still carried her head as befitting a beauty.

"The kettle is nearly boiling," said Jenny, "and we can do you eggs and bacon or bacon and eggs."

Mum laughed, a friendly, comfortable sound. In the days when Dad had been young and romantic he used to say that he had married Mary Mahoney because she was the only woman he knew who could laugh in tune.

"I'll just have a bit of toast, Jenny. I'll make it, dear. You give yourself a good breakfast, you'll need it."

She sighed. She wished her precious children did not have to go out and wrestle with the hard world. In the South, where she came from, people didn't have to work like that. Some of them earned their livings of course, but they did it in a leisurely, amateur way. And the children were partly engaged in supporting herself and her husband.

Jenny laughed. "Mum, darling, you'd have a good word for your own murderer."

"And I'd be right, too, you know," said Mum stoutly.

"How do you make that out?" "Well, if I could get at his point of view." The philosopher rescued her toast just as it was beginning to burn.

"The longer you live, Jenny, the more you'll find it's true. Everyone's all right if you can see their point of view. Only most of us can't."

"Well, I wish I could see Madame's. It's funny—"

"What is, dear?"

Jenny paused while she transferred the rashers from the pan to her plate, and then she stood for so long looking blankly into the distance that her mother said again, "What is, dear?"

"About Madame and money. It's not just that she's close. I sometimes think she isn't quite straight." Jenny hurried on before her mother could object. "I know it's an awful thing to say, Mum, and it's only between you and me, but sometimes there are funny things about change. Flashy young men with too much money come in a hurry to buy flowers for someone and sometimes

call a small selection of the family on your way. Dad's got a pupil and Eve's got an audition, and they all take as long to dress as professional beauties."

"Right." Ted was just moving away when a sheet of music on the dresser caught his eye. His body stiffened. "There it is again," he shouted suddenly, his blue eyes blazing. "Why can't you people leave my music alone?"

"Oh, Ted—" expostulated Jenny. "Ah, let him be," said his mother softly. "Tis the royal blood in his veins." She laughed. "All the Kings of Ireland were quick-tempered."

Ted laughed, too, and the storm was over, but Jenny sighed. It was all very well for her mother, but would Anne Carroll be so tactful and tolerant. Anne was a nice girl, would make him a good wife, but after all she had had a proper English up-bringing in a family where people were taught to control their tempers. Well, Jenny supposed it was their own funeral, only she hoped they wouldn't cast her for the role of chief mourner.

She gathered the dirty crockery together and put it into the sink. "I'd better get my things," she said.

You'll Like Jenny, the Heroine

It wasn't right. Poor David should have been able to do it, but then the dear man was an artist and every one knew that an artist can never make money. In a world of gramophones a music master can starve.

"I'll have a couple of rashers," said Jenny, "because Madame said I couldn't go out to lunch to-day till two."

"Why's that now?"

"It's to get the deliveries off. Our new slogan, 'Flowers Delivered Anywhere Within Half An Hour.' I will say for Madame she's a genius at her job. It's nice working for someone who really understands what they're about."

"Sure it is."

"Only I wish she weren't quite so close about money."

"Well, dear, it takes all sorts to make a world." Mum had the large, easy tolerance of a happy woman. She was fond of platitudes but she delivered them with such an air of inspired conviction that you felt you had never heard the sentiment before.

I've thought— Oh, well, I may be wrong."

"I'm sure you must be, Jenny. She looks terribly respectable to me."

"Yes, doesn't she? So tidy and well-mannered, and despite her impeccable English—somehow so French. I expect it's all my Celtic imagination! I hope so, because if there's twopence missing from the till you can be sure that Madame's lovely assistants would get the blame."

"What for?" demanded a masculine voice. It was her brother, Ted, standing in the doorway, tousled and sleepy, but smiling at her with all his mother's easy good-nature, to which he added a quick and violent temper that was all his own.

"Hello, Ted, you were late last night." "Yes, three o'clock. They got an extension. My saxophone is lumpy and my clarinet is a wreck, but I'm all right. I was paid overtime." He yawned prodigiously. "I've got a rehearsal at ten."

"Well, you'd better get dressed and

opened a sleepy eye and surveyed her sister.

"If you propose to take the usual half hour over your eyelashes," admonished Jenny, "you'd better get up."

"What time is it?" "Eight-thirtyish."

Eve stretched luxuriously. "Oh, Jenny, it would be fun if I got a job at the Odeon. We'd be within shouting distance of each other."

"Yes, I can imagine that going down awfully well with our respective employers. The lovely Miss Eve Foster puts her head out of her dressing-room window to shout to the beautiful Miss Jenny Foster at the florists' opposite. The former urges the latter not to forget to take the tripe home for dinner."

"Idiot." Eve sat up in bed and outlined the further advantages of the scheme. "Madame would have to give me special terms on returned bouquets—if I ever got any!"

"The idea of Madame giving anyone anything is rich! Besides, we have a fixed rate of ten per cent."

Eve jumped out of bed and ran to the mirror. "Do I look like one of Mr. Toni Gerrard's young ladies?" She ruffled her golden curls, and with a certain magnificent indifference raised one of her own legs and held it beside her ear.

"If Toni Gerrard is the connoisseur which gossip reports him to be you certainly do. He is said to have loved and left all the natural blondes in England and America, and is now starting on the first batch of bleached brunettes."

"Alas, poor Jenny, you are out of the running."

"Absolutely. Brown as a wren, but a very good bird."

"I always think you look like one of those 'colleens' on the soap advertisements, blue eyes, brown hair and a nice natural rainwater complexion."

Jenny laughed. "It sounds awfully out-of-date."

Eve puckered her plucked eyebrows. "You never know. Just when I've got my face to fulfil all the present day requirements there may be a revolution in favor of naturalism. Wouldn't that be too awful?"

"Well, you're safe for this morning. I think I haven't heard of any such startling news."

Eve indolently kicked the back of her head and studied the effect in the glass. "Oh, Toni Gerrard, be the answer to a maiden's prayer and give me a nice soft job at three pounds ten a week."

"Well, you be careful, young Eve."

"I know—a girl's best friend is a wedding ring."

"Yes."

"Thinking of Maurice?"

"Yes."

"What have you got against him?"

"Nothing."

"You don't like him."

"No." It was long-drawn and judicial.

"Why?"

"Well, Mum would say it's because I can't see his point of view."

"Meaning?"

"Mum's philosophy. Most people are all right if you can see their points of view. But it's a big 'if.'"

"Isn't she the sweet blessing?"

"She is."

"Well, you take a fresh squint at Maurice."

Please turn to Page 41



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Tragic Story of Great Dancer

One of the most poignant stories ever told is unfolded in the life story of Nijinsky, written by his wife, Romola Nijinsky.

THE personality of Nijinsky in itself has an extraordinary appeal to readers of his life, but in the colorful setting of the Russian ballet of pre-war days it assumes even greater interest.

With Diaghileff as organizer and Pavlova and Karsavina among the principal dancers, the Russian Ballet danced its way from the Mariinsky Theatre of St. Petersburg to Paris and London. The Western world was completely captured by the brilliance of these famous artists, yet even in a constellation such as this Nijinsky was able to shine where the others merely flickered.

Paris named him the God of the Dance, and before he was 33 years of age he was feted and courted by the most prominent people of his day.

His Tragedy

AND now Nijinsky is incurably insane. In her biography, Romola Nijinsky tells of Vaslav's amazing ability to become entirely absorbed in whatever part he happened to be portraying, and it appears that his extraordinary powers in this direction are responsible for his present pitiable condition.

The disease he is suffering from is known as schizophrenia, and its effect is to make real the illusions of a dream world. To Nijinsky the real and unreal worlds were always akin.

Madame Nijinsky cites one incident in which Nijinsky passed her without recognition because his personality had been transformed to the creation he was about to dance.

Diaghileff apparently affected Nijinsky's life for better and for worse. He "discovered" the famous dancer, and from that time became his friend—but a very jealous friend. When the troupe was on a tour of South America, Nijinsky surreptitiously married Madame Nijinsky, daughter of a wealthy Hungarian family, who had joined the ballet

because of her love for Vaslav. When Diaghileff heard the news he swore to ruin Nijinsky, and set his plan into action by dismissing him from the ballet.

Interned in Austria

AFTER the war, during which Nijinsky and his wife were interned for a time in Austria, Nijinsky and Diaghileff were reconciled for a brief season, but later came another break, and Nijinsky and his wife returned to Europe.

It was at this period of her husband's life that Madame Nijinsky noticed the frequency of his trances, but as he had been in the habit of slipping from one world to another in the past she saw no reason for alarm. Then, one day, after the evening of one of Nijinsky's most brilliant performances, she was informed by Professor Bleuler that her husband was incurably insane. And so to-day Nijinsky spends his time in a state of semi-trance. He knows he is Nijinsky, but does not recollect that he was at one time the greatest dancer the world has ever seen.

IN her biography Madame Nijinsky writes many interesting chapters about Nijinsky, the interpretative and creative artist. "His great contribution to the technique of dancing was to free classicalism from the bondage of the five positions."

He treated movement literally as the poet the word. In the "Apres Midi d'un Faune," his own creation and possibly his masterpiece, he treated dancing as an absolute medium. "As soon as the curtain fell wild applause and shouts of derision mingled together in the reception by the audience. . . . From a box, Rodin, the sculptor, shouted 'Bravo,' others attacked him. All Paris took sides."

No one who is interested in the dance or the theatre should miss this biography.—D.V.

"Nijinsky." By his Wife. (Gollancz, 10/6.)

SHORT REVIEWS

"Fortune's Favorites." G. Cornwallis. North Hignett, a young millionaire, a green grocer's daughter, wins a share in the Irish Sweepstake, but allows her fortune to be squandered by her worthless lover, Maurice Levy, a theatrical and general employment agent, comes to the rescue of the family, and uses his brains and business training to restore the family fortunes, assisting in the establishment of a chain of fruit and flower shops in the suburbs. A topical story with the rather unusual feature of a wealthy middle-aged Jew as the hero. (Putnam, 7/6.)

"Enchanted Earth." Amy J. Baker. An unusual story of a pretty widow and her daughter, who decide to pose as sisters on a tour of Italy. The daughter, Betty, was the first to draw a matrimonial prize, when an Italian officer proposed marriage to her, and the mother, Evelyn Cameron, also found her fate in the romantic Mediterranean country. (John Long, 7/6.)

"Absent Friends." C. J. Culliffe Hyne. The book is divided into three parts: Absent Friends, The Gone-Under Club, and the Puffed Founders. Like most of Mr. Hyne's novels, the stories are entertaining, and in "The Free Trader" he keeps the best until the end of the feast. (Ward, Lock, 7/6.)

"The Gates of Hell." Eric R. W. Kuhnelt-Leddihn (translated by I. J. Collins). A young German Catholic journalist named During proceeds to Russia under an assumed name to organize the peasants and factory workers against Communism. He is arrested and charged with an offence committed by the Russian whose name he had taken. He suffers a term of imprisonment, and while in the prison camp at Moscow carried on his propaganda. On his return to Berlin he finds that his sweetheart has married and joined a new religious movement. He eventually meets his fate in a mine accident. (Shovel and Ward, 7/6.)

"Virgin Islanders." John Leve. This is an interesting story of native life in Virgin Island (West India) by one who was born and reared amongst them, and whose insight into their character has been gained by intimate association with them. The book is well worth reading, as the characters portrayed are real people, a proud and independent island race, most of them owning their own land, and caring little for anything outside of their domestic happiness and the rearing of large families of children. (Hutchinson, 7/6.)

"End Of An Ancient Mariner." G. D. H. and M. Cole. Captain Jay was found dead in the home of Philip Blakeway, and at the inquest his identity was not ascertained. How he met his death was known only to two people, who had the best reason for keeping their secret. The Captain's daughter suspects foul play, and her persistency results in the detectives proving that murder had been committed. (Collins, 7/6.)

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A FUTURIST FANTASY . . .

The author "A.E." describes his story as "A Futurist Fantasy," and dedicates it to W. B. Yeats. "A.E." (the late George Russell) was a visionary poet of Ireland, and in the *Avatars* he depicts with delicate nuance the fairy doings of his country.

THE *Avatars*, which are seen in visions on the mountainside, are beings with rarefied souls, immortals, who have passed through various phases of life to their present state of perfection. "The purpose of an *Avatar* is to reveal the spiritual character of a race to itself."

The characters of the book are themselves finely wrought. Paul, an artist; Michael, a philosopher; Carew, a poet; and others of the artistic and highly evolved strata. Radio and telegraph are not essential to these folk, who have conquered the art of mental telepathy.

Fantasy has so many outlets for the imagination that "A.E." keeps us busy following his many winding threads, but even the average reader cannot help enjoying the beauty of his language.

According to "A.E." the lives we are at present living are of little importance compared with the wonder beyond. Dreams, he says, are full of significance, and sleep opens the door to many things which are, as yet, beyond our comprehension. "When we fall asleep after a day of anxiety, our desires often dramatise themselves in dream which is a true symbol of our waking state. The circumstance of the dream may be incredible, and yet the idea symbolised may be worthy of philosophic scrutiny. In the secrecy of sleep we awake to a life of divine reality."

In a forenote "A.E." says: "There is no imagination of mine about *Avatars* in this book. No more than an artist could paint the sun could I imagine so great beings. But as a painter may suggest the light on hill or wood, so, in this fantasy, I tried to imagine the spiritual excitement created by two people who pass dimly through the narrative, spoken of by others, but not speaking themselves. I have, I fear, delayed too long the writing of this, for, as I grow old, the moon of fantasy begins to set consciously with me. 'The *Avatars*' has not the spiritual safety I desired for it. The friends with whom I once spoke of such things are gone. If they were with me, I might have made the narrative glow. As it is, I have only been able to light my way with my own flickering lantern."—D.V.

"The *Avatars*." A.E. (Macmillan and Co., 7/6.)

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The Emerald CELT

I STOOD at the window and looked down into the grimy, sweltering street, and wished to goodness I had never come to New York, and wondered how the devil I was ever going to get out of it. My hat! It was a sweltering afternoon—not an intelligent one or an intelligent one, for once, was empty.

Of course I could pawn my sleeve-links and cable to the family to cable my fare home, but on those lines there was nothing doing. The family had been too dashed despondent about my making a go of it in New York for me to do that. I could never go back without some money to save my face or I should never hear the last of it from Aunt Caroline. I fingered my last quarter in my trouser-pocket and considered what would be best for my healthy appetite, which was speaking to me earnestly at the moment, before I set out for the lights of Broadway and made a final stab at Fortune. It looked to me as if it would be something in the way of grand larceny—with violence.

And then the Chinaman came running round the corner of the street. Frightened? I give you my word he was frightened. I've seen frightened men; and if ever a man was running from death, he was. From the height of that first floor window I could see that his staring eyes were staring out of his head, and I guessed that the sweat on his shining face was none too warm. In the crook of his left arm he carried a bundle.

He came to a stop opposite my window and peered about the street as if he were looking for a bolt-hole. Then he saw me, and stared at me hard. Then he ran across the street, and crumpled, huskily: "Catchee! Velly soft!" and swung the bundle upward, just hard enough to reach me.

I caught it softly at right. Without another word he ran on up the street and round the next corner.

I stepped well back into the room. I guessed the bundle was better out of the sight of passers-by. And when twenty seconds later I saw the passers-by, I knew I had guessed right—four long, lean Chinamen came racing round the corner, and their faces were as full of fury as the face of the first beggar had been full of fear, and they weren't kind faces either, not at any time, not even in repose.

I had time to see that they looked to belong to the same family and were very superior—I mean that they were nicely dressed by Wetzler or Bell—and I saw the sun gleam on the small automatic in the hand of the last of them, all ready for business, and as he passed out of sight up the street the bundle stirred on my arm.

Did I quail? I quailed. Other brave lads might have got off with a pet dog or a kitten—or even a rabbit. But not Jocelyn. No; not gentle Jocelyn. I went on quailing as I laid the bundle on the bed and pulled out the four gold pins that fastened the thick silk shawl, embroidered with birds of paradise, that was rolled five times round it, and unwrapped it. It was a baby!

I did a last quail and blanched. Then I looked at it closer. It was quite a nice baby—plump, and its round face was a creamy yellow, and its round head would have been a creamy yellow too, but for the dark down on it; its closed eyes slanted a little upwards; it was smiling at some dream—a Chinese baby.

Here was a go! My mind whirled a bit. What on earth was I to do with it? I couldn't keep myself—at least I was making no sort of a job of it. How was I going to keep a baby too? I stood staring at it, trying to think what to do with it with a brain that wouldn't work.

Then it opened its eyes, tremendously old and wise eyes, much older and wiser than most grown-up eyes, and blinked at me, and shut them and went to sleep again.

I had a queer feeling that it had entrusted itself to me just as the Chinaman had entrusted it to me; and I said, cheerily: "All right, comrade. We'll find a way."

But I'll be hanged if I knew how I was going to find it.

I bent down again to look at its tiny yellow toes, all curled up, and saw the pouch pinned to the shawl just under them. I unpinning it and opened it and took out of it ten fifty-dollar notes, two thousand-dollar notes, and a sheet of rice paper covered with Chinese writing.



Illustrated by
Wynne W. Davies

What I said was: "Saved! Saved!" I put the notes into my note-case and looked at the sheet of paper. If I could read it, it would be instructions, and instructions would come in handy. Then I remembered the Chinaman in the basement. I covered the comrade with the shawl—and I hoped he wouldn't wake and howl—shut the door gently and locked it, and bolted down the stairs and knocked at the Chinaman's door. He opened it himself, a stout and worthy old gentleman and sedate, and smiled at me politely.

I showed him the sheet of rice paper and what had been my last quarter and said: "A friend of mine has sent this to me to get translated for him. I'll give you this quarter if you'll do it for me."

He accepted the offer and took the paper, and read out in his pidgin but understandable way.

Honorable and benevolent stranger, my husband, Siem Seng, is old and very sick, and my step-sons are wicked

∴ By Edgar Jepson ∴

men. They will poison my baby Hsiang Kwei and me also. Save him, I pray you, and bring him up kindly. I give you the money, but when he is a man I pray you to give him the axe. If you do these things, Kuan Yin, the friend of children, will give you prosperity.

"What does 'give him the axe' mean?" I asked.

"Me no savee," said the Chinaman. I thanked him and gave him the quarter. On my way up to my room I did some quick thinking. I'd seen those step-sons, and I felt that the neighborhood of Washington Square was no place for comrade Kwei. It was a good thing that the heat had kept the street so empty that no one was likely to have seen me receive that bundle, but those blackguardly step-sons might catch them what he had done with it. Besides, it would soon be all over the street that I had become the owner of a Chinese baby. No; the neighborhood was not healthy; it was me and comrade Kwei for the really busy haunts of men where an extra baby, Chinese or otherwise, is not noticed.

AND then, as I unlocked the door of my room, the great idea came. I made sure that the comrade was sleeping, then I picked up "The New York Times" and found the advertisement I had noticed when I had been looking through the jobs vacant and wanted that morning. I soon found it:—

Young English lady will act as companion or secretary for a year for passage home to England.—S. Burton. 147B, 144th Street, N.Y.

I had thought it an uncommonly sporting offer, and now I felt in my bones that this was the very young woman to be me get comrade Kwei away to Easingwold. In about three minutes I had packed everything I had left in a suit-case and rolled comrade Kwei in his shawl and was out of the house with them.

I walked down the street and took the first turning to the right, at a right angle to the line of the Chinaman's flight. I was in luck: I hadn't gone more than a couple of hundred yards when I met an empty taxi. I

told the driver to drive to 147B, 144th Street. When we reached it I paid him and let him go. I wanted to lose him.

The house looked to be densely populated and it was certainly strongly scented. Carrying my suit-case and comrade Kwei, I went in. A small girl in the hall told me that Miss Burton lived on the second floor, the first door on the left, and I went upstairs and knocked at it. It was opened by an astonishingly pretty girl.

I was taken a bit unawares. I'm never quite comfortable with a pretty girl at first, not in fact till the acquaintance has ripened. Besides, I'd got it into my head that S. Burton would be a capable, matter-of-fact, rather stern, plainish young woman, sternly dressed. This one looked capable enough, but not particularly matter-of-fact or stern—rather otherwise in fact—and she certainly wasn't sternly dressed, but smartly and prettily.

And somehow or other the thinking machine went a bit out of gear, and

instead of leading up to the basic fact of comrade Kwei with a few diplomatic remarks, as I had intended, I blurted out: "Good afternoon, Miss Burton. I want a secretary who can look after a baby."

Her eyes—they were good grey eyes that looked at you uncommonly frankly—opened rather wide and she stared at me and then at the bundle, which must have looked more than a bit out of place on my arm, and said: "Who can look after a baby? Are you a widower?"

"No. Oh no. Not exactly. I'm not married—yet. I—I'm looking after it," I said, still rather on the uncomfortable side.

"You're smothering it, you mean," she said, rather sharply, and stepped forward and made an opening in the shawl, to let comrade Kwei get more air, and looked at him and said: "But what a duck!"

"A sniffer—as they go!" said I.

She looked at me suspiciously, quite suspiciously, and said: "But how do you come to be looking after a Chinese baby?"

I thought it best to be open with her, and I said: "It's like this. This baby's in great danger. It's got some step-brothers—regular thugs. I give you my word, and they're out to do it in. Its mother—at least, a friend of its mother—handed it over to me to look after. And the safest place I can think of for it is my father's place in Yorkshire. I saw your advertisement in 'The New York Times' this morning, and it looks to me as if you were in a bit of a hole, and I am in a bit of a hole, and we could help one another out. I want to get this baby away to England by the first steamer, and I want you to help me. Will you?"

She looked at me, and her suspicion seemed to go; she smiled and said: "I'll help you. Give me the lad. I shan't be more than three minutes. My things are packed."

She took comrade Kwei and went into her room, and, sure enough, she was out of it in less than three minutes, bringing a suit-case and comrade Kwei wrapped in a thin silk wrap better suited to the weather. She gave me the suit-case and his thick shawl, and we went down the stairs.

"What we want is a quiet hotel," said I.

"And milk and baby foods, and a prill lamp and spirit, and a baby's bath," she said.

"We'll get them on the way," said I.

It was quite a nice baby—and the adventures surrounding its queer adoption brought romance to a man and woman.

WE soon found a taxi, and I asked the driver if he could recommend a quiet hotel, and he said that the Sevastopol was the place, because the only Russian thing about it was its name. I told him to drive to it, and on the way I told Miss Burton how comrade Kwei had come to me and repeated his mother's letter.

She said I was quite right to get him away to England, but what did his mother mean by asking me to give him the axe when he was grown up. I said I couldn't think, unless it was some Chinese custom; and if it was, they'd tell us all about it at the British Museum. Then I gave her one of the fifty-dollar notes, and we stopped at a dairy and a couple of stores, and she bought comrade Kwei's food and outfit and bath.

I took a small suite at the hotel, two bedrooms and a sitting-room. The less I was seen with comrade Kwei the better, and when I had settled her and him in them and lighted the spirit lamp, I went off to book our passage to England. I found that the "Carmantia" was sailing next day. Since it wasn't the time of year when people are going Europe way, I got, after a bit of a wrestle, two adjacent cabins for a hundred and fifty dollars apiece. I wanted to get home with all the money I could, for there was the matter of Aunt Caroline.

When I came back Miss Burton came out of the bedroom, looking a trifle excited, and said: "I've found the axe! And it is an axe! Come and look at it!"

I found comrade Kwei still sleeping soundly, on the bed. She pointed to a silk cord round his neck, then pulled gently from under his frock a small green axe-head, rather more than an inch long and nearly an inch broad, of a lovely transparent green stone with kind of green fibres in its depths, and on it were carved three Chinese characters.

"I know what that is," I said. "It's a celt. The governor collects them by the hundred—the cheap kind—flint and what not—and it's jade."

"That's what I thought at first," she said. "But the finest jade hasn't those fibres in its depths. It's an emerald, and it must be worth thousands."

"My hat! An emerald! Then I am glad I got comrade Kwei away at once. No wonder his step-brothers were in a hurry to get him back. If that's what they're after, they'll never rest till they get on the track of it, and they're persistent lads. All the same, they're never going to get it."

She looked at me rather hard and said: "I don't believe they ever will." And she pushed the celt back under comrade Kwei's frock.

WE dined in the sitting-room, and talked about ourselves and New York. She had done exactly what I had done, come out to New York to make a small fortune and found that she was hidden by the crowd. Her family had been as dependent as mine. I told her about mine; in fact, I was quite open with her.

"You'll get very little butcher's meat at Easingwold," I said. "It doesn't run to it. Poultry, game, rabbits, and trout are what we live on because we, so to speak, grow them all. But unless a pig is killed for purposes of bacon, there's next to no butcher's meat. The governor ran the home farm himself for years; but he couldn't make a go of it, so now it's let, and we've only cows."

"I don't mind that. I don't like butcher's meat—much."

"Wait till you have to do without it," said I.

We were drinking our coffee when there came a quiet howl from the next room, and she made a dash for comrade Kwei. About a quarter of an hour later she brought him to keep me company, and he lay on her lap and thought deeply. I had been quite right about his eyes; he looked as if he was ninety-three and knew everything. But there was nothing stand-offish about him. He'd hold on to your little finger and try to get it into his mouth, and now and then he'd smile at you affably. Then he went to sleep and was put to bed, and we went on talking till it was time for us to go to bed too.

I awoke jolly cheerful—no more making stabs at Fortune in a dry country, but hey for the land where you could buy a drink and know what you were drinking! "The New York Times" came with the breakfast, and I took a quick look at the advertisements—not those about jobs—and there it was:—

Please turn to Page 8

"Shall I tell you the most wholesome dish I know?"



FOR the pudding course, custard — served in one of its many delightful variations — can scarcely be excelled. Custard combines all the food virtues in a form that is at once most appetising and most digestible. There are scores of attractive uses for which Elizabeth Craig, Britain's most famous cookery expert, recommends the creamy custard made by Foster Clark. Foster Clark's appeals to the most particular palate, because only fresh, natural flavourings are used, and every ingredient is as pure and wholesome as can be obtained.

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The Emerald CELT

Continued from Page 7

"LOST" Chinese baby. Yesterday near Washington Square, 10,000 dollars reward, with axe. Box 1142."

Miss Burton came in, and I read it out to her.

"Well, it's all right so far," she said. "Nobody has seen us with a Chinese baby, for no one has seen Kwei's face."

"No. But that taxi-driver saw me with a baby in a Chinese shawl, and in the neighborhood of Washington Square. He can take them as far as your lodging. There the trail stops. But it won't be easy to keep the comrade dark on the steamer, with a lot of women about, and some of the passengers will have read this ad."

"It won't. But it's got to be done," she said.

"It has. And what we want now is a wedding ring, for I booked your passage as Mrs. S. Burton."

"Goodness! Whatever would the family say?" she said. "But it was best. I suppose I had a Chinese husband."

"Comrade Wu—Wu Burton—an American citizen," I said.

After breakfast we made a bee-line for the "Carmania," only pausing on the way to buy a red rolled-gold wedding ring. I wanted to put it on her finger, but she wouldn't let me. We lay low till the steamer started, then went on deck and found an out-of-the-way corner for our deck chairs.

I found the passage much pleasanter than the passage out, for we had to stick together to save people off comrade Kwei, and when he was awake we had to amuse him, and in the evening we danced a lot, going to her cabin every ten minutes to make sure that he was asleep. He was a good sleeper, was comrade Kwei. We always found plenty to talk about, for she had lived in the country—her father was a retired Major-General—since she was ten.

T

BEN, on the fourth evening, I got a job. We were taking a quiet stroll, with the comrade asleep on Miss Burton's arm, and stopped to look down at the second-class passengers. A steward came out of the companion-way of their saloon and glanced up at us and stopped short and stared.

It was the Chinaman who had tossed comrade Kwei up to me.

We just stared at one another. He didn't nod, and I didn't nod. Then he turned and went along the deck, leaving me uncomfortable. I had not expected to see him again, and I hadn't wanted to see him again, and now that I did see him again I didn't like him. There was not nearly so much of the faithful servant about his face, in repose, as I could have wished, and I didn't like the way in which he looked at us.

"Why ever did that Chinaman stare at us like that?" said Miss Burton in a startled voice.

"It's the beggar who tossed comrade Kwei up to me," said I.

"That's a nuisance," she said, seriously.

"It is," said I. "I don't like his face, or the way he looked at us. I've got a notion, though I've precious little to go upon, that he didn't know comrade Kwei had that celt, and now he does—having seen that ad. I mean. But, mind you, I've nothing to go upon but the way he looked at us."

"And how much more do you want?" she said, and her grey eyes sparkled queerly.

"Then the trouble we took to get comrade Kwei away from New York without anyone knowing has been wasted," said I, a bit peeved. "Confound that celt! I feel in my bones we're going to have trouble about it. But we've got to keep it safe for comrade Kwei."

We went down to her cabin; she took the celt from comrade Kwei's neck and put it in a small cardboard box and wrapped it up, and I took it to the purser, and he sealed it up and put it in the ship's strongroom. We felt easier in mind about it.

W

E did right in losing no time about that, for when she came to dinner the next night Miss Burton told me that she was absolutely certain that while we were on deck that afternoon her cabin had been searched; and I believe that the next afternoon mine was searched. Two or three things had not been put back exactly as I left them, and I had noticed carefully how I left them in order to know. It really did look as if my guess had been right that the Chinaman had not known about the celt when he handed over Kwei, but knew now.

I made a point of often taking a look down to the second-class deck, but I never saw him about it. But I did see two other Chinese stewards at different times, so there might be a gang of them.

This business seemed to make Miss Burton and me even friendlier—

closer allies, so to speak—and I got into the way of calling her comrade Sarah, and she called me comrade Joss, for she quite saw my point that anyone who had hunted a job in New York for months would turn into a Red. But soon we dropped the comrade part.

Two days from Southampton I saw my Chinaman again, and I saw him come out of the Marconi room. He scuttled away when he saw me, as if he would rather not have a word with me. I thought it uncommonly suspicious, and watched him go down to the second-class. Then I went into the Marconi room.

"I suppose there's a strict rule about not telling me," I said to the operator, a bright and pleasant lad. "But this is a serious business. That Chinaman is out to rob a baby, and it wants stopping, or I wouldn't ask you. Did he cable about the axe to England or the States?"

He looked at me and hesitated, considering; then he said: "The rule is very strict, Mr. Featherstonehaugh. But I don't mind telling you that no Chinaman has telegraphed to the States this voyage."

I thanked him warmly and came away, thinking briskly. The Chinaman had probably cabled to London for reinforcements. I went back and cabled to Bill Throgmorton to meet the "Carmania" at Southampton with his Austro-Daimler. I didn't want any frisking on the way to London Town.

At Southampton comrade Kwei's Chinaman and three more left the "Carmania" just in front of us, and they were not far from us in the Custom House, though none of them seemed to see us, and they went out of it just in front of us, and there three Chinese friends met them. The seven of them looked as ugly a gang of thugs as you could wish to see. But there also was Bill Throgmorton and the Austro-Daimler, and in about half a minute I had introduced Sarah, and we were moving off. Then the Chinamen did see us, quite distinctly. They stood still and glared, jabbering furiously. I thought it quite likely that they wouldn't see us again for quite a while.

I explained the business to Bill, as much of it as I wanted, and he drove us to Grantham. My hat! It was ripping to be in the English country again, and it was a ripping drive. We stayed the night at Grantham, and next morning took the train to York. From York I took a taxi to the Hall, and we reached it in plenty of time for lunch.

Strensal opened the door and jumped at the sight of me. Then he grinned and said: "Good morning, Mr. Jockey. I knew you'd be coming home one day this week. His lordship will be pleased to see you."

Strensal always knows everything; but we humor him, for he is the best butler in Yorkshire, and about a hundred years old.

"How are you, Strensal? I knew I should find you not looking a day older," said I. "This is Miss Burton, my secretary, and this is a young Chinese friend I'm taking care of. What they will want will be the sunniest bedroom and sitting-room in the West wing, and they will want them now, for comrade Kwei wants to sleep."

"They shall be ready in ten minutes, sir," said Strensal, and we went into the hall.

M

Y young sister Alicia was coming down the stairs, and she came down them quicker at the sight of us, and sprang upon me and kissed me. I introduced her to Sarah. But a minute later she went up the stairs, yelling: "Joss has come home, Aunt Caroline! And he isn't destitute at all, but he's brought such a pretty secretary and the loveliest Chinese baby you ever saw with him!"

I put Sarah into an easy-chair and went into the library, which the governor has turned into a museum, and there I found him wallowing in arrow-heads. He woke up at the sight of me; and we were pleased to see one another. He told me that they had missed me a lot, that the place did not run as smoothly when I wasn't about, looking after things, and it was selfish, but he was glad that I hadn't made a success of it in New York.

"But I haven't done so badly," I said. "I've brought back a secretary and a Chinese baby and a couple of thousand dollars."

That brought him into the hall quite quickly, and I introduced him to Sarah, and I saw at once that he liked her, and, of course, she liked him. Then Aunt Caroline came downstairs with Alicia. What we do with Aunt Caroline is bear. We wish she would live somewhere else, but she won't. She is enormously rich and enormously stingy, and the worst grumbler in Yorkshire, and in her usual cross-grained way she was up-stage with Sarah and sniffed at comrade Kwei.

Please turn to Page 36



Tragedy at the Tennis Party

JOAN felt like kicking herself. To let her partner down like this after doing so well in the first two sets—it was simply sickening! But how COULD you concentrate on the ball when your feet complained at every step? And she was going to the club dance to-night, too. Well, there was only one thing for it; the minute she got home she'd have a Radox foot-bath. That would make those feet feel springy, joyous, absolutely free from tiredness. Thank goodness for Radox. It's too, too wonderful!

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corrects wrinkles.



by
Roger & Gallet
of Paris

How WOMEN Broke Into LAW

By A.J.B.



Women have proved themselves keen and earnest advocates.

in a day. There is still some sort of belief, not wholly unjustified, that the practice of the law, especially the rough and tumble of the Courts, is foreign to the temperament of most women, and is something in which they are never likely to excel.

It is certain, in any case, that women have taken much more readily to medicine than to the law. Women doctors in Australia number hundreds, and their equal capacity with men in certain specialised branches is unquestioned.

Their Best Clients

BUT the woman lawyer is a comparatively rare bird. Out of, roughly, 6000 qualified barristers and solicitors in the six Australian States, fewer than 2 per cent. are women; and less than half of this 2 per cent. is in actual practice.

In each of the States, however, there are women who have demonstrated that success in the profession is possible for qualified members of their sex.

Two women solicitors, Miss Jollie Smith and Miss Marie Byles, have been practising in Sydney since their admission.

Still Rather Shy
THOUGH everywhere eligible, it would be wrong to say that woman has taken kindly to the practice of law in England or Australia. She is still rather shy of it. And she has still a long way to go before the big positions, and the largest fees, come to her as by right.

alone in 1924, and both have built up businesses that many male solicitors would envy. Most of their work is done in the office, though occasionally they appear in Court. There is one woman, and only one—Mrs. Sybil Morrison—on the roll of Sydney's practising barristers.

In Victoria two accomplished women, Miss Gladys Taylor and Miss Joan Lazarus, have shown that Court work, particularly on the divorce and maintenance side, can be handled effectively by women practitioners.

In Adelaide Miss Sheila Maddiford, though still in her twenties, has won remarkable success as an advocate in the local Courts.

In Queensland and West Australia the sex has representatives of the profession—not widely known as yet, but full of determination to succeed.

"It is a mistake to suppose that our business is mostly with our own sex," one leading woman practitioner told me. "The men are our best clients as a rule."

"If there is prejudice against women as lawyers," she added, "it doesn't affect us personally."

"You see," she smiled, "those who come to us are not prejudiced at all."

WOMEN Spies NOT Always BEAUTIFUL

From MURIEL SEGAL, Our Special Representative in Europe

THERE seems to have been an unwritten law that a woman spy must always be described as fascinating, beautiful, alluring. Mata Hari may have been, others may have been, but Lydia Stahl, the spy of the moment, is certainly no beauty.

When the newspapers started their stories of the discovery of the network of spies headed by the beautiful Lydia Stahl, I wrote to a friend in Paris who knew Mme Stahl, asking about her. My friend replied:

"Lydia von Stahl is a brilliantly clever woman, and amazingly versatile. But she is very unattractive. She is sallow, and her hair is usually untidy and falls in wisps, she has heavy brows, and is not particularly young, and dresses

without the slightest pretensions to smartness. She always wears a navy beret of the floppy type, which the students of Paris like, and her tweed coat has a cheap-looking fur collar."

However, her accomplishments far outshine her personal attractions. She has taken degrees at every leading university in Europe and United States, and is at present preparing for her Chinese brevet. She writes film scenarios, and she has invented a system of physical culture which has had some success. She paints beautifully on silk, and is a mathematician of note. And she is probably as law-abiding as you or me, as the Great Spy Organisation seems more of a newspaper sensation than actuality. Especially without an alluringly lovely lady at the head.

Most Photographed MAN

Artistic Studies of our Lower

By L. W. LOWER

Australia's Foremost Humorist

I HAVE had a great deal to do with photographers in my time. My photo has appeared in most papers and periodicals from time to time. I daresay that, next to the Prince of Wales, I am the most photographed man in the world. This is on account of me being a martyr to rheumatism.

You may have seen me. It usually goes: "Mr. Lower, who was once a martyr to rheumatism, now cured thanks to Henderson's Indian Syrup of Hoojah. This is his unsolicited testimonial. Dear Sir,—For years I suffered from rheumatism. I could not bend my elbow, and my backbone had knots in it. I spent about eight hours out of the twenty-four in bed."

"After one bottle of your Syrup of Hoojah my backbone straightened out, I cut three new teeth, and won third prize in a lottery. After the second bottle I represented Australia at the Olympic Games and won the egg and spoon race against all comers. I also find your mixture excellent for cleaning straw hats. You may use this testimonial and enclosed photograph as you wish."

I have been cured of rheumatism about three hundred times altogether.

His First Photograph

My first introduction to a photographer was at a very early age.

I was leaned up against a chair and told to watch the dicky bird while the operator retired from sight beneath a black sheet. I thought this a good opportunity to make my escape, but was headed off just as I reached the door. After about five attempts, they roped me to the chair, and the resultant picture, they tell me, was almost lifelike.

PRESS photography is quite different from the ordinary stuff. I was a Press photographer once, until one day I was listening to the Salvation Army and I came all over funny like. I went into the ring, and hurled myself on to the big drum, sobbed my heart out. I was asked to give my testimony.



An exclusive study from Lower's album . . . by WEP.

I said, "Brotheren and Sisteren I have been down in the depths, but now I am saved. I was a Press photographer. (Murmurs of horror from the crowd.) Yes! I used to barge into all sorts of shows free, on the strength of carrying a camera. I used to dig my elbows into people, and say to Vice-Royalty, 'For the love of Mike, come a bit closer to the camera, can't cher! And take that hat off and hold it in your right hand.'"

"I used to take pictures of race finishes and always made the third horse look as if he'd won. (Boo!) But now I am saved."

Then we all sang, "Take Me Back to Ole Virginny," and I was taken into the fold and made an admiral.

THESE operators who take the news-reel films are in a class on their own. They'll stop at nothing. I was watching them making pictures of a big fire last Wednesday, and the operator said to his

assistant, "She seems to be going down, George. Get that tin of petrol out of the car and pour it over the verandah."

About the scene depicted above by our celebrated art student, Wep, I say nothing. Those sort of pictures seem all right when you first see them, but after a few years you find yourself rummaging about in the attic, and you come across it. You then say "Bah!" or laugh bitterly, as the case may be.

Home photography is different still. There is no chance of escape from the amateur photographer. You are dragged out into the back yard with the sun in your eyes for ten minutes, and if the result is not a complete blank it is a vile tibel.

The only good thing about photography is the dark room. The office photographers reckon that it is the only place where they can have a decent, undisturbed sleep during working hours.

The years don't matter says CONSTANCE CUMMINGS



"We on the stage give a great deal of thought to keeping our youthful charm, but never worry a bit about birthdays. We know that as long as we guard complexion beauty we have nothing to fear. Several years ago I discovered that Lux Toilet Soap would keep my skin in wonderful condition. I've used it faithfully ever since and can honestly say I wouldn't be without it even for a day."

Constance Cummings
20th Century Pictures

LUX
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SUPERCREAMED



THE OFFICIAL SOAP IN HOLLYWOOD STUDIOS

LEVER BROTHERS LIMITED 6,150,187

An Editorial

FEBRUARY 24, 1934.

THE TRUTH ABOUT WOMEN IN POLITICS

WOMEN influence politics and governments in two different ways.



Firstly, they have an innate conservatism and distrust of change.

Secondly, they have no interest in abstract issues. They give their allegiance to leaders, not causes.

In most cases, the latter principle works out in practice that a woman votes the same way as her husband. She has no opportunity of personally judging the rival party leaders; so she follows the leadership of her own breadwinner. Her life is sheltered; its greatest pre-occupation is inside the four walls of the home. The husband goes out into the world, wrests a living from it, and brings into the home triumphantly food, clothes and Security.

Security, to women, means Happiness. A man's happiness is made as he goes along; if things are bad there is always to-morrow. But it is precisely because there is always to-morrow that woman is unhappy as she goes along; she distrusts to-morrow. All she hopes from politics is that things to-morrow might be no worse than to-day. Only when things to-day are very bad does she look for a change to-morrow.

Therefore we find women are either uninterested in politics, or violently partisan. But the motives that decide the partisanship are as inscrutable as those which influence a woman in the choice of a husband.

The practical outcome of this is that figures like Hitler and Mussolini can command an extraordinary following from women. The appeal by these political demi-gods is no more intellectual than that of a Clive Brook or a Gypsy Smith. But its strength is that of an avalanche.

Women will never have direct power in politics till they find a leader with the personal magnetism of, say, Aimee McPherson. Let us hope that such magnetism can be combined with general intelligence and sincerity.

—THE EDITOR.

LYRICS OF LIFE

THREE WISHES

If you have faith, you can survive
Whatever sorrows may arrive.
If you have love, it can transcend
Even the failure of a friend.
If you have calm—I wish these three,
For these will bring tranquillity
This day, this year, the years to be.

POINTS OF VIEW

Far-off Fields

IN the past three or four years some thousands of people have left Australia "for good." Yet the field of possible earthly Paradises is getting so much narrower that Australia ought soon to look like everyman's Utopia.

At the moment, Austria and Germany have their revolutions; France her riots; India her earthquakes; Cuba her massacres; Bolivia her border wars; America her dollar disasters; China, Russia, Japan, and other countries their own special brands of serious trouble.

One can only plausibly hope that the permanent migrants from these placid and comparatively prosperous shores have somehow succeeded in "bettering themselves."

Thanks To Science

SEIZED with a sudden illness while in the heart of Australia, a prospector was recently operated upon by his mate for appendicitis. The instrument used was a razor, with wool, horsehair, and a paper fastener to close the wound.

We are appalled at the thought of any man having to undergo such an ordeal. No hospital, no anaesthetic, no skilled surgeon. Yet it is not so long since all these were unobtainable and less time still since appendicitis was understood by doctors.

When such a case occurs it is borne in on us how great is the measure of our indebtedness to modern discoveries in medicine and surgery. The poorest man of to-day can get better attention than the monarchs and millionaires of former days.

Nazi Niceness

THOUGH he strongly favors the old "children and kitchen" ideal of womanhood, the Reich Minister for Propaganda and Intelligence, Dr. Goebbels, has told the women of Nazi land, in a speech that reeks with patronage of the female sex, that they may earn their own livings, enter the professions, and do their hair as they please!

However old-fashioned he may be, any Minister of Intelligence should approve the modern hair-dressing fashions of women. As a money-spinner for trade and a creator of employment, short hair has long hair beaten at the barrier.

It has been the making of countless permanent wave and drying machines. It has fitted up innumerable hair-dressing salons with gas-heaters, electric heaters, elaborate washing apparatus, shampoo, setting lotion, combs, pins, ornaments and whatnots.

Who can say how many German mechanics have been employed, for example, in the production of "gadgets" used in the modern coiffuring of Australian women?

Stratospheric

AUTUMN fashions were released too soon for "stratospheric" to be included in the new colors, but we can expect its arrival very soon. The inclusion of "cruise blue" was obviously called for and "Priar's Brown" makes its bow to mark the reactionary Monkish trend in the new order of La Mode. Fabrics recorded corresponding whimsies in "Angel-skin" and "Devil-skin."

Now we know how the stratosphere looks, and we can anticipate the production of a whole range of stratospheric blues, grays, and violets. Madame Fashion always parachutes into the latest news of the world.

JANE'S JOURNAL — The Diary of a Bright Young Thing.



War and Churches

A WEST AUSTRALIAN Methodist minister, the Rev. C. E. Butler, has resigned his chaplaincy to the Commonwealth Military Forces on the grounds that it is impossible for him to preach against war, and at the same time be a chaplain. It will be interesting to see what arises from his action.

Sheer Robotry

ROBOTS will have to watch their step. An Australian, Captain C. S. Price, has invented a "robot doctor" which, it is said, can diagnose 20,000 diseases. The inventor, demonstrating his machine to medical researchers, explained that diseased tissues give off vibrations the rate of which the robot registers.

This "robot doctor" will make it imperative for fashionable patients to develop infra-robot or ultra-robot vibratory rates. It will need tact in deciding to whom it shall ascribe, for example, such delicate complaints as housemaid's knee. Will "Doctor Robot" include in his equipment an automatic fee-adjuster, or will the charges for his services be "sheer robotry?"



ISOBEL MAHON, the young Australian dancer who rose from the chorus to the leading lady's part, overnight. She is playing in "The Girl Friend," the new Melbourne J.C.W. show. She has exploded the idea that rapid advance on the Australian stage is a myth.

Great Minds Don't Think Alike

COLD shower enthusiasts have been patting themselves on their glowing backs over the reported opinion of the superintendent of the Sydney Hospital that cold showers in the mornings tend to reduce weight.

Those who prefer a nice hot bath, but long for a knife-edge silhouette, were feeling uncomfortable when Dr. E. Robertson, of the Victorian Public Health Department, came to the rescue with the opinion that cold showers have nothing to do with weight.

"A cold shower cools the skin," he says, "and the nervous system reacts to the shock by flooding the blood to the surface of the body; that is all."

When experts disagree, how shall the poor laywoman know the truth? Dr. Robertson has a consoling theory—"If you feel a glow after a cold shower, it's doing you good. If you don't, it's not."

Playing Tennis with Jack Crawford

By PEGGY SCRIVEN, the English Tennis Champion, who may be visiting Australia soon.

Last year I went to Paris to play in the French championships for the second time. But the trip stands out in my memory as the first time I won the singles title there... and, even more important, it was the first time I had ever played tennis with Jack Crawford.

I HAVE never had such a partner before or since. And I still consider that, even though we won the mixed championships, beating Perry and Betty Nuthall in the final, most of the time I was only "second-fiddling" to the genius of Jack.

That brings me to some points I want to stress regarding the woman's part in mixed doubles play.

My opinion is that women should encourage their men partners to play selfishly in mixed. A well-mannered man will hesitate to play such an egotistical part, especially if he does not know his partner very well, so it is up to him to indicate her "second-fiddle" intentions to her.

IN my case, playing with Jack, I found that we combined best by my occupying (whenever possible) a somewhat insignificant position, very close to the net, and rather wide out in the "tram lines."

Thus I left almost an entire court open and free for Jack's activities. He could even smash a ball almost directly behind me, and still not be out-positioned.

Of course, this would not apply to women who could not "play the net" at all. But they could adopt an equally unassuming role at the back of the court, and allow their men partners the monopoly of the net. For example, Jack Crawford and his wife, I believe, always partner one another thus.

Sometimes I have seen women in their modern desire for equality attempt Herculean smashes from all parts of the court, which, even in the unlikely event of their coming off, are rarely, if ever, as effectively dealt with as they would have been if left to the man. Also the amount of physical effort expended by the couple would have been much less if left to the man. This applies to almost any stroke where the woman seeks the limelight.

Personally, I don't mind if my partner is a friend, or comparative stranger to me. I hardly knew Jack at all when I played in the French championship with him. Yet I don't think we had even a sign of clashing temperament during our matches. Really, perhaps I am inclined to think that it is better not to know your partner too well. The slight natural reserve that is bound to exist between mere "acquaintances" may possibly tend to avert the rather distressing contretemps that sometimes arise between friends or relations when in partnership.

I WOULD advise every woman from the tennis party to the international class of player to play whenever possible with a better partner than herself. That is if she wants to improve her game. She will find that her inferiority complex is soon forgotten once the "knocking" is over.

Believe me, I knew moments of trepidation before going on the court with Jack Crawford last spring, but afterwards I realised, and still realise every time I play a mixed double, how my understanding of that game has developed as a direct result of my partnership with him.

It's just the same, I think, in any walk of life. If your standards sink, you sink. When they rise, up you go as well.

An Aboriginal Deacon

AS going to show that the Australian aboriginal is capable both of reform and refinement, the "Church Standard" tells of the Rev. James Noble, of Palm Island, North Queensland Anglican diocese.

"Anyone," says the paper referred to, "who has heard him preach, and has seen his straight, manly figure in the pulpit, knows that he holds that position by virtue of his spirituality, evangelical fervor, and great moral power."

"He does more than stand at the head of his own race; he is one of the most prophet-like figures in the Australian Church. He is at once a fearless champion of his people and the best argument there could be for the cause he serves."

High Explosive

THE frequency of serious accidents resulting from the use of petrol in the home for cleaning purposes suggests the need in Australia of legislation to enforce the bottling of petrol for domestic uses in special containers.

A fatal accident occurred recently in Brisbane, when a girl lighted a lamp in a laundry where petrol was being used to clean dresses. Last week a lad in Victoria was severely burnt when he threw petrol, in mistake for kerosene, on the kitchen fire.

PRIDE of BIRTH

Illustrated
By
BOOTHROYD

A Complete Short Story



last of the Dentfords, Master of the old Tudor house. She longed for, yet dreaded, the day when he would bring his bride to "Dentford Lodge"; she never doubted but that he would marry well, as was his duty, so that he would have a son to carry on the name.

One summer Dick came home on leave and Julia, living down at "Dentford Lodge," saw less of him than usual. He would come down for long week-ends, but seemed restless and unsettled, and without any explanation would return to London. Julia attributed his abstracted manner to some girl, and each time he returned to "Dentford Lodge" she expected him to break the news of his engagement. When she could not bear the suspense any longer, she broached the subject one morning while they stood together in the hall.

"Dick, it is time you thought of marrying." Perhaps she was over anxious, but she thought his laugh a little forced. The portraits of all their ancestors looked down on them with stern mouths and grim, steady eyes. Dick's eyes swept along the line of portraits and rested for a moment on that of his father, then he looked at Julia. He had never realised before how like their father she was, with her broad forehead, eyes set far apart, stern mouth and determined chin. More of a Dentford than he was. He was more like the picture of his mother.

"You should have been the boy, Julia. You would have upheld the family honor. I shall never marry—not now."

"But Dick, a Dentford has lived here for over two hundred years. You and I are the only ones left now—your heir."

He interrupted her with an impatient shrug of his shoulders, and, gathering up his golf clubs, he left her. Julia was disappointed yet strangely elated. She need not leave "Dentford Lodge" yet, but certainly Dick should marry. She loved the old house with a fierce passion. She had only Dick and the old house to love.

That evening Dick left for London, and she did not see him again until his leave was nearly up. Then he came down, bringing with him a tiny Pekingese pup. Julia knew it was his peace-offering to her; that he was a little ashamed of his neglect of her, and she also knew that he had been hurt even as she had been, but that he would never speak of it.

Julia named the Pekingese Fido, and the little dog became her constant companion. She lavished on it all her starved mother-love.

friends. Sometimes, if he were very patient, he could persuade a pigeon to take the crumbs from his hand, but often at the most critical moment Fido's short agitated barks frightened the birds away. So began a friendly battle between Fido and Peter John. The boy would use all his persuasive powers to coax the birds to eat out of his hand, and Fido, straining at the leash, quivering with suppressed excitement, would do her utmost with short, sharp barks and terrific wagging of her tiny body, to frighten the birds away.

Julia, suspicious of all small boys, watched them at their innocent game with unsmiling eyes. She tolerated this child because Fido, whose judgment could be relied upon, approved of him.

Admiring the grand Lady, Peter John contented himself with talking to Fido, but at last there came a day when his news was too important merely for the soft, silky ears of the little Pekingese. He waited till Julia was comfortably seated, then he stood in front of her, short brown legs set wide apart, brown hands deep in diminutive pockets.

"Guess what?" Julia started at the sudden question, but the child did not wait for her reply, he knew from experience that grown-ups could never guess.

"God sent us a baby last night," Julia asked Fido politely to stop fidgeting, and Peter John's words continued to bubble over.

"It's a very special one, it's pink."

REGRETS

Two weeks ago children played, madly, joyously in the garden across the way.

Fair sun-drenched pagans, their shrilling prattle moving me to pray.

For quiet, and the hope that they might go away.

Now they are gone. Remains but the quiet air.

The pear tree, the broken garden seat, a colored toy, and little foot-prints in the dust.

A string has snapped, agony quivers . . . lone flowers stare; God! how I miss their shrillness.

And tremble at the stabbing fear that precious things I lightly prize May go too—leaving me the stillness.

—Helen Newton.

With a sharp stab of bitterness she remembered that John was married — had been forced to marry. She crumpled the sheets together, and thrust them into the fire.

Of course, my dear, John had to marry the girl. Her father forced things, but believe me, he doesn't love her."

Julia let the thin sheets of note paper fall from her fingers with a little gesture of disgust, as if they were something unclean. The cable from John a few weeks earlier telling her that he was to be married had been humiliating enough, but to learn now that he had carried on a vulgar affair with a common girl out in India, while he was affianced to her, Julia Dentford, and when she was to have gone out in a few months to marry him, was the depths of humiliation.

The fire flickered, throwing long, thin shadows on the walls; the wind, blowing noisily, brushed the creeper eerily against the window panes, and although the room was warm, Julia shivered. She picked up the sheets of paper and threw them into the fire, holding them down with the poker until they became a thin white film across the golden glow of the coals, and then were no more, but the words "John had to marry" were burnt into her memory.

She walked across to the bureau and took out two bundles of letters neatly tied with ribbon. Returning to the fire she melted on the hearth and untied the ribbons so that the letters fell in a confused heap in front of her. She hesitated for a moment, and then opened one and read it. John told her amusing stories of life with his regiment in India, but all through the letter he told her how he missed her, wanted her through all the long days, dreamed of her through the hot, still nights, wanted her. . . . A faint color came into the white cheeks, and the hard young eyes grew tender; dear John with his gay laugh and humorous

eyes; his young, cynical smile. The wind rattled the windows, waking her from a short merciful dream of forgetfulness.

With a sharp stab of bitterness she remembered that John was married—had been forced to marry—and that he had been intimate with this other girl even while he had been writing such letters to her. She crumpled the sheets together, and thrust them into the fire.

The paper writhed like some live thing in torture, curled, then opened out and for a second a line of writing stood out clearly, "How I want you." She gave a little, helpless sob as a tiny flame wiped out the words.

For a moment she knelt there with her hands covering her eyes. It seemed to her tortured mind that John had sent her a message, piercing through all the agony of misunderstanding, telling her that in spite of all it was she, and she only, who had his real love. She let her hands fall wearily to her side; useless to try and find comfort in empty dreams, when John had written those words another girl was his.

She did not open the other letters, but consigned them one by one to the fire, poking them deep down into the heart of it. Kneeling there, so young and beautiful, she looked like some young Goddess offering up sacrifices to a pagan god; sacrificing faith, love and youth. She rose from her knees a woman, disillusioned and bitter.

Crossing the room she leaned with her hot face against the cool of the window pane. She told herself that she would never, never trust a man again—and then a cheerful whistle reminded her of Dick. Dick, of course, was different, he was her brother, a Dentford, and therefore a gentleman, he would

never treat a girl dishonorably. Her father, she remembered, had always doubted the parentage of John. Pride, a woman's only weapon against an unfeeling world, came to her aid. She even felt a little pity for all those poor women whose known ancestry did not date back to William the Conqueror.

Through all the years that followed Julia drew comfort from her birthright. People said of her that she was patronising, others that she was a snob; they did not guess it was her armor against sympathy. She did not

want the humiliation of anyone's sympathy or pity. No one guessed that she was lonely.

SWIFTLY the years sped by, and at thirty-five Julia was a woman with youth so far behind her that it might not have been. Except for her servants she lived alone either at the "Dentford Manor," in Surrey, or in the severe, cold house in Hyde Park Gardens.

Dick, stationed with his regiment in India, came home, at intervals, on leave, and only then did the old house come to life, and the great empty rooms echo with his gay laughter. It horrified Julia a little to find his cigarette butts flung carelessly on the floor, papers littering the ancient tables, but she never criticised him. He was the

JULIA could never remember when she first became conscious of the small boy who waited each morning at the Albert Gate, when she went to take Fido for her walk in the Park.

Peter John waited for them every morning, too shy to make any advance towards friendship with Julia and the little fluffy-brown Pekingese aristocrat, which she led on a pale blue leash, he followed respectfully behind them.

They were inseparable, this great lady and her toy dog, curiously alike in their aristocratic aloofness; self-centred and apart from the joyous crowds that thronged the Park during the warm spring days, yet Peter

John was drawn to them, wanted dreadfully to be friends. They took the same walk every morning, along the path to the south side of the Serpentine; a dignified, stately promenade. Fido running fustily ahead, stopping to investigate, and Julia waiting patiently till she was ready to proceed on their leisurely way. When they arrived at the path by the Serpentine, Julia would sit very upright on a small green chair, and Fido would sit at her feet, her little beady eyes alert, her small body quiver, eagerly anticipating some great adventure.

Peter John carried in his pocket a piece of bread for the pigeons, and as soon as he saw his Lady—as he called Julia in his child's mind—and Fido comfortably seated, he would dive a small brown-hand deep into his pocket, stretch like a man trying to find a small coin for a bus fare, and, having found the bread, he would feed his feathered

and the Lady in White says it's the best baby in the world. She hasn't any hair or teeth."

A tiny, worried frown wrinkled his forehead, and Julia gazed out over the still, calm blue of the Serpentine, forgetting all about Fido, who, realising that she was not the centre of attraction, as usual, gave a short irritated bark of protest. Peter John came a little closer and, greatly daring, placed a small hand on her knee.

"Daddy says she'll grow some hair soon," he told her confidentially.

"Yes," said Julia absently. "They look better with hair."

"If God sent you a baby, would you want one with hair?" Peter John asked, and Julia looked at him severely.

"Come along, Fido," she said, and, rising, hurried away, much to the disappointment of Peter John, who had so much to say and so many questions to ask.

It was three days later, when waiting to cross the road, that the pale blue leash slipped from Julia's hand and, in an ecstasy of hitherto unknown freedom, Fido dashed across the road towards the Park and adventure. She was quite dead when they got her out from underneath the car, and Peter John heard his Lady say things in a cold, hard voice about carelessness and taking numbers.

A man with a lot of silver buttons down his coat carried the still, fluffy little bundle into the house opposite the Park, while Peter John stood on the pavement, his throat dry and eyes smarting from the tears he manfully held back. His little heart swelled with pity for his friend, and he longed to comfort her, but she was so tall, so straight, so unapproachable. At last he gained courage and slipped a hot little hand into her gloved one.

"Praps God will send you another Fido. He sent mother a new baby, you know!"

Please turn to Page 39

By GWLADYS SELKIRK

One Touch of Binding . . . Makes a Plain Frock Shine!

BIAS Binding is definitely "in" this season. It gives an attractive finish to dresses and frocks; is quite the most decorative way of finishing hems. It forms a durable, and so effective, trimming.

Berlei provides the perfect Bias Binding. Made of super-quality material, its colours guaranteed fast. Berlei Bias Binding is the house dressmaker's greatest ally in the achievement of style. Its sunny colours provide a touch of gaiety, in a choice that ranges all the way from solid colours to modern triple tones.

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RESPECTABLE

The Story of a White Sin



TIMOTHY stood on the narrow pier and curiously surveyed the girl.

She stood there, sobbing dreadingly, as if the death he had just denied her had been something altogether precious. She was a scared little thing in a tight dress and a battered green hat. A cloud gathered on Timothy's good-natured, freckled face.

"Sure and what right has a girl like you to be killing herself?" he demanded sternly. "Haven't you any shame?"

The girl's bloodless lips quivered, but she didn't answer him. Only a fresh rush of tears to her swollen eyes gave evidence that she had heard.

Timothy Michael O'Toole had sailed the seven seas since he was thirteen years old; therefore in his 30th year

he wasted no breath in inquiring if the unhappy girl before him were married. Not a day over 18, Timothy concluded. Women were certainly fools.

"Broke?" he snapped.

The girl nodded.

The girl shook her head.

"Where's the man? Why don't he marry you?"

Her thin white face twisted painfully.

"We were going to be married yesterday," she managed in a dismal voice. "But he was killed. Fell off the building where he was riveting."

The impulsive Celtic heart of Timothy O'Toole responded to the girl's downright misery.

"Sure, that's rough luck." His big

voice was gentle. "I'll bet the fellow was all right, too."

At the throbbing sympathy in his voice something within the girl seemed to give way.

"I didn't want to kill myself," she explained wretchedly. "I wanted to go home. My family have a farm. But I can't go back without my marriage lines. They're—they're respectable. They'd rather I was dead."

Timothy patted her thin shoulder. He understood just what she meant. The O'Tooles had always been like that, too. Good, honest, upright folks who believed that black was black and white was white.

"Would they take care of you and—the baby if you was married?"

The dilapidated green hat nodded confirmatively.

"If only I had a marriage certificate." She leaned hopelessly against the nearest pier post. "Think how wonderful it would be if I had a marriage certificate."

Timothy scratched his rusty head

By
**FLORENCE
OSTERN**

in an effort to solve her problem. She wasn't much to look at, this girl whose life he had saved; just an ordinary-looking female with a pinched little face and rather stringy hair. Nevertheless, he put his question with true Irish optimism.

"Haven't you some boy friend that would marry you? Somebody who'd be willing to help you out?"

The girl lifted sad blue eyes.

"I don't know any boys," she murmured dully. "I never cared much about them. Only one," she amended quietly, "and he's dead."

Timothy shifted his bulk uneasily.

"Well, you see, my girl, I've only got a few hours' sleep left." He found himself strangely on the defensive. "My ship sails for China to-night."

The girl said nothing. She obviously wasn't interested in Timothy O'Toole or his ship that would sail away to China waters.

The muscles of Timothy's jaw tightened. He felt as if some unseen hand pointed an accusing finger at him. After all it was so small a thing to make a person happy. Just a marriage certificate. Just a scrap of paper. Timothy extended a big, hairy hand and drew the girl towards him.

"Listen," he said kindly. "If all you want is a marriage certificate, Timothy O'Toole will see that you get one. I'll marry you this very day, and you can



KING JOHN (to servant after losing all their belongings while crossing The Wash): Where is my shirt, varlet?
SERV: It's in The Wash, O King.

take the certificate home and show your people you're as respectable as the next woman. What do you say to that?"

The shining expression which lighted the girl's plain features embarrassed Timothy.

"But I'm sailing to-night," he hastened to assure her. "As I told you, my boat sails for China. I don't know when I'll get around to these parts again; never, perhaps."

"That—that's all right," the girl gasped in bewildered gratitude. "It won't make any difference. You see, they'll think my husband is dead." She seemed to reflect on this a moment, then drew herself up proudly. "My husband is dead," she repeated sternly.

"Sure he is."

For the first time Timothy saw hope dawn in the colorless face. The girl touched his sleeve with an almost reverent gesture.

"You're so good to do this for a stranger! I—I didn't want to die." She tried to steady the trembling white lips. "I didn't want to die," she reiterated unemotionally.

"A bargain then," said Timothy O'Toole. "And now for a license and a minister."

Five minutes before sailing time Timothy walked up the gang-plank of the good ship, "Morning Star." He walked rapidly, as if eager to make off for foreign parts. Once he turned and looked back towards the spot on the pier where he had that day saved a young girl's life.

"And that," Timothy Michael O'Toole, he muttered grimly to himself, "makes you a blooming bigamist."

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HOT BOLERO says: My Anchovy Paste is made from Italian Gargano Anchovies. It makes dainty sandwiches and savories.***



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A LEVER PRODUCT



Boys in the Water : Life and Youth; Ugly Beauty!



MR. WYNNE DAVIES, the well-known Australian Women's Weekly black and white artist, with Mrs. Wynne Davies (right) and Miss Maxine Darrow (left); his niece, who poses for all his illustrations.



BOYS IN THE WATER.—A happy snap of an early-morning swimmer with his nine-year-old son. In the surf, of course, all men are boys. As for the girls, it is enough to say that they are all girls. You simply can't be grown-up when bathing.



MISS STELLA PIERRES, at Brooklands, England. She has been acclaimed "Venus of the Air," and not without reason, for she is one of England's most beautiful airwomen.



THE SPIRIT OF YOUTH AND LIFE are depicted by this beautifully-posed study of Grethe Hansen, Gaumont British star. The spray of grapes, the merry eyes, and the great glass goblet of white wine present a lyric of photographic composition.



YOU MAY NOT BELIEVE IT, but this woman is a famous beauty. Her face has been photographed through a Derris-Lens, a new invention, introduced in America by a beauty doctor to aid in the detection of skin blemishes. The lens distorts the features.



RIGHT: Have three guesses as to what the long things are, hanging on the poles. The scene is from a Naples street, in Italy, and the man is displaying sticks of macaroni hung up on the racks to dry before being sold.



AFTERNOON TEA AND THE BRIDGE.—An unusual study of Sydney Harbor Bridge from the roof garden of one of Macquarie Street's famous blocks of flats. What a view to look out on. The big boat on the right is the "Mariposa."

—Australian Travel Assn. photo.

MAKE YOUR BUST BEAUTIFUL



Thousands of society women have formed their scrappy, undeveloped and baby breasts and thrust into the firm round, fresh, virginal loveliness of youth as Miss A.L. tags 21, of Kilara, Sydney, has done.

"I am very pleased with Mamogen," she says. "I have tried everything to try and develop my breasts a little, but nothing did any good until I saw your advertisement of Mamogen and decided to try it. When I began my bust measured 27½ inches, and now you can get large breasts of Mamogen for 10/- post free from W. JAMES ROGERS LTD., DEPT. 2, 255 GEORGE ST., SYDNEY; C. F. LLOYD & CO., DEPT. 2, 243 L. Collins St., Melbourne; D. Macdonald & Co., Dept. 2, Perry House, Elizabeth St., Brisbane; and Mamogen will reach you by return mail, plainly wrapped, with full directions for use.***



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MARVELS OF SCIENCE

Restoring Natural Colour to Grey and White Hair Without Dyeing



A well-known city business man astonished his friends recently by having his hair, which had been white for 20 years, restored to its natural youthful colour by this new marvellous process known as Raydene.

Thousands of men and women in business to-day depend for their positions on their ability to keep a smart and youthful appearance. For grey-haired employees generally have to make way for the younger and more vigorous.

After years of research, a new and marvellous Raydene process has been perfected which restores the natural colour to any white or grey hair, and it contains no messy uncertain dyes, and cannot be detected.

Some of our readers report marvellous results from this wonderful process. One, a woman of 60 who had been using dyes for years, showed as her hair which was a luxuriant dark brown after only one bottle of Raydene. Another, a younger woman, whose hair had gone white from financial worry and sickness—showed a beautiful head of English blonde hair without a blemish after a few weeks' treatment. An yet another, a man this time, whose hair had turned white after a frightful accident got back its natural colour with one bottle of Raydene. This wonderful preparation can now be got from any leading chemist in Australia in concentrated form (price 2/9) and is made up by yourself at home, and is simply brushed through your hair for a few minutes each day.

Raydene is an absolutely harmless antiseptic, and clears up dandruff almost overnight. It can be used on permanently waved hair, and even on hair that has been dyed. If you are far from a chemist a postal note or stamps for 2/9 sent with your name and address to Raydene, Dept. 3, Box 38177, G.P.O., Sydney, will bring Raydene to you with full directions by return mail.

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How Valuable Are FACE VALUES?

A WARNING
Against Casual
Friendships...

Louise Mack
Advises...

CANNOT modern girls and men get to know each other without the formalities we used to think absolutely indispensable?

"My mother is very fond of interfering with the conduct of my two daughters," writes a Melbourne correspondent. "She is making painful scenes at present because they made friends with two men while on holidays without being introduced. Is that such a heinous thing?"

"I feel all in the dark because I never go out, having a family of younger children who keep me occupied at home."

THERE are different points of view about casual friendships, and the late Professor le Gay Brereton wrote one of his most charming poems in favor of making friends with anyone, anywhere.

Good friend of mine, you feel with me,
Your blood grows hot by sympathy
With something that I say or do,
Then speak, I want a word with you.

Let not the silence wrap you round
While you are living overground.
They say that earthly years are few,
Then speak, I want a word with you.

Perhaps I pass you in the street,
And, when our eyes a moment meet,
I wonder are you wishing, too;
Then speak, I want a word with you.

Are you, too, longing for a sign,
Yet fear to stretch a hand for mine?
What other am I writing to?
Then speak, I want a word with you.

Some say our thoughts together run,
Since both lift brow, beneath the sun,
Toward the selfsame vault of blue;
Then speak, I want a word with you.

But girls on their holidays do often
Pick up undesirable companions, there
is no doubt about that!

The Grandmother is probably more modern than the Mother.

Granny probably bears more gossip and tittle-battle than her middle-aged daughter, who is still occupied with bringing up her family, whereas Granny has only herself and her pals to go around with.

And things are EASY at holiday times, very easy. Therefore BIGAMISTS ARE PARTICULARLY FOND OF THE CASUAL WAYS OF HOLIDAY CROWDS, AS MANY A GIRL KNOWS TO HER RUIN.

But how is a girl of seventeen to see through the kind, attractive, jolly man who pays her so much attention so nicely, takes her to dances, and is exactly like all other nice men, only a little kinder maybe, a trifle more generous perhaps, more free with his money, and much less self-centred.

HOW IS A GIRL OF SEVENTEEN TO GUESS THAT THIS MAN IS MARRIED?

It never enters into her head, and it's never likely to enter into her head either.

To her, MARRIED MEN ARE MARRIED MEN, SINGLE MEN ARE

SINGLE MEN. They are worlds apart in her young sincere mind.

This attractive, pleasant man has nothing about him to betray that he is no bachelor. He passes himself off as one. She believes him implicitly. It never occurs to her to doubt.

This is where the Grandmother is right about the necessity for introductions, knowing as she does, out of her store of worldly wisdom, THAT THE SHADY MAN ALWAYS LOOKS OUT FOR THE MOST TRUSTING, INNOCENT TYPES.

WHEN he meets people who are trusting enough to dispense with introductions from people who know him personally, the shady man is able to keep his shady secrets AND GET THROUGH ON HIS FACE VALUES.

He fishes for just such casual friendships, and baits his hook heavily when a catch swims into view.

Take the famous brides-in-the-bath case.

That man married again and again and again, changing his name, and drowning each bride in the bath in a different town, and getting away with her insurance until he was found out somewhere about the seventh time, and hanged.

Then it came out that none of those ill-fated girls had met him through the personal introduction of mutual friends.

They had one and all just picked him up, as it were, at some holiday resort or other, only it was he, of course, who had picked them up! He was charming, handsome, friendly, and he wanted to marry. HOW RIGHT IT SEEMED! HIS FACE VALUES WERE EXCELLENT.

But Grandmothers have learned what girls of seventeen can't possibly realize.

Grandmothers know THAT FACE VALUES CAN BE USED BY DANGEROUS PEOPLE FOR DANGEROUS ENDS.

PERSONALLY, I am all out for introductions for girls, and I think that Granny is emphatically right about her youthful brood.

Older and wiser folk can run the risks, and take the chances that young, hapless creatures ought to be shielded from.

BUT FOR GIRLS, PERSONAL INTRODUCTIONS ALL THE TIME!

BRAINWAVES!

Conducted by L. W. LOWER.

A Prize of 2/6 is paid for each joke used.

HE: My wife told me to demand a fortnight's vacation from you.
Employer: All right, I'll ask my wife if I can give it to you.

"JACK has been taken to hospital."
"But I saw him out with Eileen yesterday."
"So did his wife."

"AND how did your Scots friend meet his death?"
"He was crushed to death among 100 other Scotsmen all trying to hold their hats at once under a slot in a wall marked 'Income Tax Returns.'"

THE ULTRA VIOLET RAY IS THE HEALTH-GIVING ELEMENT IN SUNSHINE.
"TAKE A DAILY GLASS OF SUNSHINE"
IN
CENOVIS IRRADIATED YEAST

The irradiation of yeast is the latest scientific health marvel, and literally gives you an INTERNAL SUN BATH. It supercharges yeast with VITAMIN D.

Irradiated yeast contains six times as much vitamin D as cod liver oil. CENOVIS YEAST is the yeast used in all Continental Hospitals, and it is the actual yeast prescribed by leading specialists on the Continent for ALL DIGESTIVE TROUBLES, BLOOD TROUBLES (including primary and secondary ANAEMIA), ALL SKIN AFFECTIONS, BLOOD TROUBLES, RHEUMATISM AND RHEUMATOID ARTHRITIS, BOILS, PILLS, INTERNAL AND EXTERNAL ULCERS, ECZEMA, HEAD-ACHES, DIABETES, INCREASED LACTATION IN NURSING MOTHERS, and STOMACH UPSET IN THE BABY.

CENOVIS IRRADIATED YEAST IS AN ABSOLUTE CURE FOR CONSTIPATION.

This yeast is being registered as a GUILLI "CHEMIST'S ONLY" and if your chemist has not yet got his supplies he can quickly procure it for you in Victoria. Chemists in other States can also secure supplies. Sold in 1/2oz., 4oz., 8oz., and 16oz. sizes at 1/6, 2/6, 5/-, and 8/-.

If your chemist does not stock it we will have it posted immediately by a Melbourne chemist on receipt of amount, plus postage. (1/- lb. in Victoria, 1/6 in N.S.W. and 2/- in other States).

AN ABSOLUTE GUARANTEE OF HEALTH TO YOUNG AND OLD. PROVED TO ENSURE SOUND AND HEALTHY TEETH AND BONES IN CHILDREN. GIVES GROWING CHILDREN A BUILT-UP RESERVE OF VITAMINS B, B1, B2, B3, B4, and B5, Vitamin C, Vitamin D, and Vitamin E.

If you are ill, try CENOVIS IRRADIATED YEAST. It does not interfere with doctors' medicine, but helps its action in all cases. If you are THIRTY, LACK ENERGY, FEEL THAT YOU ARE GROWING OLD AND WORN OUT, CENOVIS Irradiated Yeast will make you young again.

ASK YOUR DEALER FOR A CENOVIS IRRADIATED YEAST BEAUTY FACE PACK. The latest and most marvellous beauty treatment. It not only removes all blemishes and greasiness from the skin, but gives a mild ultra violet ray skin treatment, and provides a perfect skin for powder or make-up.

Now used in all Continental Beauty Parlors, and available for the first time in Australia. Sells at SIXPENCE a packet. CENOVIS IS THE ONLY IRRADIATED YEAST IN AUSTRALIA.

ASK YOUR STOREKEEPER FOR CENOVIS BAKING YEAST. The most efficient in the world. Guaranteed unconditionally for 12 months. Each packet or tin contains a long list of recipes, including 4 far white bread, 10 DALE'S BREAD, WHOLEMEAL, RABBIT, BUNS, AND ROLLS, and CHOCOLATE, ETC. Sold in 1/2 packets and 4oz., 8oz., and 16oz. tins at 1/6, 2/6, 4/6, and 7/6. Ask your grocer to stock it for you if he has not already got it. As this yeast has just arrived from Germany, many dealers will not yet have received their supplies from their merchants. If any delay and direct to us, and we will see that you get it. It is so easy to bake your own bread, and to eat home-made bread is a treat for should give yourself and family at least once a week. Enough bread for three days can be baked at once, for CENOVIS Bread keeps wonderfully fresh and palatable. It is such a saving, too. Costs no more than 4d. a loaf.

Mr. G. V. Russell, the originator of Granulated Medicinal Yeast in Australia, is manager of THE CENOVIS YEAST COMPANY, Pink's Buildings, 6 Elizabeth Street, Melbourne.

WHEN IN TOWN, CALL AND SEE US. WE CAN GIVE YOU WORTH-WHILE INFORMATION.

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The treatment requires only one dressing a week, and, above all, there is no need to go to bed.

Call at the Treatment Rooms and consult the nurse in charge, or write for FREE Booklet of valuable information.

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DELICIOUS JUNKET TABLETS

When
Nature Forgets—
Remember

LUBRI-LAX

The Only
Concentrated
Lubricating Laxative

WORLD Defied for a SMILE!

King Risked England's
Destiny to Win a Girl

HISTORY has revealed few cases where the infatuation of a man for a woman has had more grave consequences than that of Henry VIII for Anne Boleyn.

The tragic ending of Anne Boleyn's story, as told in this article by A. P. Garland, forms the opening of "The Private Life of Henry VIII," a magnificently produced film which will be released in Australia shortly. All Henry's wives are shown except the first, Katherine of Aragon.

Henry himself is marvellously interpreted by Charles Laughton, the celebrated English character actor. His acting reveals the King as a credible human figure in spite of his cruelties and vanities.

FOR the bright eyes of a winsome young maid of honor, Henry Tudor gambled with the destiny of England and defied honor, conscience, and his own material interests.

The maid of honor was the fair Anne Boleyn, and Henry, eighth English monarch of that name, had determined to make her his wife.

Rarely in history has there been a monarch on whom Fate showered its gifts with such abundance as it did on Henry. Up to the year 1525 life had been all smiles.

From his grasping father, Henry VII, he had inherited enormous wealth. His seat on the throne was secure and undisputed. No rival existed whose intrigues could mar his peace of mind.

His power and influence on the Continent were at the highest level. Spain was his ally, while France had been forced to pay him tribute. And the bloody field of Flodden had bereft Scotland of any power to harm him.

Discontented King

But yet there was one flaw in his happiness. He was weary of his wife.

Katherine of Aragon, the widow of his elder brother, Arthur, had now been married to him for sixteen years. She was older than he, and, though good and devoted as a wife, had lost all charm for him.

In his then mood of discontentment with his married life, Henry's roving eye fell on a young maid of honor, named Anne Boleyn, who, on the mother's side, was a descendant of the noble house of Howard. Her lovely face and winsome ways soon had him in their thrall, and he became possessed of an ungovernable passion to make her his.

Now, however tragically sordid was to be the anti-climax to this love affair, there can be no doubt that during the

period of his wooing Henry was filled with a romantic passion for Anne.

In all likelihood Anne, realising the tremendous passion she had inspired in the amorous monarch, chose a favorable moment to obtain from him a promise that one day she should share his throne with him.

But it was vastly easier to give that promise than to carry it out.

England was then a Catholic country, bound by a mass of age-long ties to Rome. And from the Pope alone could be obtained an annulment of the marriage to Katherine, whereby the way would be cleared for her lovely young rival.

A pretext had to be found for the annulment, for the life of Katherine had been blameless. Therefore Henry, giving the matter much thought, declared that his conscience was troubled by the fact that he had married his brother's widow, and on these grounds he asked the Pope to dissolve the marriage.

But the appeal to Rome failed, and Henry was put in a quandary. He had no other recognised authority to invoke.

Then Cranmer came to the rescue, and advised Henry to apply to the Universities for a ruling on the subject.

Henry affected to believe that the replies justified his plea, and he hastened to make Cranmer Archbishop of Canterbury as a reward for his advice. Where-



WENDY BARRIE takes the part in the film of Jane Seymour (above), the young wife who died in giving birth to the future Edward VI. Charles Laughton takes the part of Henry VIII.

ANNE BOLEYN (at left) played in the film by the Australian girl, Merle Oberon, seen preparing for the block.

The problem was solved; Henry had his way; he and his loved one were united; passion had won the day. Henry was shrewd and far-seeing. He had all the subtlety, insight and logic of his worldly-wise family. And he knew what that rash act entailed.

He knew that by putting aside Katherine he would make the then mighty Spain his deadly enemy. He knew that he would also alienate Rome.

LEGAL CRUELTY & A Wife's REDRESS

By A LAWYER

There are other ways of being cruel to a wife besides using actual physical violence to her. A country reader writes for advice in her domestic problems, which, by the way, seem fairly difficult ones.

"MY husband," she writes, "will not allow me to go out of the house; only when it suits him. He has forbidden me to visit my own people, and hands out a few shillings to me as if it were the dole when I ask him for money. More often he says, he has no money, although he frequents the local hotels, where he has the reputation of being very generous with his shillings. When I order goods for my personal needs, there is always a row over it."

"Has a married woman any standing at all, or must she sit down and take all the knocks her husband likes to give her? I cannot get the necessary money for clothing for my children, and my husband has often told me that if I go out I need not come back to the home."

Wife's Liberties

Any woman who submits to this kind of treatment at the hands of a man—so-called—has only herself to blame. The days are happily long gone by when women were the mere chattel of a man. So long as the children and household duties are not neglected, no man has any power to prevent his wife going out to visit her own people, and that as often as she likes.

Men of this type who refuse to provide their wives with the money necessary for personal needs and clothing for the children are very often the best of good fellows when they get into an hotel bar.

In this case the obvious remedy is to insist upon the husband making a proper allowance for housekeeping and personal needs. If he refuses to do this, the wife can sue him in the Children's Court for support of herself and children, and there is no doubt that the Magistrate would make a proper order in her favor.

In any case the course of conduct adopted by the husband amounts to legal

cruelty, and the Divorce Court would not hesitate to grant relief in the circumstances.



CURLYPET MAKES BABY'S HAIR GROW CURLY

Rob Curlypet on baby's head instead of washing each day to make baby's hair grow from straight to naturally curly. Curlypet is antiseptic too, and helps to prevent dandruff and "cradle cap." There's 30 days' treatment in each tube. 3/6 at all chemists and stores, or send stamps or postal note to Curlypet Laboratory, Box 3517 E. G.P.O., Sydney, to bring Curlypet to you by return mail. CURLYPET

LOSES 98lb. UGLY FAT

With Youth-o-Form, Without Diet or Exercise

To prove how safe, effective, and permanent YOUTH-O-FORM Tonic Reducing Capsules are for reducing only surplus fat, read this lady's report:

"I was 130 lb. before I began to take Youth-o-Form, and though I am past 30 I have reduced to 132 lb. with Youth-o-Form."

"My doctors found my blood pressure was very high, and my blood sugar was high, and they suggested that I take Youth-o-Form."

Compare Your Weight with this Medical Weight Chart—

Height	15-19	20-24	25-29	30-34	35-40
(ft. in.)	5 11	5 11	5 11	5 11	5 11
st. lb.	110	115	120	125	130
st. lb.	115	120	125	130	135
st. lb.	120	125	130	135	140
st. lb.	125	130	135	140	145
st. lb.	130	135	140	145	150
st. lb.	135	140	145	150	155
st. lb.	140	145	150	155	160
st. lb.	145	150	155	160	165
st. lb.	150	155	160	165	170
st. lb.	155	160	165	170	175
st. lb.	160	165	170	175	180
st. lb.	165	170	175	180	185
st. lb.	170	175	180	185	190
st. lb.	175	180	185	190	195
st. lb.	180	185	190	195	200
st. lb.	185	190	195	200	205
st. lb.	190	195	200	205	210
st. lb.	195	200	205	210	215
st. lb.	200	205	210	215	220
st. lb.	205	210	215	220	225
st. lb.	210	215	220	225	230
st. lb.	215	220	225	230	235
st. lb.	220	225	230	235	240
st. lb.	225	230	235	240	245
st. lb.	230	235	240	245	250
st. lb.	235	240	245	250	255
st. lb.	240	245	250	255	260
st. lb.	245	250	255	260	265
st. lb.	250	255	260	265	270
st. lb.	255	260	265	270	275
st. lb.	260	265	270	275	280
st. lb.	265	270	275	280	285
st. lb.	270	275	280	285	290
st. lb.	275	280	285	290	295
st. lb.	280	285	290	295	300
st. lb.	285	290	295	300	305
st. lb.	290	295	300	305	310
st. lb.	295	300	305	310	315
st. lb.	300	305	310	315	320
st. lb.	305	310	315	320	325
st. lb.	310	315	320	325	330
st. lb.	315	320	325	330	335
st. lb.	320	325	330	335	340
st. lb.	325	330	335	340	345
st. lb.	330	335	340	345	350
st. lb.	335	340	345	350	355
st. lb.	340	345	350	355	360
st. lb.	345	350	355	360	365
st. lb.	350	355	360	365	370
st. lb.	355	360	365	370	375
st. lb.	360	365	370	375	380
st. lb.	365	370	375	380	385
st. lb.	370	375	380	385	390
st. lb.	375	380	385	390	395
st. lb.	380	385	390	395	400
st. lb.	385	390	395	400	405
st. lb.	390	395	400	405	410
st. lb.	395	400	405	410	415
st. lb.	400	405	410	415	420
st. lb.	405	410	415	420	425
st. lb.	410	415	420	425	430
st. lb.	415	420	425	430	435
st. lb.	420	425	430	435	440
st. lb.	425	430	435	440	445
st. lb.	430	435	440	445	450
st. lb.	435	440	445	450	455
st. lb.	440	445	450	455	460
st. lb.	445	450	455	460	465
st. lb.	450	455	460	465	470
st. lb.	455	460	465	470	475
st. lb.	460	465	470	475	480
st. lb.	465	470	475	480	485
st. lb.	470	475	480	485	490
st. lb.	475	480	485	490	495
st. lb.	480	485	490	495	500
st. lb.	485	490	495	500	505
st. lb.	490	495	500	505	510
st. lb.	495	500	505	510	515
st. lb.	500	505	510	515	520
st. lb.	505	510	515	520	525
st. lb.	510	515	520	525	530
st. lb.	515	520	525	530	535
st. lb.	520	525	530	535	540
st. lb.	525	530	535	540	545
st. lb.	530	535	540	545	550
st. lb.	535	540	545	550	555
st. lb.	540	545	550	555	560
st. lb.	545	550	555	560	565
st. lb.	550	555	560	565	570
st. lb.	555	560	565	570	575
st. lb.	560	565	570	575	580
st. lb.	565	570	575	580	585
st. lb.	570	575	580	585	590
st. lb.	575	580	585	590	595
st. lb.	580	585	590	595	600
st. lb.	585	590	595	600	605
st. lb.	590	595	600	605	610
st. lb.	595	600	605	610	615
st. lb.	600	605	610	615	620
st. lb.	605	610	615	620	625
st. lb.	610	615	620	625	630
st. lb.	615	620	625	630	635
st. lb.	620	625	630	635	640
st. lb.	625	630	635	640	645
st. lb.	630	635	640	645	650
st. lb.	635	640	645	650	655
st. lb.	640	645	650	655	660
st. lb.	645	650	655	660	665
st. lb.	650	655	660	665	670
st. lb.	655	660	665	670	675
st. lb.	660	665	670	675	680
st. lb.	665	670	675	680	685
st. lb.	670	675	680	685	690
st. lb.	675	680	685	690	695
st. lb.	680	685	690	695	700
st. lb.	685	690	695	700	705
st. lb.	690	695	700	705	710
st. lb.	695	700	705	710	715
st. lb.	700	705	710	715	720
st. lb.	705	710	715	720	725
st. lb.	710	715	720	725	730
st. lb.	715	720	725	730	735
st. lb.	720	725	730	735	740
st. lb.	725	730	735	740	745
st. lb.	730	735	740	745	750
st. lb.	735	740	745	750	755
st. lb.	740	745	750	755	760
st. lb.	745	750	755	760	765
st. lb.	750	755	760	765	770
st. lb.	755	760	765	770	775
st. lb.	760	765	770	775	780
st. lb.	765	770	775	780	785
st. lb.	770	775	780	785	790
st. lb.	775	780	785	790	795
st. lb.	780	785	790	795	800
st. lb.	785	790	795	800	805
st. lb.	790	795	800	805	810
st. lb.	795	800	805	810	815
st. lb.	800	805	810	815	820
st. lb.	805	810	815	820	825
st. lb.	810	815	820	825	830
st. lb.	815	820	825	830	835
st. lb.	820	825	830	835	840
st. lb.	825	830	835	840	845
st. lb.	830	835	840	845	850
st. lb.	835	840	845	850	855
st. lb.	840	845	850	855	860
st. lb.	845	850	855	860	865
st. lb.	850	855	860	865	870
st. lb.	855	860	865	870	875
st. lb.	860	865	870	875	880
st. lb.	865	870	875	880	885
st. lb.	870	875	880	885	890
st. lb.	875	880	885	890	895
st. lb.	880	885	890	895	900
st. lb.	885	890	895	900	905
st. lb.	890	895	900	905	910
st. lb.	895	900	905	910	915
st. lb.	900	905	910	915	920
st. lb.	905	910	915	920	925
st. lb.	910	915	920	925	9

AUSTRALIA'S Only Travelling Boarding HOUSE

Woman's Unique Job... Hires Out Caravan

The growth of the fashion of holidaying by caravan in England has been phenomenal during the past two years. Every county has its own depot where caravans that may be attached to one's own car are available for hire.

The craze has spread to Australia, and, with our sunny climate, this form of holidaying is likely to become very popular. One young Sydney woman has already realised the possibilities of the idea.

FEW are fortunate enough to be able to combine business with pleasure. But such is the enviable position of an enterprising Sydney woman—Miss N. Davidson, of Wahroonga—who decided a year ago to commercialise her innate love of the open spaces.

Camping out and going to sleep to the tune of the wind and rustling gum-leaves, boiling her billy on a camp fire, moving on just as the mood of the moment dictates, staying to bask in the warmth of the sun or cooling off in ocean waters or little creeks, are the things which she loves almost best in life.

With these desires strong in her veins Miss Davidson purchased a caravan and fitted it out artistically. At holiday times she hires it to parties desiring to taste the joys of caravan travel.

The outside of the caravan, as well as the numerous little gadgets stowed so cunningly out of sight inside, is brown and gold. She herself is a brunette, with a glowing sun-tanned complexion, and her physique is such as to stand up to the open air life. Indeed so keen is she on work that she would just as soon do all the cooking by herself as let the other caravanners help.



THE CARAVAN ON TOUR

The caravan is designed to hold six persons, and anyone may engage it. The usual plan is to decide where you want to go, arrange your party of five or less (for, of course, space must be left for the driver, Miss Davidson) and pay your expenses. These are very low, averaging about the same as the tariff in a good class boarding house. Then off you go, for as long and as far as you like. And rest assured that the trip will be one of the most comfortable ones that you have ever had.

Novel Gadgets...

THERE are numerous appointments in this gay holiday-house which you would not expect at first.

Concealed in a few cubic feet are a small wardrobe with a movable coat hanger, four little drawers made of bronze colored tin, a miniature chif-



MISS N. DAVIDSON, who owns and drives the caravan.

foniore for the cutlery and bed clothes during the daytime, a meat safe, collapsible chairs, folding table, and a kerosene stove for use in the rainy weather.

Most surprising of all is the fact that there is also a bathroom included in the outfit. Moreover it gives hot or cold water as required!

This is arranged quite simply, for the whole is comprised of a tin which holds several gallons of water, underneath which is a shower spray.

To use it a small tent about six by four feet is erected in the open, the tin is filled with hot or cold water, adjusted on top of the tent, the shower is turned on, and hey presto! one has a nice fresh bath.

To keep the provisions fresh and the butter and milk cool, there is also a cellar under the floor. It is packed with fresh sand and charcoal and is wonderfully effective.

Little windows with bright brown and gold figured cretonne curtains enable the travellers to view the countryside through which they are passing. The front seat also is glassed in and takes three passengers.

The main space inside, of course, is occupied by four bunks which, in the daytime, let down into two long seats similar to those of a sleeping compartment in a railway carriage.

When it comes to meal times one is equally pleased with the consistency of the color scheme of the appointments. The cups, for instance, are orange colored, and are shaped like beer mugs, the rest of the china following the same pattern.

Meals are served "à la frescos," sometimes under an auto tent attached to the side of the caravan. Pretty cushions and several books, as well as a mandolin help to while away the camping hours in almost voluptuous luxury.

Those who wish the trek to be a real rest find Miss Davidson's company delightful, for she thoroughly enjoys doing all the work.

She it is who makes all the beds, tidies the caravan, lights the fire and cooks the meals, which are always on a sumptuous scale.

Only once during the past year of caravanning have meals not come up to expectations. That was when a speckled hen which had been taken along for the Christmas dinner, surprised the camp by unexpectedly laying an egg. Her life was then considered worth keeping, and a dinner was made off mutton instead.

Miss Davidson's outfit is unique in Australia, being the only one of its kind, though this form of holidaying is quite usual in England. There are several privately-owned caravans, but none other which is available for hire, or has driver and cook complete in one person.

The Transport Department was very puzzled as to which category to register the conveyance in at first. Actually it is a travelling boarding house, but literally it is only a lorry. Finally the permit was issued as for an ordinary lorry.

AUSTRALIAN Princess And Her HUSBAND

Exclusive Story of Prince Melikoff

From MURIEL SEGAL, Our Special Representative in Europe

Sensational stories concerning Prince Maximilian Melikoff have appeared in the London Press recently.

The Princess Melikoff was formerly Miss Pauline Curran, of Tasmania, and is the only girl in the Commonwealth to become a princess.

AUSTRALIANS who met him voted the Prince handsome, charming, popular and obviously in love with his wife. He was a Russian aristocrat of the old regime, whose lineage appeared in the Almanac de Gotha. Miss Curran was the beautiful heiress of one of Tasmania's best-known racing magnates, and the marriage, to many, seemed like a fairy-tale romance of childhood come true.

It came as a shock to their many Australian friends to learn that a London paper had reported the Prince to be working as a stable boy for Sir Archibald Weigall. The paper added that the kindness of the knight in giving the Prince this lowly job saved him from committing suicide.

The Prince, according to this published report, said:

"My birth and breed do not mean very much when it comes to earning a living nowadays! All that is past and gone. Why should this seem so strange, a Prince by birth at a menial job? I love the life. Horses have always been a passion of mine, and I have never been so happy before."

"A fortnight ago I was in London—broke to the wide—and now I am living the healthy, open-air life that I love. I have roamed the world and done most things. I have been an instructor in the Turkish cavalry, a tennis instructor, and a film actor."

"But I had sunk to the depths of despair in London when Lady Weigall very kindly offered me this refuge. Life seemed so hopeless that I had contemplated suicide."

Quite Happy

ON behalf of The Australian Women's Weekly, Princess Melikoff gave me an exclusive interview.

"I have just returned from taking a cure at Tring," said the Princess. "When I got home, a friend had shown my mother and sister an article in a paper describing my husband as a stable boy, and quoting him as saying he had been near to suicide."

"I have just rung off from a long-distance call to my husband at Ascot."

He rang me up to tell me how furious Lady Weigall was that such a report should have been published.

"I am down here as Lady Weigall's secretary," he said, "and am perfectly happy. I have my own personal attendant and every comfort. My duties leave me a good deal of leisure for riding, and to enjoy the companionship of my friends, Sir Archibald and Lady Weigall."

"When the reporter from the paper which published the story called, I refused to speak to him, and Lady Weigall asked the paper to contradict the report."

"My husband is coming to London to spend the week-end with me," added the Princess.

Princess Popular

A FRIEND of the Prince told me that she was confident that, in seeking a post for himself, he had been actuated by the desire to obtain work which would give him a definite personal business interest in life.

"I remember meeting him in Sydney one day," she said, "when he was the guest of Mrs. A. E. Hughes. I asked him how he liked the life there. He said everyone was most kind, but he was very lonely."

"He was fond of shooting, hunting, golf, fishing, but as we had no leisure class of men in Australia, he was thrown for the most part on his own resources, and had a surplus of leisure time on his hands."

"The Princess, on the other hand, had difficulty in filling her social engagements."

"I said, 'would you like to go back to Russia?' He replied, 'the day I go back to Russia, Madame, I lose my head, but I would like so much to get some interesting work to do in my adopted land.'"

BRIDGE

BRIDGE Club: Tuition Auction and Contract. Separate rooms for small bridge parties. 71 Hunter St., 4th Floor. Room 9. Phone B 3392.

HIGH BLOOD PRESSURE

HIGH Blood Pressure every year kills more people than does cancer, for High Blood Pressure destroys the arteries and heart.

SYMPTOMS OF HIGH BLOOD PRESSURE.—The most frequent symptoms of High Blood Pressure are as follows:—

1. Chronic headaches.
2. Head noises.
3. Dizziness, fullness and heaviness of the head.
4. Flashes to head and throat.
5. Heart pain, shortness of breath.
6. Irritability and nervousness.
7. Failing eyesight.
8. Loss of memory and power to concentrate.
9. Fear of impending disaster.
10. Irritability and depression.
11. Loss of will power.
12. Bladder weakness.
13. Drowsiness and loss of energy.

HIGH BLOOD PRESSURE ATTACKS YOUR HEART. If you suffer in this way set quickly and at once, because High Blood Pressure gradually tells worse and worse, attacking and weakening your heart and hardening and thickening your arteries, so that you are never quite well at any time, and you must die before your time unless you set quickly to keep the pressure down to a safe level.

Fortunately, this is easily accomplished by taking one Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoid occasionally after meals. Menthoids being a most powerful herbal antiseptic medicine in convenient form, which neutralises and expels the toxins and poisons from the blood stream and relieves the strain on the arteries and heart by bringing the Blood Pressure to normal. For the average case a three months' treatment with Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids is sufficient for this purpose.

NATURE'S OWN REMEDY. Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids are Nature's own remedy for High Blood Pressure, for Menthoids sweep your blood stream free of poisons, keep your arteries youthful, and tone up your stomach, liver, and kidneys, and make you feel young and vigorous.

If you suffer from any of these symptoms go to your chemist to-day and get a flask of Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids and take one Menthoid at meal time. You can get large flasks of Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids containing enough for one month's continuous treatment for 6/6, or smaller flasks for 3/6, from any up-to-date chemist in the Commonwealth.

FREE DIET CHART. If every flask of Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids is included a copy of the diet chart, which will tell you what is best to eat when suffering from High Blood Pressure. If you are far from a chemist or store, just pin a postal note to this paper, with your name and address along the margin, and send it to MENTHOLD LABORATORIES, Dept. 2, Box 3817, G.P.O., Sydney; C. F. Lloyd and Co., Dept. 2, McKewen House, 341 Collins St., Melbourne; or D. Maclean and Co., Dept. 3, Ferry House, Elizabeth St., Brisbane, and your Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids will reach you by return mail, complete with Diet Chart enclosed.

Be sure and get genuine Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids in the green carton, and refuse substitutes of this valuable herbal medicine, which contains no drugs.

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15/-

MISSING LINE COMPETITION—

TRY YOUR SKILL
FILL IN THE LAST LINE

This is Sergeant Dicky Duck,
Who waddles on parade,
You can, if you have any luck,
Enjoy the things she's made.

Jellies crystal clear and sweet,
Ripe fruit just off the tree,
All blended in one perfect treat,
That please you perfectly.

You will love them more and more,
And want each helping twice,
Dinner's time without them, for



Sergeant "Dicky Duck"

(To rhyme with "twice")

First Prize £5 cash!

25 Consolation Prizes 2/6

Each Entry must be accompanied by the
COUPON SIDE of a "Fountain" Fruit Jelly
Carton. Other side of Carton not accepted.

Competition closes February 28, 1934.

Address entries "Fountain Pure Fruit Jelly Competition,"

Box 218 D, G.P.O., Sydney.

FOUNTAIN PURE FRUIT JELLIES are sold as follows:

3 Large Packets (Sydney) 1/- (Country) 1/3

If you cannot obtain these Jellies from your grocer, write to W. C. Douglass Ltd.,
Box 218 D, G.P.O., Sydney, and send us the name and address of your grocer.

FOUNTAIN PURE FRUIT JELLIES

Write your name and address here:

Name

Address

Name of Grocer

Be sure and attach COUPON SIDE of a packet of Fountain Jelly to each entry.
This competition is one of skill and will be judged by the Directors of W. C. Douglass Ltd.
whose decision will be final.

LETTERS sent to "So They Say" should be short and to the point. A heading, describing the subject, should be written at the head of each item. £1 is paid for one letter, and 5/- for all others. Letters must be endorsed "So They Say."

DO YOU AGREE?

I, FOR one, cannot understand why criticism has been levelled at the standard of the A. Class A.B.C. programmes. I consider that the commission caters for the tastes of all listeners, and, although I, personally, prefer classical musical programmes, there is no doubt that the commission provides entertainment which must satisfy those who like classics, musical comedy, dramatic presentations—or just jazz.

I listen-in every evening from 8 p.m. until closing down time, and prefer operatic and classical music.

In my opinion, recorded items are too perfect, and the very interesting human element is completely missing.

Mrs. Irene Desmond Dwyer, Box 44, Trymple, Vic.

£1 for this letter.

FOOTBALL SALES

WOULD it not be possible for some of our leading emporiums to arrange some system whereby their customers who have not learnt to play football in their youth could buy bargains comfortably?

The spectacle, which I witnessed recently, of dozens of women, each with a bolt of material under her arm, which she had commandeered off a bargain

This Came In

...Ulm's Faraway

GREETINGS from a faraway Australian to her sister readers of The Australian Women's Weekly! Hoping this first official air mail, carried by Mr. C. T. P. Ulm over the Tasman from New Zealand to Australia, may be a closer link and tie between the two countries, usually three to three and a half days' journey by steamer.

As an Australian who has spent more than half her life in N.Z., I want to see a warmer, more cordial relationship, strengthened by visiting teams, tourists, and closer trade—here and over there in wonderful Australia.

Greetings and "Kia-ora" from Mrs. Elwyn Jackson, 38 Hermit's Rd., Merivale, Christchurch, N.Z.

table, waiting five days at a counter, to be served, is not conducive to comfort for the customer herself or for the unlucky wight who would like to examine and purchase some of that particular bolt of material which is out of her reach.

J. Chapman, 31 Erica Ave., Glen Iris, S.E. Vic.

ABSOLUTE NONSENSE

I THINK that the article by "A Blonde" (The Australian Women's Weekly, 3/2/34) is an absolute insult to the intelligence of Australian women. To state in cold print that "women love dangerous men, wild men, destructive men," is so absurd as to be almost humorous. What woman with any claim to intelligence would waste her precious gifts of love on a man who promised nothing but "heartbreak and homelessness"?

Mrs. E. E. Eastlake, "Varrool," 47 Holyrood St., Hampton, S.E. Vic.

HUSBAND'S SHOES

SPEAKING to a friend of mine recently, I happened to mention that I sometimes clean my husband's shoes. She looked quite amazed, and on my asking what was wrong she informed me that she considered it beneath her dignity to clean her husband's shoes.

I consider it a labor of love, and only do it on the rare occasions when my husband happens to be going out. I would like to have the opinions of other readers on the subject.

Mrs. Marjorie Hession, 40 Phillip St., Bondi, N.S.W.

FAIR PLAY

I WOULD like to say how much I appreciate the fairness and the "give-and-take" attitude of the "So They Say" page. On reading the paragraph, one immediately realises that they are the readers' true opinions. The Editor shows a very sporting and most worthy spirit in printing both sides of a question, whether the comments are disparaging or otherwise. One can see that truth and honesty are shown throughout the whole paper. I am sure there are many readers who heartily agree with me.

Mrs. E. Perry, 126 Nelson St., Annandale, N.S.W.

So they Say

Should a Wife's Letters Be Private?

Faith & Love

I CERTAINLY think husbands and wives should read each other's letters. If a husband and wife are true to each other there should be no secrets existing between them, and therefore they should not be afraid to let each other read their correspondence.

Mrs. D. Hughes, Nudgee Road, Northgate, Qld.

Once Bitten

I AGREE with Miss Nielsen saying a husband and wife should not read each other's letters. That is unless they wish it.

Shortly after I was married, a letter came addressed to my husband, and thinking it quite in order I opened and read what was not for me to see, so I decided not to open his letters again.

Long after, a letter came, and I put it aside until he arrived home from work, but too late to keep the appointment in that letter which meant a good deal for him.

Mrs. A. E. Tidey, Sexton St., South Brisbane.

Nothing to Hide

I DO not agree with Miss Nielsen. As the true happiness of married life depends to a large extent on the confidence placed in each other, I maintain there should be no letters received which either may not read. If there is nothing to hide, what need of secrecy?

Mrs. M. J. Flower, Grunga Parade, Panchbowl, N.S.W.

In Practice

I QUITE disagree with the writer concerning the problem whether or not a husband and wife should read each other's correspondence. She says true love is based on perfect trust, to which I quite agree, and where there is trust there is also understanding, so why can't husband and wife read each other's letters? In married life we go fifty-fifty, so why not as far as this matter goes.

A good many girls have thought the same as Miss Nielsen until they were married themselves, then curiosity overcomes all this nonsense. Then, woe betide poor hubby if he refuses to allow his wife to read his letters.

Mrs. J. Parnaby, 6 Bayview Street, Williamstown Beach, Vic.

When to Lie... Sometimes Justified

Awkward Moments

I NOTED with interest Miss Gunn's letter on this subject (10/2/34), and as it is one on which I have often debated I feel I must express my opinion. The person who lies readily and continuously soon loses the respect and esteem of her fellows. So, also, does she who balances on the edge of a lie.

But even more despicable, I think, is the person who would not lie to save another, if the necessity arose. In such a case a lie is always justified, I think, and nothing will convince me to the contrary.

Miss M. Tassicker, Warren, N.S.W.

Punish Them

HAS any reader noticed that very few people like the truth? They seldom tell the truth, and when they do they do not quite know what they are talking about. I think they ought to be punished. I know of a man who is always telling lies, and you never know when he is telling the truth.

Miss L. V. Lofis, Tomewin, via Murrumbidgee, N.S.W.

TO assist in the completion of our Radio Poll, all letters to "So They Say" must have the coupon below attached. If you have voted before, or if you have no wireless set, send it in blank.

Case in Point

I THINK a lie is justified when it does neither party harm. Indeed it often benefits both parties. For instance, a lady I know has a very mean husband where money is concerned. One day she bought an expensive brooch, and pinned it to her frock. On observing it, he at once wanted to know the cost. "Found it!" she nonchalantly answered. He was quite happy—happy in the thought that it had not come out of his hard-earned cash. He would surely have worked himself to a frenzy adding up the minutes he had worked to obtain the cost of the bauble. And she was happy, too, because the incident caused no further raggings. Surely that little lie was justified!

Mrs. I. Martin, 8 Chatswood Ave., Chatswood, N.S.W.

Screen Oddities

By CAPTAIN FAWCETT

Bebe Daniels
HAD NEVER STUDIED MUSIC—BUT WITH ONLY THREE WEEKS PREPARATION, SHE SANG THE DIFFICULT LEADING ROLE OF RIO RITA

OLIVER HARDY, IN SPITE OF ALL HIS WEIGHT, IS AN EXPERT GOLFER AND HAS WON MORE THAN TWENTY CUPS!

KEN MAYNARD CARRIES TWO BULLETS IN HIS BODY—ONE DANGEROUSLY NEAR HIS SPINE!

DID YOU KNOW THAT—EMIL JANNINGS RAN AWAY FROM HOME AT THE AGE OF 14 TO BE A CABIN BOY ON A SAILING VESSEL!

Radio Poll Letters Another Bunch

Varied Interests

I WISH to express my opinion of the broadcast programmes of "A" class stations. To my mind, they are most satisfactory although there are many things which could be improved. I myself, know the amount of work which lies behind a really good programme, as I have worked in a radio station. It is quite impossible to cater for every listener, but I feel sure the Commission does much to encourage listeners. Of course, one can hardly expect the local artists who broadcast through the "A" class stations to keep up with the recordings of world-famous artists which are broadcast through the "B" class stations. Even though there are many things which could be improved I think the "A" class stations provide a carefully selected programme each week.

Miss P. Graham, Manson Rd., Hendra, Brisbane.

All Dull

IT has only taken two months to weary us of the hopelessly dull programmes, so that we now only tune in to plays or talks at night.

The morning session comprises records and cookery, sandwiched between tedious advertisements.

The afternoon session is a repetition, minus cookery.

The evening programme, except for an occasional play or talk, is equally devoid of interest. Some of the records played are tiresome.

Miss W. Scott, Preston Rd., Wynnum, Brisbane.

Claims Too Much

I QUITE agree with Mrs. Greenwood's letter (10/2/34), regarding Major Conder's claim to the increased number of broadcast licenses, that he is all wrong. I have to meet the person yet, who is a regular listener-in to "A" class stations. We didn't get our radio just for national stations for entertainment turned to "B" class stations, for they are kind of more honest.

I don't agree with Miss Bohman as regards the appalling accents of the announcers on "B" class stations; my opinion is they are 99 per cent as good as "A" class stations, and the biggest majority of listeners have only had an elementary education.

Miss Bohman is right when she says the highest form of music is unsuitable for broadcasting. One doesn't get the same atmosphere at home as in a concert hall.

Mrs. C. E. Peach, Carr St., Waverley, N.S.W.

Good Operas

THE opportunity your paper has given us to discuss broadcast programmes is one of which many of us are very glad to avail ourselves.

Personally, I listen to the "A" and "B" class stations when they broadcast recorded music, and to the "A" class stations when they broadcast the best of their local productions. The opera season has certainly been a creditable performance, and a recent broadcast of "Maritana" could well be repeated. Unfortunately, local artists are not all of the highest standard.

As a matter of fact, Australia's crying need is for a good orchestra—until we get that how can we fail to prefer records of the magnificent orchestras from overseas to the somewhat patchy performances of our own.

Miss A. Goddard, c/o Gudeair Mfg. Co., 310 Pitt St., Sydney.

Our Radio Poll

Attach Coupon to all "So They Say" letters.

Which do you listen to most—"A" or "B" stations?

Are you satisfied with the musical programmes of the "A" class stations, particularly the evening concerts and records?

Do you listen more to the (1) recorded songs from the "A" and "B" class stations than to the (2) local artists from the "A" class stations?

If you prefer records, is it because of (1) the quality of the performances, or (2) the more interesting variety of items rendered?

Do you listen to "A" or "B" class radio? A voting coupon, which must be attached to all "So They Say" letters, is supplied below. You can write a letter on any subject as long as the radio poll coupon is attached.

LETTER FROM GERMANY

YOUR paper, The Australian Women's Weekly, dated September 9, 1933, was sent to me by my sister. I was quite surprised to read your article, "Australian Women and Hitler."

I think you ought to be convinced first about Hitler, and then write such articles. I myself am an Australian, and have been living in Germany since 1929, and can only say that Frau Scharrer must be very proud to be able to become a prominent Nazi worker.

It is wonderful to be able to work for the Nazis and their leader, Adolf Hitler. Don't pity the women at all, but be very proud that an Australian can work for Hitler and his followers.

Heil Hitler!

Alexandra Pianos, Dresden A24, Eisenstuckst. 28, Germany.

SEX EDUCATION

I HEARTILY agree with Mrs. Littlejohn, re sex education.

If we can give a truthful, intelligent and satisfactory answer to the honest inquiries of our children—an answer that will save them from ignorance, enable them to avoid vice, and deliver them from solitary and social evils—surely nothing but good could emanate from such a purpose?

Mrs. Ridley, 44 Church Street, Toowoomba, Brisbane, Qld.

Etiquette



WHEN LEAVING a ball do not seek out your hostess, but slip quietly away.

BUSINESS GIRLS' HOME-

WORK

"SHOULD a business girl be expected to help in the home, on her weekly half-holiday?"

I have heard mothers complaining that their daughters don't do so-and-so for her, but go off to tennis or such-like sport on their half-holiday. I dare say at the end of the week it is natural for a mother to wish to relax, the daughters also, looking forward to the fresh air and sunshine they have missed all the week. Is it not their right?

I would like to know other readers' opinions on this subject.

Miss L. White, 49 Carlyon St., Bentleigh SE14, Vic.

LOVE MORE THAN ONE

SOME people say you can't love more than once; but I say yes, you can. Of course it entirely depends on the nature of the individual. For instance, some women are more lovable than others, and hence they appeal more to men—"like begets like." I contend that these natures can love more than once. What do others think?

Mrs. S. Rowe, The Esplanade, Wynnum Central, Brisbane, Qld.

NOT FUNNY

AS "So They Say" page does not set out to be a humorous one, may I suggest that your correspondent's husband who said that "So They Say" letter-writers lacked a sense of humor should read L. W. Lower's page in this journal, that is, if he has any sense of humor at all.

M. Hargan, 48 Milton St., St. Kilda, S.E. Melbourne, Vic.

POSTERS DECORATIVE

RE Mrs. Laker's letter, 10/2/34, regarding degrading posters. I fail to see why they are degrading! As well as giving certain information they are an asset for decorative purposes. Would much prefer to see posters of beautiful girls—or sirens—than jam-tin posters pasted around city—am sure they do not attract the male sex only.

Sandra Dolling, 4 Mandalong Rd., Mosman, N.S.W.

WAYS'S GREAT SUMMER SALE

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DAINTY FROCKS of FLORAL PIQUE VOILE—two smart styles, trimmed White Organdi. Lovely designs on Blue, Pink, Nile, Red, or White. Sizes, S.S.W., S.W., and W. Cool, smart, and practical. Usually 22/6. **AT WAY'S NOW 15/11**

NO DOUBT ABOUT THE VALUE of these SMART MOROCCAIN SWAGGER COATS—a low price certainly, but they lack nothing in style, cut, or finish. Raglan sleeves, shoulder yoke. Colors: Black, Navy, Brown, or Beige. Sizes, S.S.W. to O.S. Usually 18/6. **AT WAY'S NOW 14/11**

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21/ **14/11**

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SMART UTILITY FROCKS of PANCY RAYON—styled to meet the requirements of the bigger woman. New designs patterned on dark coloured grounds. Trimmed contrast pipings, inlet front. Sizes, W to X.X.O.S. Usually 21/-. **AT WAY'S NOW 14/11**

MORE OF THESE OUTSIZE MOROCCAIN FROCKS—that are the talk of Sydney for Value. Modishly made for stouter women. In Black, Navy, Brown or Lido. Sizes, W to X.X.O.S. Usually 29/6. **AT WAY'S NOW 19/11**

EXCEPTIONAL VALUE in the latest WHITE or PARCHMENT RAINCOATS, light in weight, rubber-lined, thoroughly proofed and ventilated. New military style with raglan sleeves, storm collar, cuffs, and belt. Belt, buttons, and tabs in Red or Navy. Sizes, S.S.W., S.W., W., and O.S. Usually 25/6. **AT WAY'S NOW 21/-**

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MUSIC and RADIO

By ROBERT McCALL

Recruits Wanted for Choral Revival

FOR some time choral work in Australia seems to have been in the doldrums. Now there is plenty of evidence that the choirs are anxious to be up and doing, and the call is going forth for recruits in the big Australian choral revival.

Australians have inherited the love for ensemble singing which has been traditional in Great Britain for centuries. Women, in particular, have been attracted by the opportunity for expressing themselves in song without needing to have more than a passing knowledge of the technique of music. They have welcomed the thrill of participating in the presentation of a great piece of music, and they furthermore have gained a great deal of social recreation from the gatherings with their fellow chorists.

Men Are Bashful

ON the other hand, it has been a consistently pathetic sight at choral concerts to see but a tiny splash of white shirt fronts in a vast assemblage of feminine vocalists. Is it that men are bashful of becoming public performers, and content themselves with bellowing in their bathrooms, or hiding their high C's behind the rattle of passing trams?

I think the truth is that the menfolk have not fully realised the attractions of choral singing as a hobby. The daily prayer of dozens of choirmasters in every State is for an influx of male singers—especially tenors. Now is the time for men with reasonably good voices to come forward and give choral work a new lease of life. This is going to be a very big sixtieth year, and choirs will be the most important feature.

Cecil's Brilliance

AS the A.B.C. grand opera season progresses, one's admiration increases for the principal tenor, Lionello Cecil. In the last couple of weeks he has given two sterling performances, first as Manrico in "Il Trovatore," then as Rudolph in "La Boheme." His singing

Listen To 2UW

For These Talks

WEDNESDAY, February 28, at 2.40 p.m.: Miss Beatrice Phillips on "Birthstones of January and February."

THURSDAY, MARCH 1, at 2.40: Miss Doris Fitton, well-known Repertory producer, will talk on "The Theatre as a Career." In the first of a series of "Careers For Women," to be broadcast each week by The Australian Women's Weekly through 2UW.

on each occasion has been in the very best traditions of Italian bel canto. There is poise and power in his work—a suavity and sweetness most grateful to the ear.

Mr. Cecil's next big role will be Don Alvaro in Verdi's middle period opera, "The Force of Destiny," which is to be relayed nationally on Thursday evening, March 1.

Only Chorus Survives

IT is fortunate that the tunefulness of this opera compensates for its frightfulness. The principals all meet violent deaths, and at the end none but the chorus remains alive. The hero kills the heroine's father. The father's dying curse falls on the heroine. The heroine is killed by her brother, who is then killed by the hero, and the hero thereupon throws himself over a cliff.

Even the comedy roles of a vivandiere and a comic priest cannot dispel the gloom of this plot. "La Forza del Destino" was written for and first produced at St. Petersburg in 1862. The scenes are laid in Spain and Italy in the middle of the 18th century. The score is melodious throughout.

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THE CAST:

Don Alvaro . . . Lionello Cecil
Donna Leonora . . . Gwladys Evans
Don Carlo (Leonora's brother) . . . Franco Dal
Padre Guardians . . . Oliver King
Fra Melitone . . . A. Bourke
Prezissilla . . . Alice Prowse
Marquis of Calatrava Oliver King
Trabuco . . . Fred Foxley
Alcade . . . Reginald Hood
Conductor: Wando Aldrovandi.

Highlights of the Music

THE work begins with a very attractive overture. Thereafter the big moments are as follow:

Act 2—"Madre, pietosa vergine." Leonora sings a beautiful prayer to the Virgin as she kneels outside the gates of a monastery. The chanting of the monks is heard in the background.

Act 3—"O tu, che in seno." Another prayer, this time sung by Alvaro the hero as he lies bleeding on the battlefield.

"Solenne in quest'ora." One of the most beautiful duets in all opera; in it, Alvaro and the heroine's brother swear eternal friendship as they lie upon the battlefield.

Act 4—"Invano, Alvaro," a very dramatic duet for the tenor and baritone.

"Pace, pace, mio Dio." Another passionate prayer sung by Leonora when she discovers her brother mortally wounded.

However—

LISTENERS who have been able to pick up the Nelson Trio sessions from Newcastle and Brisbane tell me that it is a first-class ensemble, perfectly unanimous and full of youthful vitality. The 'celist is a particularly fine soloist.

At the same time there is much complaint among local musicians that the commission should go to the expense of bringing from England a junior band of pianist, violinist, and 'celist when there are so many talented performers on these instruments already on the spot. I think the complaint is a just one, and that the commission would expend its money more worthily on the importation of features not readily supplied from local sources.

There is, for instance, a lack of outstanding music-hall personalities in the programmes—folk such as Clapham and Dwyer, Elsie and Doris Watern, Naunton Wayne, Flanagan and Allen, and Eddie Pola.

Musical Association Choir

MEINELSOHN'S oratorio, "Elijah," is to be performed by the Musical Association Choir during the visit of Sir Hamilton Harty in June.

New 2UW

Women's Sessions

Continued from Page 2

ALL the competitions now conducted by The Australian Women's Weekly will be open to 2UW listeners who follow the conditions outlined over the air.

Miss Dempsey will conduct a "Clever Ideas" session every Monday, at 9.45, and a recipe competition every Friday, at 9.45. She will give special Australian Women's Weekly Homecraft, and Home Decorator's talks on Tuesdays and Wednesdays, at 9.45, and at the same time, on Thursdays, she will give a Shopping Talk.

ONE of the outstanding features of the afternoon sessions, conducted by Dorothea Vautier, will be "So They Say" topics on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays. This feature will be run on the same lines as our "So They Say" page. Listeners will be able to submit their opinions on various subjects, for broadcasting, just as they do for publishing. The same prizes will be available to listeners who follow the conditions outlined by the announcer.

THE 2 to 3 sessions have been specially selected for this Woman's Hour because it is thought to be the best time to entertain the woman at home. Housework is usually done at this time, lunch is over, and people are ready for a little relaxation.

Carefully selected music will be a feature of the hour, and will always provide a bright entertaining interval in the day of women listeners.

Make sure that you listen in next Monday at 2 p.m. to the special gala opening.

HORT HOLBROOK says: For pickling or table use Holbrooks' Pure Malt Vinegar. It is a brew of excellent quality.



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4 FIRSTS

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Thousands of other prizes, ranging from £100 to £5, brings his amazing total of wins to £35,000. Send for a share at once, and NEXT WEEK YOU MAY HAVE £1000 cash in the bank! Every penny of the above-mentioned wins was divided between genuine shareholders in Lucky Fred's Syndicates, and does not include any whole tickets purchased by or for his clients.

HURRY FOR 1ST PRIZE
It was in February that Fred won TWO FIRST PRIZES RUNNING, and he is confident of winning another First Prize this month, so send for a share quickly.

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Immediately the results are announced on the wireless the winning Shareholders can present their tickets for payment, even if they share the FIRST PRIZE OF £2000. Stick to Lucky Fred! Five of his old clients shared the THIRD PRIZE won for them early this month.

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Big prizes are being sold every day at Barrack Street. City clients simply call in. There's a one-minute service, you receive your share, and every ticket is bought by Lucky Fred himself.

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This is a great idea, and gives you FOUR SEPARATE CHANCES to win £1000.

This appeals to the wise investor who likes four lucky numbers to look for in the result slip instead of one.

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Simply buy a Postal Note for any of the above offers and post it with this coupon and a stamped addressed envelope, bearing your name and address (this is very important, so don't forget to enclose a self-addressed envelope).

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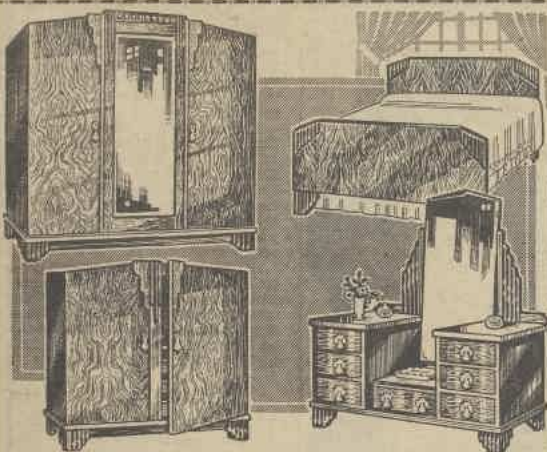
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"Art Moderne" Bookcase is fully polished, with Leadlight Doors and three adjustable shelves. This Week's Cash Price, 69/6.

4ft. 6in. Oak Breakfast Room Cabinet, fully fitted. Finish and Leadlight Doors (one full-length) particularly attractive. This Week's Cash Price, £5/15/-.

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AXMINSTER CARPETS

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PRIVATE VIEWS

By BEATRICE TILDESLEY

★ WALTZING MATILDA

Pat Hanna, Norman French, Dorothy Farnham. (Pat Hanna Prod.)

A DISTINCTIVE note of Australian humor finds expression in this somewhat disconnected story. Pat Hanna, long and lean, with a half-baked simplicity of manner, presents a recognisable type, and he waltzes Matilda with his friend (Norman French) through some beautiful and characteristic stretches of Australian scenery. We could not quite distinguish the relationship and the place in the story of all the people in the Melbourne boarding-house, and the humorous possibilities of whisky are perhaps over-exploited. Also Stravinsky's "Fire Bird" is altogether too incongruous to be used as the musical accompaniment of a low-comedy flirtation. But Pat Hanna, being rigged out by a nervously excitable Scot (Joe Valli) in a dress-suit, several sizes too small for him, and later at an evening party continuously absorbing drinks—his own and other people's—will delight those who want to see the home-grown brand of farce put on the screen. There is quite a lot to be said for it, too.—Civic.

★ ONE MAN'S JOURNEY

Lionel Barrymore, May Robson, Joel McCrea. (R.K.O.)

THESE pictures of small-town life give a more favorable impression of the United States than the gangster-police court or decadent high-life stories of which we get too many. Lionel Barrymore here takes the part of a general practitioner, playing it on similar lines to his role in "Her Sweetheart." He struggles along, surmounting failure and patients' mistrust, till he wins recognition from his more advanced colleagues through his handling of a smallpox epidemic. Last of all, though he has forgone his chances of research, he is honored above the brilliant young surgeon, his son (Joel McCrea), by the Great Ones of the profession for his unselfish wisdom of the heart, which avails when science can do no more. A rather sentimental tale, perhaps, but its quiet unfolding holds our interest. May Robson is the staunch, commonsense, family friend who installs herself as housekeeper. Appearing first of all with hair piled high, she marks the passage of the years in her dress and make-up more successfully than Barrymore, who hardly ages at all until the end. Joel McCrea is rather too sympathetic a person to play the part of the young man intent only on his career.

★ CINDERELLA'S FELLA

Bing Crosby and Marion Davies. (M.G.M.)

HOW crooners do lord it over the hearts of the young these days! Here is Marion Davies, a very unlikely school-teacher to be sure, compelled to leave her secure educational nest and follow



MARION DAVIES

Bing Crosby's radio voice as if he were another Orpheus. She meets various obstacles on her journey to Hollywood, and in her endeavors to get a part in the film in which he is starring. The chief of them is the film's leading lady (Fifi D'Orsay). But you will not be surprised to hear that Fifi throws her French temperament about and that Marion Davies is picked from the chorus to take her place. Also, you will be prepared to find that Bing Crosby comes to realise that Miss Davies is not a girl to play fast and loose with, nor that, after slapping out of the production and getting very drunk, he returns just in time to add his voice to the big ballet number.

But there is more in the film, which is very well produced, than would appear from its rather artless plot. Stuart Erwin is the innocent young mug who puts up the money for the film, and Ned Sparks is its embittered director. Patsy Kelly, as an extra girl, offers some strident comments, and the Three Radio Rascals are amusing wags.—St. James.

OUR FILM GRADING SYSTEM

★★★ Three stars—
excellent.
★★ Two stars—
good films.
★ One star—
average films.
No stars . . . no good.

★ MEET MY SISTER

Clifford Mollison, Constance Shotter. (Pathe: British.)

THIS is a neat farce, involving quite a lot of getting in and out of bed, but entirely free from suggestiveness. The story is of the P. G. Wodehouse order and the characters are such as he frequently describes—a foolish and penniless young lord (Clifford Mollison), trying to break with a predatory casino-singer before his wedding to an American heiress, but, owing to the indiscreet kindness of his butler (Jimmy Godden), becoming firmly attached to nice little Constance Shotter, who is also penniless. Then there is the heiress' father, who is "ticked to death" at everything, and Mollison's high-nosed, elder sister (Helen Ferrers), deaf and of commanding presence, who comes up to London from the family seat and takes her part in the melee. The servants are well drawn types and not the figures of fun they are apt to be in American versions of English life. But we should have loved to know what happened to the Pekingese.—Civic.

★ ACE OF ACES

Richard Dix, Elizabeth Allan. (R.K.O.)

IF we can entertain the unfounded notion of a complete and efficient air force put into the field by the U.S.A. in the war, we shall find the psychological development in the hero of this film true to life. How many a young man, shrinking from the thought of setting out deliberately to kill another human creature, found that the dreadful lust of battle took hold of him and that he became anxious only to add to the ever-lengthening tale of his victims! And this man started out as a pacifist. The flying sequences are well done, and so are the interior scenes of the camp, with the fliers' individual manes. But Richard Dix, though he acts well, is a trifle mature for the part of flying ace. That requires youth. Nor did we really believe in him as a peacetime sculptor. Elizabeth Allan is the young woman who goes back betrothed, as did many another, in answering his country's call.—Capitol.

★ MURDERS IN THE ZOO

Charles Ruggles, Lionel Atwill. (Paramount.)

WHAT a title! Here's horror piled on horror, if you like, which an amateur of frightfulness ought to miss. But it makes one sorry for the poor wild beasts, who, as the zoologist-collector (Lionel Atwill) remarks, are only too glad, most of them, to leave men alone. The story evolves from the insane, malignant jealousy felt by the zoologist on account of his sinuous, slant-eyed wife (Kathleen Burke), herself like a beautiful feline. His ingenious method of getting rid of fancied rivals of course betrays him eventually. But not until we have supped on horrors almost literally by means of a banquet in the midst of the animals' cages, and, generally speaking, we have had our fill of her-look. The suspense is very well maintained and shudders of all sorts are thrown in extra. Charles Ruggles, as a bibulous, stammering press-agent, victim of sudden, dithering terrors when he is sober, but able to put any lion in its place when he is really drunk, provides agreeable comic relief.

★ FLAMING GOLD

Bill Boyd, Mae Clarke, Pat O'Brien. (R.K.O.)

DIRTY work on the Mexican oil fields, where men are men, whether they are scoundrels or husky heroes, is the theme of this picture. The realistic firing of a well, which smashes the first venture of two independent drillers and almost sets the whole field ablaze, in the beginning of the film, and the spouting of the gusher on their second claim rounds off the action appropriately. This is complicated by the return of one of the partners (Bill Boyd) from New York with a wife (Mae Clarke), who has been a professional "entertainer," as she politely calls it, of business clients for the financial firm employing her. The conflict of suspicion and jealousy that ensues with his friend (Pat O'Brien) is portrayed with naturalism and restraint.

The STRANGE CASE of JAN KIEPURA

Mystery Future



JAN KIEPURA has been called a second Caruso.

WHAT has happened to Jan Kiepura? That is what every film fan is asking. His meteoric rise to fame has not been followed up by other successes. Everyone who saw him in "Tell Me To-Night" said "Isn't he wonderful, we must look out for his next film." But his next film has been conspicuous by its absence. What has happened?

THERE is more than a little mystery attached to the strange disappearance of Jan Kiepura from the film screen stage. Has he really gone into "smoke," or is it that he is too much occupied and too much sought after by compelling interests to have had time to turn up on the "lot" at Hollywood?

It may be, of course, that he is not attracted by the conditions under which he is to work there. There is the case of Edna Best, who appeared with her husband, Herbert Marshall, in several West End stage successes which were afterwards adapted for the screen in England. Of these, "The Calendar," an Edgar Wallace racing story, and "Monkton Hoffe's beautiful drama," "The Faithful Heart," both produced by British Dominion Films, will be well remembered by film audiences in Australia.

Miss Best went over to Hollywood under contract. But the two or three weeks she spent there while the preparations for production were being made seem to have broken her nerve. At any rate, on the plea of homesickness, she dropped everything at the eleventh hour and fled back to England.

Information to hand about Kiepura

★ FEMALE

Ruth Chatterton and George Brent. (Warner Bros.)

IT seems a pity that Ruth Chatterton's unusual gifts should be used nowadays in inferior and unpleasing stories. This film is well done. The background of the motor works is represented in interesting detail, and Miss Chatterton herself ably suggests a woman with enough intelligence and decision to pre-empt and actively push a big business, which is a legacy from her father. There is some reasonableness possibly in the assumption that as she is playing a man's role—and without too much scrupulousness—during her working day, she shall be able, like many men, to indulge a roving fancy in her off time. But, of course, we know from the beginning that she is going to crack up when the dominant male (George Brent) arrives as the new engineering expert. And her final acceptance of marriage and domesticity does not compensate for the unattractive spectacle of her amours with good-looking employees in the earlier part of the film, nor her determined pursuit of her engineer from her first sight of him.



BETTY STOCKFIELD played with Jan Kiepura in his first film, "City of Song."

is not very full. He was signed up some little time ago by Universal Films on a long term contract. The first film he was to make was a screen version of "Lilac Time," that very popular stage piece written round the life of Franz Schubert. "Lilac Time" is fresh in the memory of Australian audiences. The charm of Schubert's music, which runs through it, the picturesque dressing of the period, and the background of Austrian life have made it a great favorite. Outside of his notable characterisations in Gilbert and Sullivan operas, it provided the late John Ralston with his greatest success, as the gentle, modest Franz, who loses his lilli to a bolder

★ TAKE A CHANCE

James Dunn, Cliff Edwards, June Knight. (Paramount)

"TAKE A CHANCE" was an enormous success as a musical piece on the New York stage. But the film, made at Long Island, loses something by reason of its closeness to the stage presentation. However, James Dunn and Cliff Edwards, as a pair of scalliwags, who spiel and pick pockets and manipulate dice in carnivals and gambling clubs until they find themselves by accident taking part in a spectacular stage revue, show a genial turn of comedy. We liked Cliff Edwards' escape from the charmed sharks on his ukulele. Also his song, "I'm a Night Owl," has an attractive ballet accompaniment. Lillian Bond's "Eadie Was a Lady" is an amusing "Period" number, and June Knight proves that she can sing better than most. But the funniest item is the burlesque drama of the stockade, in which James Dunn is the principal figure.

lover and suffers the pangs of a broken heart.

On its musical side the role would no doubt be strengthened to display Kiepura's vocal powers, and one can imagine that the Viennese setting would appeal to him particularly, since it was in Vienna that he first attained European fame. However, production of the film, renamed "Blossom Time," seems not even to have been begun yet.

Jan Kiepura is a Pole, son of a merchant, and destined by his father for the law. He was born in 1904, and was sent as a youth to the University of Warsaw to study. But he disappointed his father very much by paying more attention to music than to what were considered his proper studies. In fact, his father finally bade him choose between "clowning," as he called it, and a career. Young Jan chose "clowning," and suffered for his choice several years of hardship and almost starvation, during which he shared a tiny room with three others.

However, by the time he reached his early twenties his faith in himself began to be justified. His chance came when he sang the title role in "Faust" at the Warsaw Opera House. Since then his rise has been meteoric.

Seal To Fame

HE went to Vienna, where Professor

Schalk, director of the opera, recognised his remarkable ability. The seal was put upon his fame when he was chosen to sing the principal role in the first Viennese performance of Puccini's last opera, "Turandot." Almost in an instant his name was known all over Europe. While still only 23, he appeared in Paris, and then went to London, where he was a sensational success over the wireless and at the Albert Hall.

There followed a big concert tour right through Europe, after which he returned to Vienna to sing the leading role in Korngold's opera, "The Miracle of Hellene." Shortly afterwards he realised the dream of every opera singer in being invited to sing at La Scala, Milan, where he has since made several appearances.

His first talking picture was the beautiful "City of Song," in which he enacted the part of a youthful Neapolitan guide, who is "discovered" as a singer by a rich English girl (Betty Stockfield) and taken to London. His second, "Tell Me To-Night," needs no comment.

Caruso's Successor

PEOPLE with whom Kiepura has come in contact speak of his radiant, happy personality, which is not a mere product of his success. His sunny, light-hearted disposition made him admirably in character in "Tell Me To-Night." But he showed in his earlier picture, "City of Song," that he has considerable dramatic power by his acting of the jealous, stormy lover.

He is peculiarly well fitted for romantic screen roles, for he is a handsome, well set up young man of 5ft. 6in., with dark hair, sparkling eyes, and beautiful teeth.

It is not an entirely simple matter to determine who is the greater and most popular operatic tenor in the world today. The two qualities do not necessarily combine. But undoubtedly Jan Kiepura would be a strong candidate for the double title. Though he has never been to Australia, he is so widely known here through his appearances in talking pictures and through gramophone records over the air that there can be very few people within reach of a cinema or the wireless who have not heard him sing.

★ MR. SKITCH

Will Rogers, Zasu Pitts, Florence Desmond. (Fox.)

AS father and mother of a family whose house in a Missouri town is sold up because of a bank smash, the homely Will Rogers and the pathetic-comic Zasu Pitts have roles which promise to suit them well. The humor, however, is rather obvious and the story somewhat scrappy. They move off in an ancient car, which is still left to them, over the Rockies to the Grand Canyon and Yellowstone Park, on the way encountering that inspired mimic, Florence Desmond, who is the brightest spot in the piece. They also fall in with the voluble Harry Green; and Eugene Pallette gives a demonstration of steady drinking in the casino where Rogers wins and loses 3000 dollars. The romantic interest is supplied, not very convincingly, by Rochelle Hudson, who is certainly a very pretty girl, and by Charles Starrett, who advertises the West Point uniform.

CULBERTSON tells of Bridge "HOLD-UPS"

Special Articles from the World's
Champion Player

This is the fifth of a series of articles dealing with the elementary principles of bidding and play. In this series every necessary element of bidding and play will be discussed by Mr. Ely Culbertson, world's champion player and greatest card analyst. Explanatory notes are given by Dr. F. V. McAdam, one of Australia's foremost authorities on contract bridge.

By DR. F. V. McADAM

DEFINITIONS

Holding Up, generally restricted to No Trump play, presents many difficulties to the average player. When, and when not, to "hold up" is an ever recurring question with which the declarer is faced, and more often than not the answer is wrong.

Stop—A suit is said to be "stopped" (or controlled) when the adversaries are unable to run down that suit without declarer taking one trick in it, and a suit is said to contain one or more "stops," "stoppers," or "holds," according to the

number of cards in the hand which can take tricks should opponents open that suit.

Void—A player is said to be "void" either when he held no cards of a suit originally, or when the suit has been led so often that he now holds none.

"Hold Up"—Is to refuse to take a trick when able to do so, the taking card being still retained in the hand.

Set—This term is coming more into vogue to describe the defeat of a contract. Formerly one would hear "Down 1," but now a contract is either "made," or "set" (defeated), so many tricks.

By ELY CULBERTSON — Bridge Fundamentals: Article V.

HOLD-UPS.

IN no-trump play one of the chief questions which is bound to confront the declarer is the question of control. In a previous lesson I described how all suit establishment was a race against time with the declarer trying to establish his low cards before the defence can establish theirs.

Very often the opening lead is in a suit in which the Declarer holds but one high card or stopper. He knows that if he takes this trick the opponents will at a later time be able to take all the rest of the tricks in that suit. Since usually he is forced to allow the opponents to obtain the lead in order to establish his own cards, his attention should immediately centre on how to minimise his danger.

It is apparent that he must retain his high card as long as possible so as to at least delay the run of the adverse suit as long as possible. However, this is not his sole object; in holding up his high card until the second or third round of the suit, he may render one of his two opponents void.

More than likely this opponent will be the one who has not made the opening lead, and in this case, if the declarer can keep that hand in the lead continually, the established cards in the other may never be able to take tricks. Of course, this strategy may not succeed, but nothing is lost by an attempt.

A play such as the above is known as a "hold-up." Here is a simple example:

S-8 2	N	S-6 4 3
H-K Q 4	W	H-10 9 6 3
D-A 5 5	E	D-J 4 3 2
C-K 10 4 3 2	S	C-A 9

S-A 7 5	N	S-6 4 3
H-A 8 2	W	H-10 9 6 3
D-K Q 7	E	D-J 4 3 2
C-Q J 8 6	S	C-A 9

With South the Declarer at a contract

**New ENGLISH
Beach Fashions**
More Revealing
than Last Season.

From MURIEL SEGAL, Our Special
Representative in Europe.

Knitting factories in the Midlands are working at top pressure turning out bathing suits for the English summer.

THE bathers of 1934 will reveal about one and a half feet more bare flesh than they did last year, to judge by those suits, which are made one and a half feet shorter. The trousers are not only made shorter, but are slightly flared so that they are more comfortable for sun-bathing and give more freedom for swimming.

There are still great numbers of the two-piece type of suit being made, consisting of shorts and bust bodice, although many of our smartest women tabooed them last season on account of the striped effect left on the body.

Anyway, we shall see what we shall see, and Europe is preparing for a very gay and very daring season at all the smartest beaches.

HOT HOLBROOK says: I have a variety of Olives called Small Queens. They are economical and tasty.***

of three no-trumps, West's natural opening is the King of spades. It is obvious that the Declarer is obliged to establish the clubs, as he holds only three tricks in hearts and three in diamonds. When he leads clubs East will obtain the lead with the Ace, and if Declarer has played the Ace on the first or second spade trick, will return spades, so that West will be able to take four spade tricks. Since four spade tricks and one club trick make five tricks this means a set of one trick for Declarer at his three no-trump contract.

Suppose, however, that the Declarer refuses to win this first trick. West will continue this suit and Declarer should also refuse the second round. When he takes the third, East will be completely void of spades and will be unable to return that suit to his partner when he obtains the lead with his Ace of clubs. Therefore, East and West will be held to two spade tricks and one club trick, and Declarer will make four no-trump-one over his contract. In other words, the hold-up of the Ace of spades until the third round will result in a gain of two tricks.

It is not necessary to hold the Ace in order to make a hold-up play—it can also be made with three cards to the King. If the opening lead is in that suit and the third hand wins with the Ace, the Declarer can refuse to play the King on the second lead. Of course, if Third Hand plays the Queen on the first trick, Declarer should win with the King, as otherwise the lead will come through the King and the chances are that the Declarer will take no tricks at all in that suit.

It is also possible to hold up with a combination of honors such as the King-Knave-x. If the opening lead is in that suit and Third Hand plays the Queen, Declarer should play low if he thinks that it will be absolutely impossible to keep East out of the lead. Thus, if East holds only two cards in the suit, the opening leader will not be able to get in to run his long-suit tricks.

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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THERE! NOW EVERYTHING IS LOOKING SPLENDID FOR MY BRIDGE PARTY

GAME AND RUBBER! REALLY?

OH, I'M SORRY—OF COURSE IT'S JUST YOUR FINGER-MARKS DEAR

OF COURSE I'M NOT USED TO PLAYING WITH MARKED CARDS

WHAT!

OH, I'M SO ASHAMED—THE OLD CAT!

I KNOW—

SOLVOL!

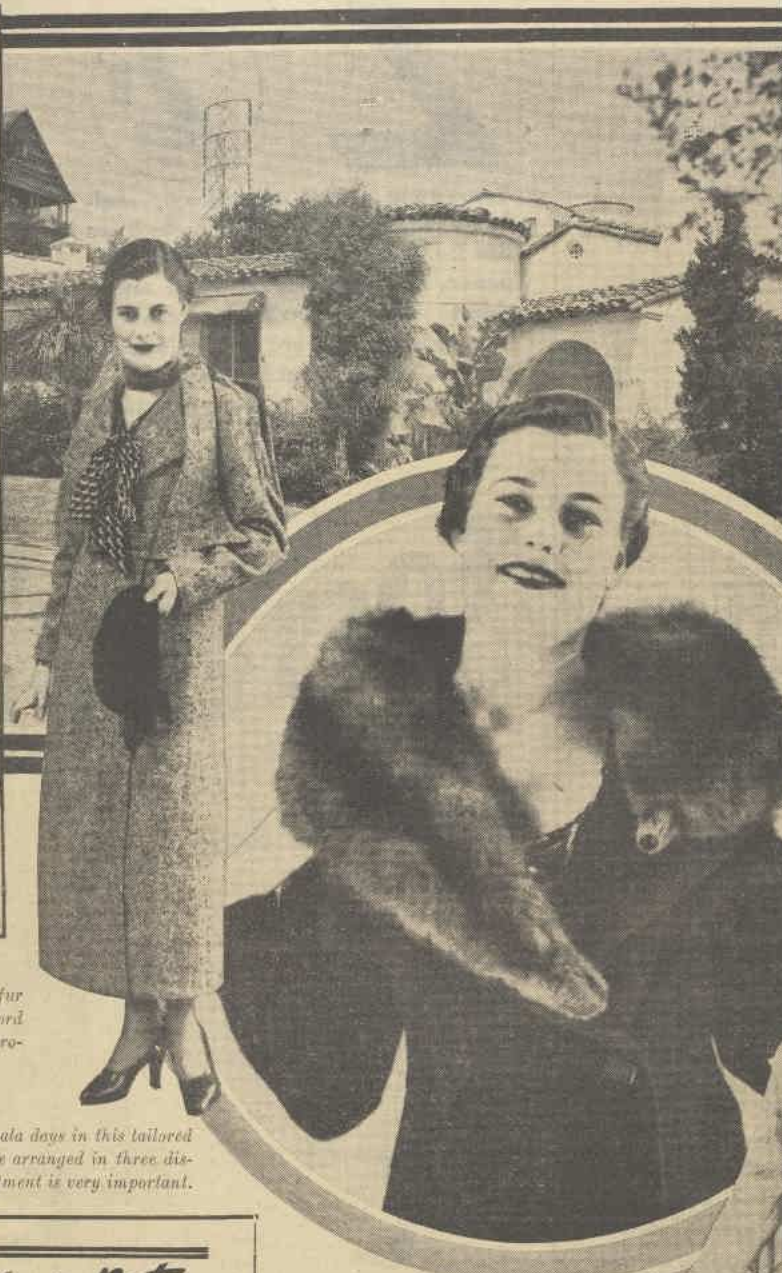
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SOLVOL SCORES every time against the grime and grease of housework. **SOLVOL** not only cleans your hands - it leaves them smooth and soft and white - just as you would always wish them to be. **SOLVOL** lather penetrates - dissolves dirt and grease - removes stains and ingrained grime. And **SOLVOL** is as gentle to the hands as fine toilet soap.

HERALDING AUTUMN MODES



• **LUXURY** is suggested by the large fur collar on this model made in the new cord coating. Cleverly designed lines are introduced by exaggerated seams.



• **INFORMAL** sporting occasions will be gala days in this tailored model. It has a cravat collar which can be arranged in three distinct ways, and, of course, the shoulder treatment is very important.



• **MATELASSE** is the medium that makes this ultra-smart coat. An unusual buckle of stitched leather fastens the belt, and the collar is arranged to give the requisite importance to the shoulder-line.

*To the woman who is Not
Satisfied with her figure,
her health, or her looks!*

WHY SUFFER?

WE GUARANTEE —

TO REDUCE YOUR WEIGHT

RIGHT TREATMENT

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Nervous Diseases
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ABSOLUTELY HARMLESS

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BENEFICIAL TO HEALTH

If you value your Health & Beauty

**WE GUARANTEE YOU WILL
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CANTRELL AND CO.
72 PITT ST. SYDNEY N.S.W.
Please send me trial 10/-
Full course 50/- or treatment
For...



Figure by
Cantrell & Co.

• **BOUCLE** coating with an American poseum fur adroitly placed to form an immensely becoming collar is featured in this wrap, designed for wear with one's smartest dinner frocks or a night at a show.

ABOUT HATS....

The Judgment of Paris

From MURIEL SEGAL, Our Special Representative in Europe

"THE Chic of the Chapeau lies in the Angle," could be our formula for this season's hat. There are multitudes of hat styles. But there is only one angle.

Berets, turbans, gigolot-slouches, Hamburgers, fez, marquise tricorne, and all their variations are equally fashionable as long as they are worn at the right angle, which is tilted forward well over the eyes.

THE fez model, which is being worn so much in London, is already "On the Boulevard" in Paris, which means it is too popular to be considered really chic any more. The "gigolot," which is a form of Hamburger slouch, is still the smartest thing, with intricately-folded crown and pulled well over the eyes.

The hit of the mid-seasons showings, without a doubt, is the new Schiapar-



Models by
courtesy
Creda
Women's
Weekly
photos.

• **TRAVEL WEAR** would include this snug and sporting model in fancy tweed. Luxuriously lined with heavy-weight satin, it has an effective belt and a clever cravat effect in the cross-over collar, while the seams are the new heavy welted style.

ell cap. It is made in a tricot of fine weave looking almost like velvet from a distance. There are several varying styles. The Circassian cap is round and shallow, and has a long shaggy tassel falling from midcrown over the shoulder. Another model, again in tricot, is inspired by the coiffure worn by La France, as seen on the postage stamp. Then there is a cap taken from the pictures of the mediocrity archers which has a high pointed crown, and a padded roll brim. The circus hat, with its high pointed crown, which this designer launched at the beginning of the season is still good, and has been adopted for the coming summer in gay straws and cretonnes.

Patou shows some alluring ideas for the coming season in the way of hats. With his usual subtlety he gives the effect of extreme simplicity. But should you try and copy a Patou model you would be overwhelmed by the complicated cut and intricate workmanship by which this simple effect is achieved.

Patou is using the plaid felt, which is so fashionable in Paris. There are plaid ribbons on felts and straws, plaid bands on berets, and whole hats of plaid felt. Plaid is, of course, used extensively for other purposes.

A red and green plaid silk makes the jacket worn with a green evening gown. A black and yellow plaid blouse is worn with an eel-grey suit. Eel is the name given to the dark bluish grey which is sponsored by Paris for the season.

The Fashion Parade

by Jessie Lait,
sketched by Petrov

CINEMA FROCKS...for SMART Informal OCCASIONS

PARIS dressmakers, to-day, frankly make dresses which they call "cinema frocks." Smart society women in Paris, New York and London attend cinema first nights dressed in "semi-demi" frocks which they wear to a cocktail party, or to dinner in a smart restaurant, before going to the show.

ABROAD these cinema frocks and suits are long and narrow, the skirt is instep length, and of unbelievable slimmness. With the accompaniment of long sleeves, a tiny skull cap or wide-brimmed plumed hat, an elaborate blouse or coat, such a frock is "the" thing for semi-evening wear.

Luxurious materials are used, fabric comprising heavy silk with gold or sil-

ver; gold shot moiré; Lyons and panne velvet; faille and slipper satin; and there is a new material that looks like solid jet embroidery.

THESE styles, as worn abroad, are rather too elaborate and dressy for more practical Australian wear, but they can easily be adapted to our needs.

The Dinner Suit

THE dinner suit has been created this season. To it belongs all the smartness of a tailored suit; yet it has a new-

THERE is a rage for monograms on tailored frocks, under clothes, scarves, brooches, bags, jumpers, and as ornaments on hats. The initials are large and clearly defined.

Patou shows a two-button ton pin, of contrasting colored stones, and button earrings, also contrasting (many earrings do not match any more), all buttons adorned with single shimmering baguette initial.

ness that puts it on the high-style level. Being a suit, it has a jacket, hip length and tight fitting.

Abroad the skirt is worn long; ankle or instep length; for Australia, I think the skirt should be eight inches from the ground. Then it has a blouse.

Mainbocher, one of the leading designers in Paris, started the craze for these suits when he presented two distinguished models at his last showing. One was of black velvet. He cut the long skirt away in the front, so that the feet and ankles showed, put a white satin, short-sleeved blouse with it, and a slim-fitting, hip length coat.

His other model was in black wool. The skirt was long, and the blouse of printed satin. The coat had a bunchy, fur collar.

Jean Patou showed his suits in dark velvet or satin, with instep length skirts and sheer transparent bodices.

Ideas for Suits

YOU will want your dinner suit (we should really call it "cinema suit," because you will be wearing it to the cinema) to be dark, preferably black, or one of the new dull browns. It will be of cloth, velvet, or velveteen. If you have some fur, get a plain untrimmed suit and wear the fur as a tie or little shoulder cape, or perhaps wound round the sleeves.

Don't forget that the fur must give your shoulders or neck a bulky look. Even when fur is not used, the suit must be plainly tailored. The sleeves are straight, and shoulders normal, the jacket pinched-in at the waist. If there are lapels, they are narrow; sometimes the jacket crosses high at the neck and does up at the side front. More often, the neck is left open to show the blouse beneath.

THE skirt should allow just sufficient fullness for walking. If it is cut on the bias there should be very little flare; if on the straight, the width may be obtained by back pleats or panels. Above all, the skirt should look pencil slim. Let it be eight or ten inches from the ground if you do not feel like wearing the really long skirt.

The Blouse

WITH the smart simplicity of the suit all softness and gaiety are confined to the blouse. Under the jackets you will see that they are of gold and silver lame, Irish crochet lace, transparent chiffon or satin—in white, turquoise blue, pale pink, pale green. Scarlet, canary yellow, and emerald green are daring colors used sometimes for the blouses. Printed satins, satins and chiffons striped or dotted with tinsel threads, look very effective.

Some are long sleeved, others short. Most of the necks are very high, and draped; if the blouse is of chiffon and of the frilly variety, it may be cut very low. An economical idea is to have a short-sleeved blouse of gold or silver lame made with a high neck in front and very low at the back. Although you might have to keep your jacket on during the pictures, you will be able to wear the blouse with a floor-length skirt, for full evening dress.

Materials

THE new crepe and wool materials woven with silver or gold threads, would be ideal for these suits. Silver brocaded matelasse satin, one of the most fascinating of the new fabrics, is used for a suit sketched on this page.



● MAINBOCHER'S version of the dinner suit (left). Blouse in heavy pastel satin and skirt in black velvet. Note the new hemline. With it goes a hip-length velvet jacket. (Right) Cinema suit for the coming season. The narrow skirt and slim three-quarter coat are of black velveteen. Black fox is wound round the upper part of the sleeve. The high-necked blouse is of gold lame.

Hats for Evening

THE hats worn with these suits are generally made of the same fabric. The off-the-face variety, like a baby's bonnet, or tight cap fitting on the back of the head with a halo effect across the top, lends itself particularly to evening wear. Just as smart and up-to-date is the line that goes down over the right eye and off the face at the left side. Tiny eyeveils will still be worn, and all of the hats are trimmed either with feathers or paste ornaments.

Shoes

THE feet that show beneath "dinner suits" are shod in pumps; suede with a cloth dress, velvet with velvet, satin with satin. Sandals in suede or velvet, if not too cut out, lend themselves perfectly to dinner-suit wear.

Bags and Gloves

MATCHING bags with metal or jewelled clasps, in suede, antelope, velvet and other fabrics are carried. Black gloves are worn with the black suits. Only when the blouse is white or pastel can light gloves be worn. Gloves made of the dress fabric are still popular abroad.

MELON-SHAPED handbags are made of supple kid or fabric. Others come in antelope or lame, and are so large they look like miniature suit cases without a handle. They are shaped so that, when opened, they will stand up on the table, thus giving the owner convenient access to the beauty "gadgets" and so forth, which are so necessary for the modern woman's "running repairs."

PARIS Snapshots

SPRIGGED crepe-de-chine court shoes are among the evening shoe novelties. High-cut Oxfords or ankle-high glove-fitting shoes with elastic sides will be seen for winter street wear.

COLORED sleeves on dark costumes are new and Vionnet puts bright red sleeves from below the shoulder to wrist, on a black wool coat.

A BELTLESS hip-length tunic, fitting like a glove, worn over a self-color or contrasting skirt, is an advance fashion note.

LIKE a sou'-wester some of the new sports hats have turned-up brims plastered to the head in front.

HAND-KNITTED and machine-woven suits, blouses, dresses and coats have been a great success here this winter.

FOLLOWING the popular "Dana la Nuit" and "Voy le Jour" comes a new perfume, a sweeter one called "Honey-suckle," which is presented in a phial of a new design, and the box has a bell forming the lid.



● SCHIAPARELLI designed the slim frock of raspberry sheer wool on right. She put round the neck a shirred latex taffeta scarf in pale grey and hyacinth blue.

● PRACTICAL DINNER SUIT for cinema wear (centre) is made of black matelasse satin, on which is a pattern embroidered in silver. A silver lame blouse goes beneath.

● VERY NEW is the cut of the skirt of the dull brown crepe frock (left). The ruffled jabot and high neckline are typical of the autumn styles.

WOMAN EARNER'S RIGHT to Marriage World-Wide Question

"The economic independence of women" has become a hackneyed phrase in every English-speaking country. It is the feminist slogan of modern times, just as "Votes for Women" was a few years ago.

The most important aspect of this economic independence to-day concerns the woman earner's right to marriage, and not entirely the right of the married woman to work. It is the same thing—but with a difference.

MRS. ALICE PARK, of Palo Alto, California, who has been interested in numerous feminist movements in the United States, was one of the passengers on board the American ship, "Lurline," and she said that the dismissal of married women from employment was the burning feminist question in America to-day.

Thousands of married women had lost their positions, both in the professional and industrial field, and feminists everywhere were up in arms at what they deemed to be interference with the rights of their sex.

Mrs. Park, as a true feminist, claims the right of every woman to decide whether she shall or shall not work for recompense.

All should be free to make the choice. Home and family ties were paramount, but no legal or conventional obstacle should impede the path of the woman who wished to become a wage-earner.

The crusade to remove woman from the wage-earning field was world-wide, said Mrs. Park. She noted that when the first wholesale dismissals of married women took place in Hungary, 700 divorce papers had been signed within

the first week, and the same thing had happened in America, and was happening. Women sought dissolution of marriage, in many cases, if it were the thing that prevented them from earning for themselves, and girls considered the marriage ties very deeply, and its effect on the possibility of them ever turning their ability into lucrative channels.

Mrs. Park was a prominent suffragette, but suffrage for women, she says, is only the door that leads to opportunity. Women are too apt to think that when they got suffrage on equal terms with men everything else was equal. There were still numerous disabilities under which women labored, and the laws being different in each of the States, uniformity was being aimed at.

The National Women's Party was working for the "Equal Rights Amendment," to be embodied in the constitution of the United States, and if this were achieved there would be greater equality between the sexes. The primary object of the party was to secure for women complete equality with men under the law, and in all human relationships, and, although the achievement of this ideal seemed a long way off, it was none the less desirable.

Mrs. Park is an old friend of Miss



MRS. ALICE PARK

Alice Henry, who returned to Australia, recently, after spending many years in America.

She tells the story of a smart piece of work achieved by Alice Henry in 1912, eight years before complete franchise for women had been achieved in the States.

The Federation of Women's Clubs was holding a congress, but it was opposed to having the woman suffrage question included in its agenda as political questions were then not part of its policy. One evening, when the hall was thronged, Alice Henry availed a suitable opportunity, and, addressing the president of the conference, moved that a resolution be passed in honor of Susan B. Anthony.

The president became slightly embarrassed, for Susan B. Anthony and suffrage meant one and the same thing, but as no objection could be taken to the resolution in that form it was carried, amid the enthusiasm of the gathering.

REVIEWING the YEAR United Associations

A year of successful work, with an increased number of groups, was recorded in the annual report of United Associations for presentation at its annual meeting arranged for February 22.

GRATIFICATION was expressed at the formation of the Business and Professional Women's Section, and the president's comment was that the future success of the association would be measured by the growth of this section.

The president (Mrs. Linda Littlejohn) in her report referred to the leisured woman as the greatest problem of the Association. "She is, with very few exceptions, apathetic, content with her role of pet dog or patient victim, hugging the chains that bind her. How we shall reach these and also the young girls is a problem that we have not so far solved."

The association for the past two years has been affiliated with the Open Door International, but it was decided, as this affiliation did not give voting power to delegates, to form an Australian Open Door Council.

The report gave details of the association's efforts on behalf of women candidates for the Upper House, and of activities that aimed for the economic independence of women. Traffic in women and children, book censorship, equal guardianship, the Matrimonial Causes (Amendment) Act, were other matters that came within the purview of members.

Special efforts were made on behalf of married women teachers.

DON'T... FORGET

A FAREWELL luncheon to Mrs. Florence Taylor will be held at the Arts Club, on March 12, at 1 p.m. On March 1 there will be a musicale at the same club, at which the guest of honor will be Lady Gernon. The programme, which will commence at 2.30 p.m., is being arranged by Maestro Aldrovandi.

THROUSSEAU sets and other needlework are at present on exhibition by the Society of Arts and Crafts at its Rowe Street depot.

THE R.P.A. Hospital Junior Auxiliary will present "Take It Or Leave It" at the Savoy Theatre on March 21 and 22. The play has been written by John P. Gasson, and the music by George A. English.

THE 2nd Military District Trumpeters' Club will hold a dance at the Victoria Barracks on March 21, to raise funds for the purchase of a set of silver trumpets, to be used at the official opening ceremony of the Anzac Memorial and at subsequent military functions. The dance will be the first of a series of entertainments to augment the fund.

AUSTRALIAN Dress Designer's SUCCESS

From MURIEL SEGAL, Our Special Representative in Europe

Mrs. Margery Winter Cooke, of Melbourne, and formerly a partner of "Midge" Chisholm in Sydney, is now making a name for herself in the dressmaking world of Mayfair.

This afternoon I chatted with this clever Australian woman in her spacious salons in Berkeley Square and discussed the trend of the coming fashions.

"THE Tudor influence is likely to remain for some months to come," she told me. "The halo hats and mediaeval cloaks, the latter for evening wear."

"Paris is keen on the period, and it looks as though we were in for a very Tudor time of it. I am using quite a new color scheme for day clothes. A smoky brown combined with a delicate hyacinth blue."

"Here is a lairage ensemble just completed, with smoky brown skirt and jacket and the ciel blue flannel blouse. I also use a great deal of very coarsely woven wool in large checked patterns which give a tweedy effect. Made into neatly tailored one-piece frocks, these are suitable and chic for all-day wear. I am trying out something quite new in an evening gown of black silk jersey, which gives a very sleek streamline effect."

Mrs. Winter Cooke then showed me some of her wares. She does not confine herself to frocks and coats. She has hats and handbags and lovely hand-made gloves, one of the lines I found most interesting, though, were the girdles and corsets made of Bolastix, this is a rubber mesh similar to the latest weaves, which make so many of the new elastic blouses and pullovers.

This clever elastic material is so firm that it keeps the figure in perfect position while being as soft and pliable as mullin. A detail of these belts and corsets is that the suspender button, so that they may be removed when the wearer goes stockingsless.

The brassieres, both separate and attached to the corset, are made in crochet intricately shaped to fit the figure and in firm silk.

Added interest is given to Margery Winter Cooke's clever assortment when they are shown by her maidservant, the beautiful Mrs. Douglas Levy, who was formerly a well-known figure in Sydney social circles.



MRS. DOUGLAS LEVY, showing a gown created by Mrs. Margery Winter Cooke, who is running a chic couturiere's establishment in Berkeley Square. The gown, which is in a lovely shade of apple green satin, has unusual front drapery.

En Route to Conference

AN interesting visitor who has just passed through Sydney on her way to Europe from Melbourne is Miss Alice Michaelis, who was the first secretary of the federal council of the National Council of Women of Australia.

With her sister, Mrs. Barker, Miss Michaelis went to Europe late in 1925, returning a little more than a year ago.

During this past year she has been a member of the executive of the National Council of Women of Victoria and a member of the executive of the Queen Victoria Hospital.

Miss Michaelis will act as one of the Australian delegates to the forthcoming triennial conference of the International Council of Women in Paris, to take place in June and July of this year.



"I really enjoy the hot weather"

"It simply wears me out"

"Perhaps you are not eating the right kind of meals."

"I always have light foods—plenty of salads, and so on."

"That's the trouble! They are not nourishing enough to give you the energy you need."

"But I couldn't possibly eat heavy foods when the weather is like this."

"You don't have to, if you drink a glass of 'Ovaltine' with your light meals."

"So that's the secret! I often wondered how you managed to keep so full of life and energy."

"Yes—'Ovaltine' is brimful of nourishment, and it makes a delicious cold drink."

"Thanks for the tip! I shall certainly get a tin of 'Ovaltine' this very morning."

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BECAUSE OF REMARKABLE PUBLIC
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APRIL. ENTRANTS PLEASE NOTE THIS.



THE MIRROR OF SOCIETY



EVERY day, in every way, things are getting brighter and brighter, so that the knowing ones are all predicting a bumper social season, which will doubtless expire in a blaze of glory with the celebrations for H.R.H.

PLANS for the Governor's Ball are proceeding apace. The last set of which I heard tidings was being organised by Margaret Vyner, and should be particularly picturesque. It will represent the first theatrical company that visited Australia.

REHEARSALS for "The Gay Dogs" revue, to be presented at the Savoy during the "Be Kind to Animals Week," are in full swing. New to Sydney audiences will be the music of the Clarsach, or Scotch harp, on which Winifred Gillespie will accompany Jean Gillespie and Edna McClelland in a number of old Hebridean songs. Winifred secured one of these interesting old instruments when she was on a tour abroad last year with her mother.

THE closest friends of some of the younger male members of Sydney's society will find difficulty in recognising them behind their heavy moustaches and glaring cheek suits in "The Gay Nineties." This set, a skit on the modes and manners of 40 years ago, is being conveyed by Lorraine Smith and Geneva Ratty.

THE coronet mode for evening wear is becoming increasingly popular among the smart young matrons and social buds of Sydney.

Some of the most charming exponents of the new style of coiffure noticed during the week, were Mrs. John Gunning, who wore a lovely high coronet of emeralds at the Wilson-Wormald wedding last Saturday. Goldie Gray's tall, slim figure, was enhanced by the gleaming tiara of chromium which she wore in her fair curls at the Australia, last Thursday night.

Others I noticed sporting tiaras or coronets were Margot Rosenthal, the striking Melbourne beauty, and her mother, Mrs. Henry Rosenthal, who is considered to be one of the smartest frockers in the Southern capital.

THE Saturday night dinner dance at the Hotel Pacific is becoming increasingly popular.

Amongst the well-known people I noticed last Saturday were Mrs. Beverley McKay, of Warren, Mr. and Mrs. "Snow" White, Honor Kaler, Margaret Mack, Joan Waddell, and Marjorie Hughes.

ABOUT three months ago Dudley Westgarth and Gordon Wharton drove a brand new Chevrolet up to the Whartons' property in Queensland for Mr. Wharton. There they stayed hunting for crocodiles, I hear. The other day they arrived back at Vaucluse in an old Ford that had been thrown on the Whartons' scrap heap. It has no doors, no windscreen, no hood, and only a makeshift seat. All the same, they are as proud as punch of it, take all their friends riding, and wouldn't part with it for worlds!

YOUNG MRS. DOUG. LEVY, who was so well known as Barbara Smart, has been indisposed and is obeying doctors' orders to stay in bed for a time. She has gone, for the time being, to her mother's flat at "Mount Stewart," Edgecliff, where her husband visits her daily.

MR. AND MRS. LESLIE FALKNER have come to town with their children, Elizabeth, Franc, Patricia, and Charles, and are staying with Mrs. Falkner's parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. M. C. Forsythe, of Vaucluse Hall. Their home at Wangarella Estate, Cumnager, has spacious grounds, but the children love Vaucluse Hall, because the garden runs right down to the waters of the bay.

ON Saturday evening Betty Hungerford entertained a number of her friends at her home in Double Bay, in honor of Elizabeth Conroy, who is in Sydney on a visit from Bathurst. Among those present were George Saller, Beatrice Fawcett, John and Enid Riddle, Tom and John Parsons, Keith Gunn, Dick and Marjorie Simpson, and Naomi Williams.

MRS. CLAUDE GLASSON is down from Bathurst, having just put her young daughter, June, to school at "Ancham." She is now at the Hotel Bondi, teaching six-year-old John to swim. Mrs. McPhillamy, who was Miss Amour, is also down from Bathurst to place her young daughter at school at "Ancham."

MR. AND MRS. JAMES BURNS have taken Lady Knox's former home, in Edgecliff Road, Woollahra, after some months in the Alan Potters' home at Point Piper, while the Potters were visiting England.

SYDNEY'S titian-haired beauty, the former Barbara King, who is now Mrs. Leo Guest, of Melbourne, has been enjoying a visit from her parents, Mr. and Mrs. P. Macgregor King, of Rose Bay, who returned to Sydney this week by the "Westralia."



A SUMMER'S DAY is well spent with an interesting book in a shady old-world garden, thinks Miss Helen Williams, whom our camera-man caught thus happily employed in the garden of her home at Ocean Ave., Woollahra.

—Women's Weekly photo.



LADY HEDSTROM, wife of Sir Maynard Hedstrom, of Fiji, who with her husband has just returned from a trip to England.

—Dorothy Weidling.

SURROUNDED by a two-hundred-year-old Chippendale gold-leaf mirror, a Sheraton sideboard, a Queen Anne writing desk, and a very skinny cat, Captain Weekes is busy packing up his many books, which range in subjects from philosophy to adventure stories, ready for the auction sale of the "Isabel" on Friday.

Whoever buys the "Isabel" will have a most historically interesting little boat, with a past including mutiny in the islands, and sailing from Plymouth from exactly the same spot as the "Mayflower" left from for America. When Captain Weekes stepped on board to start his pilgrimage, his eye caught the plaque commemorating the "Mayflower."

The Captain is wondering what will become of Jimmy, the West Indian cook, who had trouble at first with the Government about his landing in Australia. Jimmy was rescued from unhygienic conditions on the other side of the world, and seems determined never to desert his rescuer.

MR. AND MRS. CLAUDE PRIMROSE have left Sydney for Brisbane, where they intend making their home, at least for a time. A letter from Mrs. Primrose, who was Edna Hebdon, makes cheery reading. She had found a charming home complete with frigidare and garden.

By Jane Anne Seymour

HAROLD STEWART, who accompanied Pat Barton, Mrs. Gordon Dixon's young nephew, home to England last year, writes to say that Pat has married, and is settled in a home in the New Forest. He and his wife met on the boat going home.

JUST arrived from New Zealand on a visit to her daughter, Mrs. P. Cole, of Rose Bay, is Mrs. R. A. Wright, whose husband, as member for Wellington suburbs, took part in the Waitangi celebrations. Mrs. Wright is amazed at the progress Sydney has made since her last visit over a year ago, as typified in the new trams and the trolley buses.

ALTHOUGH it has only three in the cast and is a stark tragedy, Paul Raynal's "Unknown Warrior" was such a success when produced on Armistice night in London that one could have heard a pin drop in the theatre. Mrs. Bell Allen has the rights of this striking play, and, with herself, Mr. Francis Jackson, and Mr. Alphonse Ohlsen, has just started rehearsals, hoping to present it to Sydney audiences on Anzac Day at the Savoy.

A SPECIAL afternoon tea in Japanese style, as well as an Australian one, was one of the surprises of the party on board the Japanese training ship on Saturday. It consisted of red beans in a sort of brown syrup, and was eaten with chopsticks.

Also very interesting was the mouth organ band recital by the cadets, although, as they played "God Save the King" first, nobody recognised the anthem until it was noticed that some of the men had removed their hats.

Those entertained by Captain Oba and his officers included the Consul and Mme Mural, and her niece, Sesu, Professor and Mrs. Francis Anderson (of the League of Nations Union), Mr. and Mrs. Frank George, and Miss Muriel Fletcher.

MIMI HEALY is one of those few among the younger set who prefer to entertain to luncheon and dinner parties in her home to the modern method of dashing about to restaurants. This may be due to the fact that she is one of the few who nowadays have a home large enough to cope with such functions.

Mimi's latest party was given last week, in honor of her Melbourne friend, Betty Fogarty. Her guests included Mrs. Malcolm McCormick, Mrs. Cuthbert Sheldon, Margaret Burns, Elizabeth Knox, Deborah Mackay Sim, Irene Anderson, and Janet Thatcher.

IN a few days time, Kathleen McCathie, who is just back from her second trip to the East, will leave for England with her father. What all her doggy friends will do, one does not know. Even when she was at school at "Kambala," Kathleen used to be followed, like Mary and her little lamb, by her dog Sandy, who used to howl until let in to see his mistress.

JUST returned to Adelaide after a week in Sydney are Malcolm Goldfinch and Philip Longbottom. The two drove from Adelaide to Sydney without one stop, driving night and day in turns.

On the way home, however, they planned to spend a night at "Manar" with Mr. and Mrs. Jim Gordon and another night in Melbourne.

MRS. WALTER BONE, with Mrs. A. E. Grace and Mrs. Bone's daughter to complete the party, are leaving shortly on a visit to California, where they will be the guests of Mrs. Bone's daughter and son-in-law.

Mr. Bone, whose delightful book, "Hop-oly," is so popular, has another book under way, and Mrs. Bone, who studied at The Royal College of Music in London, and is a clever composer and musician, hopes to complete a song she is writing for school children before her departure.

AS she finished her secretarial duties the day before her engagement was announced, Mrs. W. A. Selle's University colleagues did not have any real opportunity of giving her their best wishes until her wedding last Saturday. Mrs. Selle, who was Elsie Spier, has given up her secretarialship, which she held for about 14 years. She probably would have done so in any case, but even if she had so desired she would not have been able to continue the work, for a regulation has recently come into effect to prevent husband and wife both working together under the University's authority.

This rule, by the way, prevents Mrs. Osborn from continuing to demonstrate in botany, which she did when she and the professor first arrived in Sydney. Mr. and Mrs. Selle are honeymooning in Melbourne, and will take a flat on their return—not too far from a bowling green, one supposes, for Mr. Selle is a constant player.

ONE of the most interested parties in the production of "The Silence of Dean Maitland" will be Rev. Arthur Rix, of St. John's, Balmain. Mr. Rix, an uncle of Ken Hall, advised Ken upon all the church matters of the picture, and it was through him that St. Thomas', North Sydney, where Mr. Rix was once acting Rector, was lent for the cathedral service scene.

JO WEEKES, the energetic young librarian of the Pickwick Book Club, has booked her passage for London, and leaves by the "Oder" in July for an indefinite period. Jo will be sadly missed in literary and Young Set circles in Sydney, where she has hosts of friends.

AT Guyong, Double Bay, on Monday, Mrs. A. H. Todd entertained to dinner her sister-in-law, Lady Orr, and her niece, Miss Claire Orr, who slipped into Sydney quietly on that morning from London in the "Nestor." Other guests included Mrs. Phil Yates, Mrs. A. W. Orr, and Mrs. Edgar Wright. Lady Orr, whose husband, Sir Charles Orr, was formerly Governor of the Bahamas Islands, has gone to Brisbane, but, with her daughter, will rejoin the "Nestor" on her return voyage to England.

DAME Clara Butt has taken the Donkins' house, "Riverdale." The shady avenue of the house opens on to the road between Boral and Moss Vale, and in these idyllic surroundings the great singer will rest quietly for the next few months, and will, it is hoped, recover her normal health.

EVERYONE is thrilled about the heroic rescue effected by Colonel Spain when he saved a youngster from drowning at Neutral Bay last week. It was the luckiest thing in the world for the lad that his screams were heard and that the Colonel had got up betimes to get his boat ship-shape. There wasn't another soul on the very early morning landscape when the young fisherman toppled off the wharf, became entangled in his line, and was rapidly drowning when the Colonel dived, fully-clothed, to his rescue.

Colonel Spain, however, has quite a flair for rescuing boys from drowning. Many years ago he was waiting at Neutral Bay for a ferry when he heard the screams of his young brother, who had fallen into the water, and was drowning. Fully clothed, he jumped in and succeeded in saving the boy.

SPORTING circles will soon have to do without Alison Hattersley for a time, for, with her mother, Mrs. A. A. Hattersley, she is sailing in the "Kitano Maru" to Japan in March.

THOUGH Commander and Mrs. Oscar Ireland are only going to Bowral, and have a car, they are so popular that they are being farewelled almost as if they were going abroad. One of the cheeriest parties planned in their honor is Mrs. Arthur Bowman's cocktail party at her home, "Keadue," Elizabeth Bay.

Those invited include Commander and Mrs. E. C. Rhoades, Dr. and Mrs. Whiteman, Engineer-Commander and Mrs. Hutchison, Surgeon-Commander and Mrs. Roberts, Mr. and Mrs. Norman McGhie, Mr. and Mrs. Roy Buckland, Dr. and Mrs. Wheatley, Lady McKelvey, Mrs. Commander Robinson, Miss Marjorie Smythe, Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Alard, Mrs. Kitty Paradise, and Miss Nancy Houston, Captain Lillies, and Bill Wellings.

MRS. KEITH FISHER'S suite at the Bondi Hotel, aglow with flowers and lights, was filled with guests a few evenings ago to farewell Mrs. Rupert Scammell, who is soon leaving for a six months' visit to Europe. Dagmar Scammell (she was Dagmar Thompson before her marriage) looked handsome and distinguished, as usual, and is thrilled at the prospect of seeing again the cities where she studied the violin.

Nell Thompson, Mrs. Scammell's sister, wore a beautiful frock of lily leaf green, with diamond buckles holding down its effective cape. Jenn Kennedy wore blue. Several of the guests were in black, among them Mrs. Jack Howse, (of Orange), Mrs. Black (of Moree), and Mrs. Bevan. Mr. Keith Fisher arrived in time for the party from "Burren," near Burren Junction.

I NOTICED Mrs. Bruce McLachlan, of Mosman, hosting a happy afternoon tea party at the Australia during the week.

The guests of honor were Lady Maitland (who is leaving for Persia, shortly, to visit her son, Dr. Maitland) and Mrs. J. Hare Phipps, who has just returned from Europe.

Also amongst the guests were Lady Carruthers, Mrs. J. Nash, Mrs. Howard Bullock, and Mrs. A. V. Maxwell.

THE HUB'S

GREAT... SUMMER

sale

Genuine Lizard

Genuine Lizard Handbag in the top opening style. Fitted with inner divided swing purse and mirror. Safety thumb strap. Usually 15/11.

FOR, ea.

10/11

Macrame Toyo

Macrame Toyo Handbag in the under-arm style. Fitted with the sliding fastener under flap. Red, Green, Grey, and White. Usually 6/11.

FOR, ea.

4/6

Morocco Grain

Ladies' Handbags, comprising under-arm and top opening styles, in Genuine Morocco Grained leather. Nicely lined with figured Brocade and fitted with double inner divided centre swing frame and mirror, and finished with sliding fastener under flap. Fawn, Navy, Brown, and Black. Usually 15/11, 17/11, 19/11.

FOR, ea.

10/11

Lizard Roan

Ladies' Handbags in Lizard Roan leather. Top opening on triple frame. Five divisions, large mirror. Finished with fancy ornament. Fawn, Grey, and Black. Usually 16/11.

FOR, ea.

12/6

Underarm Bags

Ladies' Handbags in under-arm style. Fitted with an extra large pocket under flap. Sliding fastener, also double inner divided swing frame. Extra large mirror. Brown and Black. Usually 22/6.

FOR, ea.

14/11

White Handbags

Maid's White Handbag. Top opening style, with handle. Fitted with double inner division and mirror. Usually 7/11.

FOR, ea.

5/6

Carrying Bag

Genuine Calf leather Carrying Bag, fitted with the English zipper fastener, also note-purse. Studded base. Size 12 x 8. Usually 8/11.

FOR, ea.

6/9

Figured Calf

Figured Calf leather Handbags. Under-arm style. Also a large range of top opening styles. Fitted with the double inner divided swing frame and mirror and finished with Bean fastener. Brown, Fawn, Navy, and Black. Usually 8/11.

FOR, ea.

6/11

Make a Lay-by for
Easter—NOW!

Fully Fashioned Pure Silk Hose

Fully fashioned Pure Silk Hose. Extra reinforced double heel tops, heels and toes. Colours: Gunmetal, Brown Wood, New Grey, Graphite, Marron, Rosador, Haze Beige, Black, Greyline, and Cedar. Usually 4/11. SALE PRICE pair ...

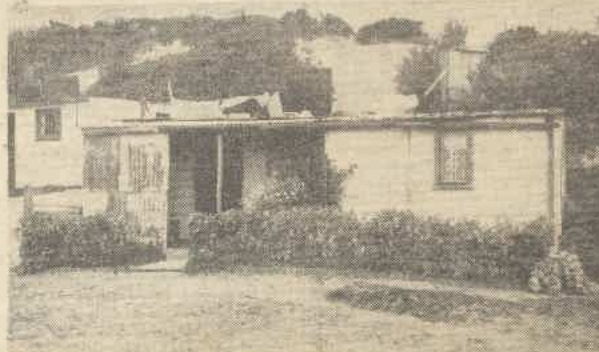
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The most sensational Millinery Value in Sydney to-day! 750 showing all the time. All the newest shapes, including fashionable flat, shallow crowns and new style brims. Also a wide selection of wider-brimmed shapes in deeper fittings. A size for every head fit—a model for every type. Maid's, Women's. Usually 6/11. SALE PRICE, each ...

3/11 1/2

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393-5-7 PITT STREET, SYDNEY



A SHACK AT HAPPY VALLEY.

WORKERS' CAMPS Problem MUST Be TACKLED

The Australian Women's Weekly has endeavoured ever since its first issue to bring before the great thinking, and unthinking, public the urgent need for revision in many of our laws and conditions relating to women and children, and many campaigns have borne fruit.

Now our campaign is directed towards improving the lot of those whom circumstances have forced to live in the dole camps.

THESE camps are fast becoming a menace to decent standards of living, and have already become permanent slums since most of them have been in existence for upwards of many years.

The location of these camps, where men and women live in most deplorable destitution set in magnificent surroundings, is so prominent that nobody can shut their eyes to the tragedy of them.

The most noteworthy attempt at solving the problem has been made by Canon Hammond. He tells here exactly what he has done.

By CANON R. B. S. HAMMOND

THERE were 7500 ejectment orders by our metropolitan Courts in 1933. These homeless families included 20,000 children.

Out of work, unable to show a rent receipt, these unfortunate families were driven to the various camps, such as those at Happy Valley and Sans Souci.

Here, in bag humpies in the greatest discomfort, without sanitary arrangements, they have shown adaptability, courage, and amazing fortitude.

Many families have found shelter in homes, portions of which have been sublet to them. Crowded and lacking privacy, yet they count themselves fortunate compared to the campers.

The desperate plight of these unfortunate people led me to rent a very large building in which I found accommodation for 38 families.

I now have four of these family hotels giving shelter to 56 families.

These I call "rafts" which, in the

social storm through which we have been passing, have been a Godsend.

They are provided with two rooms, light, firing free, and use of a kitchen.

FIFTEEN months ago it was evident that the need was so urgent and involved so many fine families that were best described as the new poor, that I conceived the idea of helping them, not by charity but by an opportunity.

Fifteen acres of land were purchased near Liverpool, then a further 15 acres, then 35 acres—a total of 65 acres.

Here families were offered an acre of land, a three-room cottage with a sleep-out verandah 30ft. by 6ft. 6in., a brick chimney, bathroom, and the water laid on, for £100.

This they were asked to agree to use to grow vegetables and raise poultry for their own use. In seven years' time they could own this place if they kept up a 5/- a week payment.

A community hall has been built, a public school has been erected, and there are now 31 cottages in occupation. Here 131 children are living under splendid conditions, many of them are becoming land-minded. Every family has at least six fowls and a rooster, and many of them are selling both flowers and vegetables that the fertile soil is producing beyond their family need.

These are the people who went. No one wanted their services; they determined that the waiting time should not be wasted time, and started to work for themselves in the hope of owning their own homes in a very few years.

Had we as a community been wise, we could have settled 1000 families under these conditions and thus capitalised the calamity of the great depression.

Vaucluse-Woollahra Readers

DID The Australian Women's Weekly representative call at your home last week?

Here are the names of the lucky regular readers who gave him their opinions:

Mrs. E. O. Dunn, Grafton St.; Mrs. D. Waters, Bathurst St.; Mrs. W. Reynolds, Leavelle St.; Mrs. V. Robinson, Manly Rd.; Mrs. G. L. Connor, Ballahy St.; Mrs. S. E. Dunn, Hume St.; Mrs. B. West, New South Head Rd.; Mrs. W. Hunsell, Epping Rd.; Mrs. N. O'Brien, Old South Head Rd.; Mrs. V. Barras, Bellevue Rd.

INVISIBLE MENDING

Damaged Garments Re-woven, Torn, Burnt, Moth-eaten Suits, Costumes, Carpets, etc. INVISIBLY Re-woven.

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AN ALL AUSTRALIAN PRODUCT
The CLYDE ENGINEERING Co. LTD.
Melbourne, N.S.W.

• FOLDING STEEL
• BALL BEARINGS
• 2 YEAR GUARANTEE

NEW LAUGHS

"He's always telling me I should keep something for a rainy day."

"Well, aren't you keeping his letters?"

"I want a prescription, doctor. I can't eat, can't sleep, can't stand this theatre, hate golf, simply can't."

"Propose to her, my boy."

She: I was a fool when I married you. He: And yet some people say that happiness comes from marrying our opposites.

Teacher: What are pauses?

Bright Pupil: Things that grow on cats.

Owing to the large numbers who had to be turned away at her last recital,

IRENE VERA YOUNG
WILL REPEAT HER PROGRAMME OF
MODERN GERMAN DANCES

At the SAVOY THEATRE on TUESDAY, 27th FEBRUARY, 1934

Prices 2/-, and 5/-, plus tax. Box Plan at Nicholson's.

The Natural Charm

and
**BEAUTY
OF YOUR
HAIR**

is your greatest

ASSET



For Expert Treatment

CONSULT—

SHANKLAND and PARNELL

Late of A. BROWN Late of CLARK & IRELAND

9th Floor, St. James Building

For appointment Ring MA2420

DOES WINE MAKE YOU VIVACIOUS, OR DULL?

The ultimate test of any vintage is a personal one. The period of stimulation induced by a wine may be followed by one of lethargy. To those who experience this, Vin d'Orange is recommended. This is the only orange wine that is made from oranges. It is highly stimulating, yet transient in effect.

A well-known connoisseur states that "Vin d'Orange" in addition to its tonic properties, possesses every feature of a first-class wine. Doctors recommend it. Vin d'Orange is a most valuable aperitif. Its high vitamin content and natural salts give it a definite therapeutic value.

Case lots of twenty-four 100c bottles, 35/- delivered, plus 3/- returnable deposit, from J. D. Colver, Kurrajong Heights, Retail from Leo Nairn Ltd., 255 George Street, and Grace Bros Ltd., Broadway.***

SUPERLUOUS HAIR REMOVED

Ugly hairs from face and chest guaranteed permanently removed by Sister Louise, who is one of the very few genuine Electrolysis experts in Sydney. She has had years of experience in this work and has the latest equipment to aid her.

Also specializing in the Removal of Moles, Chirpody, Manicuring, Eyebrow Arching, Medical Massage, and the new Andree Beauty Mask.

Facial Hairs Removed - - - 5/-

Course of 6 Treatments - - - 21/-

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BEAUTY SALON

OXFORD STREET - - SYDNEY

Zoldy
POWDER

The new Zoldy powder... in shades for every complexion... gives perfect adhesion and distribution. It makes a "blotch" make-up impossible and is delightfully perfumed.

2/-
1/6
1/2

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Profession

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Tuition and Constant Practice

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DARELLE

"The Hollywood Hairdresser."

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PHONES: MA916, MA1186, MA917.

Intimate Jottings

Did You Know That—

BEATRICE MEEKS, who is recovering from tonsillitis, is staying at Bower with Dinah Hordern, who is recovering from appendicitis?

In the midst of Sunday's rain stood Hugh Luscombe Neuman in whites at King's Cross, because he had just come back from yachting?

As she had a lot of distractions last year, Betty Higgins has now settled down to really serious study at her music?

A table of lawyers, a table of accountants, and Dr. Sharp, are present at the A.B.M.'s Blue Tearoom?

Mrs. Hey Sharp has been on a short holiday to the mountains, where she enjoyed a most active holiday?

A Remarkable Family

MR. PITT, who started the Wentworth Falls Golf Club, where he still plays, and owned the lovely home and daffodil farm there which he has just given to the Country Women's Association, is a direct descendant of England's former Prime Minister, and also the father of some wonderful citizens. As he has a very fine singing voice, and his wife (formerly Miss Blanchard) was one of Sydney's most brilliant amateur pianists, it is only natural that his daughter, Mrs. S. A. Smith, should have inherited his passion for music.

Other members of this versatile family include Dr. Clive Pitt, who is settled in England, Mr. Bob Pitt, a wool-buyer in Boston, Mrs. A. B. S. White, wife of the cricketer, Mrs. Dr. Matthews, wife of the footballer, Mr. Arthur Pitt, who is one of the leaders of the Bar in Sydney, and Miss Doris Pitt, after whom the most beautiful of the new daffodils is named and who is an expert Alpinist, being one of the first women to reach the top of Kosciusko. Miss Pitt spends much of her time travelling with her mother.

Travellers Return

AMONG those at Warwick Farm on Saturday were Major and Mrs. George Richmond. The Richmonds are just back from a trip to China, and are settling into a new home in Point Piper. Their son has been packed off to Tudor House.

Organist Returns

MISS LILIAN FROST, the organist, who is one of the few women who has been

permitted to play on the great organ at the Town Hall, has returned from a long holiday spent in Tasmania, and will resume her Wednesday midday organ recitals at the Pitt St. Congregational Church. These musical interludes in the city's business life are eagerly awaited by many of our city's music-lovers.

During her visit to the West Coast wonderland of Tasmania Miss Frost and her sister, who lives in Launceston, travelled to see Cradle Mountain Lake and Mt. Lyell. Miss Frost thought the scenery magnificent, and compares it favorably with the mountain scenery of Southern Europe. On her return she found a letter awaiting her from Marie Narelle, who sends a cheerio to her friends here.

To Entertain the Prince

MR. J. J. ROUSE, who is on the committee of both the Sydney and the Melbourne organisations raising funds to entertain Prince George, has been advised that in Melbourne £100,000 has been received already. Mrs. Rouse and her daughter, Mrs. Frank Crane, who have been visiting Mrs. Rouse's sister in Melbourne, are motoring home, with Mr. Edgar Rouse, this Friday.

Birthday Basket

MISS SADIE STEPHEN passed her 90th milestone very happily. Her sister, Mrs. Monty Severn, presented the birthday cake for the great occasion, decorating it with nine candles, each of which represented a decade of years.

Of all the nice tributes paid the popular old lady, none was more beautiful than the huge basket sent by Dame Edith Walker from "Yaralla." The sides were decorated with varicolored grapes, and the ends with frangipanni and red roses, and the whole packed with choice fruits.

Whirl of Parties

MRS. RUPERT SCAMMELL has so many friends wanting to say good-bye before she leaves for England that her life is a constant whirl of parties nowadays, many of them being in the form of guessing competition evenings, so that non-bridge players and an extra number of guests can be included.

Mr. and Mrs. Badham Jackson, of Wahroonga, included dancing also at their party, for Mrs. Scammell loves to dance, while her husband doesn't dance but loves his game of bridge. Parties last week were given by Mrs. Dixon Hughes (bridge), Mr. and Mrs. Keith Fisher (bridge), and Mrs. Cuthbert Thomson (competitions), and this week Mrs. Kenyon Thomson will give another competition party at Mosman, and Mrs. Savers another at her home in Neutral Bay.

In and Out of Society .: By WEP



Widely Mourned

I COULD not tell you how deeply grieved we all feel at the sudden death of Admiral H. V. G. Bernard. One of the heroes of Jutland, he was twice mentioned in despatches for gallantry.

The funeral service, held in St. Mark's, where the Admiral had worshipped as a middy, and where, later, he was married, was impressive, not so much because the presence of the naval detachment recalled his long and honorable connection with the defence of Australia, but because the old church was packed to the doors with people to whom his passing brought a deep sense of personal loss.

Bird Lovers

A SHORT time ago the Royal Zoological Society used to have only about two men and a dog to their meetings. Now they have had to have the room extended, and have crowded audiences at their monthly evenings.

Two of the most enthusiastic members are Doreen Hordern, who accompanies the society's field parties with great energy, and Mr. Hinwood, who, in spite of holding down a good job, gets out of bed at unearthly hours like 5 a.m. to be able to discover the life-history of particular birds from when they are in the egg to when they turn up their toes.

Lord Mayor's Tastes

OUR new Lady Mayoress was a cheery figure in lacquer red topped with a shady white hat when she dispensed hospitality at her Town Hall rooms last week to the Sydney presswomen.

The Lord Mayor looked in on the party for a while but did not indulge in tea drinking. Instead, he partook of a glass of water. Further evidence of his simple tastes was afforded by his buttonhole of old-world verbenas. I thought the fragrant little pink flower a pleasant change from the prevalent carnation and the rather aggressive gardenia so often favored for the lapel.

Happy Camping Trip

MARY MANSFIELD has been camping with the Spiller Brandon family on the banks of the Turon River. They had a marvellous time.

Mary has returned just in time to get her things together before leaving for several months in the East with her father. Mrs. Mansfield will stay behind to look after Ralph, who has left school and settled down happily to business life.

A Worrying Time

MRS. NORMAN LOWE has had to postpone the exhibition of her Siamese curios for charity, which was to take place at her home in Neutral Bay last week, to early in March, on account of two of her family becoming sick. Mr. Lowe has been ordered away to the country for two months' complete rest, and is staying with his brother-in-law at Mural.

Last week Mrs. Smith and Meg, Mrs. Lowe's sister and niece, arrived down on a holiday, and Mrs. Smith had a very bad attack of appendicitis. She was successfully treated, however, and is now much better. She has returned to Dungog, leaving Meg to make hay in the city—which she is doing so successfully that fifteen sat down to dinner with her one day this week.

A NEW GERMICIDAL Toilet Soap

CONTAINING ANTISEPTIC TI-TREE OILS

- LASTS TWICE AS LONG
- COSTS FAR LESS
- LATHERS MORE FREELY

TREFOSA — an entirely new type of germicidal toilet soap in which the healing, antiseptic oils of Australian trees, including ti-tree and huon pine, are blended with olive and coco-palm oils.

A delightful soap, soft, emollient and soothing to the skin since IT CONTAINS MORE PURE OLIVE OIL than any blended soap on the market. You can tell by the rich, creamy lather.

And the fragrance — no one of the many essential oils predominates, the whole blend recalling the subtle fragrance of the Australian bush in the early morning.

Trefosa is germicidal — a "safety first" soap — for use not only when an antiseptic soap is necessary, but as regular daily routine for protection against disease germs.

Mothers, you need Trefosa Soap to guard the whole family — and the children in particular — against infections of all kinds, especially since so many are carried on the skin of hands and face.

You will particularly welcome Trefosa because it is a most economical soap. Actual tests prove that Trefosa lasts from 2½ to 5½ times as long as glycerine base soaps, depending on whether cold or hot water is used. Trefosa WILL NOT WASTE AWAY being triple-milled and well matured. In two sizes, priced at 7½d. and 1/- — the latter being particularly generous sized — full 4ozs. in weight.



Leading Pathologists endorse Trefosa's germicidal power

A series of bacteriological tests prove that Trefosa Germicidal Toilet Soap has powerful Antiseptic qualities, is non-poisonous and non-escharotic and can be used safely on the most delicate skin.

THE IDEAL SHAMPOO

ESPECIALLY WHEN DANDRUFF IS PRESENT

Dandruff (Seborrhoea) is now held to be caused by micro-organisms. The rich, creamy lather of Trefosa Soap carries the germicide into the very roots of the hair where the trouble lies.



TOILET SIZE 7½^d **BATH SIZE 1/-**

Obtainable at all chemists, grocers and stores.

E. O. FARLEY LTD. (Incorporated in the State of N.S.W.), 102 Salisbury Road, Camperdown

Trefosa GERMICIDAL TOILET SOAP
WILL NOT WASTE AWAY!



**Removes hair from
FACE
AND LIMBS**

Wunderstoen—the dry
method for the removal
of unwanted hair is easy,
safe, pleasant, and
economical. Rapid—
non-injurious—odor-
less. Leaves the skin
perfectly healthy. All
chemists and stores,
3/4 and 7/- per cake.

Bell's Wunderstoen

**KEEP YOUR
OWN
TEETH LONGER
stop
Pyorrhea
instantly**

Check first signs—spongy, bleed-
ing gums—bad taste in mouth
— unpleasant breath.

USE EICHORN'S ANTISEPTIC.

Pyorrhea destroys beauty, leads to
loss of teeth, rheumatism, gastric
ulcers, nervous disorders, etc., as the
pus from the gums is absorbed in the
system. Check Pyorrhea's first signs.
If your gums are receding, spongy or bleed-
ing, use a few drops of Eichorn's Antiseptic
on your teeth twice a day. Wash your
mouth with a weak solution. This simple
treatment dissolves the pus, kills infection,
hardens the gums and sweetens the breath.
For all ailing conditions of mouth or throat
Eichorn's offers certain and immediate relief.

At your Chemist—1/6, 2/6, 5/-.
EICHORN'S
ANTISEPTIC

EICHORN'S
ANTISEPTIC



**HUNDREDS HAVE CHANGED
to GAS**

Change over to gas today
and enjoy new freedom,
new comfort and new con-
venience on washing day.

10/- deposit
10/- a month

Hundreds of people in the
metropolitan area have changed
over from an old-fashioned fuel
copper to a modern gas copper
during the last few weeks. These
people are no longer bothered
with heat, smoke and heavy
work on washing day . . . their
laundries are cool, clean and
comfortable, even on the hottest
day . . . and they are now able
to get their washing done in
almost half the time and with
half the amount of work previ-
ously required.

Why not take advantage of our
special laundry modernising
offer now — it means so much
yet it costs so little. We will
demolish and remove your old
fuel copper, completely instal
an up-to-date gas copper — pro-
vided the house pipes are suit-
able—and all you need pay is
10/- deposit and 10/- a month.

At your service always

THE AUSTRALIAN GAS LIGHT COMPANY

Show and Demonstration Rooms:
Pitt and Barlow Streets (near Central Station)

GAS COSTS LESS THAN 1/2 d. A UNIT

FACTS about MILK CARTONS

The Process Explained In Full

The return of the Minister
for Health, Mr. Weaver, from
New Zealand, and his state-
ment that he thought Sydney
should have a sealed system of
milk delivery, similar to the
sealed bottle system used in
Wellington, New Zealand, re-
opens the possibilities of the
adoption of the milk carton
system.

In order that readers should
understand how this system
operates, The Australian
Women's Weekly invited a
director of Sealcones Ltd. to
describe the carton method.

By Dr. H. H. R. GRIEVE

THE container known as the
Sealcone is manufactured
in three sizes, namely, quarts,
pints and half pints. The inventor
claims that this method is the only con-
tinuous and automatic paper bottle fill-
ing and sealing system in the world.
The Sealcone milk container can
briefly be described as a cardboard car-



A BATCH of milk cartons passing through the final process described in this article. The carton is made, filled, and sealed in one process.

ton, treated in such a way as to elim-
inate the possibility of wastage through
leaking and designed to minimise all
unnecessary handling.

By overcoming these disadvantages
the consumers of milk are guaranteed
a thoroughly pure and clean supply and,
in addition, are guarded against losses
from short measure and infection from
the contact of the milk with harmful
bacteria.

The containers are manufactured
from a special type of waxing cartridge
manila paper, previously cut to size.
These sheets are inserted manually into
the first of the forming machines, where
they pass through a folding process and
are automatically formed to the re-
quired design.

They are then passed to a waxing
machine, and from here the process is
automatic.

Machinery conveys the completed
containers to the filling and sealing
machines, where they are filled with
the exact measure and hermetically
sealed by a method which prevents sub-
sequent interference with the contents
except by the destruction of the con-
tainer.

The shape of the containers is conical,
and their construction has been designed
to facilitate packing and transporta-
tion. In addition to this advantage, a
comparison with the present milk bottle
reveals that it is far superior on the
question of weight, the weight of a
Sealcone empty being 10z. and that of a
glass bottle being 1lb. This fact alone
should facilitate speedy delivery.

Hygienic System

THE filling capacity of each unit of
machinery is 2400 pint cartons per
hour.

Another important advantage in favor
of the Sealcone container is that it is
hygienic, and glass bottles are not.

The seal of the container must be
cut in order to remove the contents, and
this prevents its use a second time,
whereas the constant return and re-
filling of glass bottles is, to say the
least, a method that makes contamina-
tion possible from contact with germs.

The curtailment of unnecessary hand-
ling by the automatic filling of the con-
tainer minimises the possibility of its
contamination.

The value of the Sealcone paper milk
container can be judged by the success
with which it has met overseas, and
this shows beyond doubt that it is not
an innovation, but has been tried and
proved in England and America, where
its success has led to a substantial in-
crease in the turnover of the companies
by whom it is used.

This success has also led to its ex-
tension to European countries and to
the sale of the rights to France, Hol-
land, Spain and Italy. In England the
container was first installed by the
Bladen Dairies Ltd., of Blandford, Dor-
set, in 1931, and in the first year
6,250,000 Sealcones were distributed.
The output in the following twelve
months was 13,000,000 cones, while in
1933 the turnover rose to 15,000,000 for
ten months.

Similar experiences were met with in

America, where the container was first
used by the Sheffield Farms—one of the
largest milk suppliers in that continent.

The installation was carried out in
1929, when 4,000,000 cones were dis-
tributed. Since then two other com-
panies have adopted the container
method of distribution, and in 1933 no
fewer than 50,000,000 cones were pro-
duced and sold.



**You, too
will be
surprised
at the
change!**

BOUNDLESS energy, refreshing
sleep, and ability to enjoy life
once again—these are the rewards
that grateful users tell us they
receive from Clements Tonic. Thou-
sands of men and women take
Clements Tonic immediately they
feel run down, "nervy" and out of
sorts. For Clements Tonic is a
natural restorative—free from harmful drugs. It feeds the blood and
nervous system, and its benefits are felt after a few days.

A Nervous Wreck: Clements Made Her a New Woman

Richmond, Vic., 29/9/32.

"Twelve years ago I was a miserable, nervous wreck, after several
severe operations. I could not sleep or eat; in fact, I was a misery
to all. My husband got me a bottle of Clements. From that day I
again started to take an interest in life, I gained in weight, and
became happy and contented. It made a new woman
of me."
—(Mrs.) E.J.T.

(Original letter on file for inspection)

For "Nerves," Lassitude, Sleeplessness, Neuralgia,
Loss of Energy, take Clements Tonic without delay.

At all Chemists and Stores in Capital Cities in
the Commonwealth. Prices, 3/- & 5/3 a bottle.

CLEMENTS TONIC

"Gives you Nerves of Steel"



(C-301)

DRINK HABIT— COMPLETELY OVERCOME

25 YEARS' CONTINUOUS SUCCESS
ACT NOW!

Don't wish that your husband or son did
not drink—ACT! Eucrasy is transforming
drinkers into sober men every day. Users
are daily testifying to its success. Why
suffer the awful effects of drunkenness, a
moment longer? EUCRASY will sober the
drinker and bring happiness to your home
if you USE IT. EUCRASY is guaranteed
harmless and can be given SECRETELY or
voluntarily.
NOT COSTLY!
Call or write
to-day for
FREE SAMPLE
Bottle, with Testimonials, DEPT. B,
THE EUCRASY CO., 297 Elizabeth St.,
Sydney.

In Maternity

SUPPORT & COMFORT ARE PROVIDED BY THESE SIMPLE LACINGS

BERLEI Maternity Model 4910 is a completely modern and highly specialised garment—the last word in maternity corsetry for average figures. Boning is placed only where it affords necessary and correct support; back and side lacings are readily adjusted to the changing figure. Berlei 4910 conforms with every requirement of the medical practitioner.



Invaluable in Mastitis cases..

Mastitis sufferers gain wonderful relief when wearing Berlei Mastitis Brassiere 4325. Special inner pockets give correct support; wide shoulderstraps carry all strain. Note non-slip clasps which permit of the perfect adjustment of the shoulderstraps.

Berlei

SURGICAL SUPPORTS

In the heat of Summer
enjoy the cooling, fragrant,
soothing luxury of

ROGER & GALLET'S
GENUINE

JEAN - MARIE - FARINA
EAU DE COLOGNE

Originated in Cologne in the 18th Century

So closely have Roger & Gallet, the famous Paris
Perfumers, guarded the formula, that no imi-
tations have ever rivalled this perfect product.

Prices from 2/6 to 50/-

CORNWELL'S

PURE MALT

VINEGAR

BOUGHT EVERYWHERE BY EVERYBODY

DINE in the SHADY COOLNESS of YOUR GARDEN

This is the Ideal Atmosphere ... for thorough enjoyment of your simple everyday meals!

By OUR
HOME DECORATOR

*I*N this country, regarded by the Old Country as the land of sunshine, we seldom dine out-of-doors — so seldom use that spacious verandah, porch, or tree-shaded garden.

Picnics? Yes! we will pack things into a basket and rush to the beach or to some favorite bush spot for the day, but it seems too much an effort for us to install a gaily-painted table and some chairs for meals *al fresco*.

AND we had tea in the garden. What color, what fragrance, and even romance are conjured up by that one sentence.

I sometimes think that it is rather a pity we do not call our lawns and yards "gardens," as they do in England, for the word is infinitely more inviting. "Tea in the garden" with our English friend means merely tea under a tree in the most secluded and attractive corner of her yard.

She may not have any more—seldom as much—flower garden as we have, but to her one tree and a patch of green make a "garden."

As for verandah—well, the English home is as devoid of verandah as ours is of the central heating system. A "two by four" porch as a shelter from weather while you're waiting for the door to open is as much as the modern average home can manage.

ON the Upper Thames, which, as you probably know, is a dream of scenic loveliness, there is an outstandingly beautiful spot, called Sonning Lock. I visited this spot last summer. The



lock is bounded on either side by a wondrous garden—simply a blaze of colorful glory.

Naturally, I got into conversation with the lock-keeper, who is responsible for the garden.

His little wife was brought along to meet "the Australian"—and then there was tea in the garden!

Not an occasion by any means to these simple folk, but to me a sort of "Seventh Heaven."

Then there (while I fought with the wags for possession of the strawberry jam) I made up my mind that on my return to Australia I would have breakfast in the garden, lunch in the garden, tea in the garden—when opportunity offered—and spread the gospel of garden meals far and wide.



IF YOU have a lounge suite but no vacuum cleaner try this: Wet a large towel in cold water and wring out. Then spread on the lounge and beat with a cane for a few seconds. Turn the towel over, spread it on another place and beat again, wring the towel in fresh water, and repeat the process until the suite is finished.—Mrs. M. L. Gillham, Lamson's Creek, Mudgee, N.S.W.

AFTER WASHING and securely pegging out a pleated garment, pull pleats into place and shape while wet on the line. Secure the bottom of pleats with paper clips, and allow to remain on till dress is dry. It will then be found an easy matter to press the pleats in their proper places, both quickly and well.—Mrs. J. R. Grees, Yeerongpilly, Brisbane, Qld.

I FIND it a great convenience to have two measuring cups: one for wet and one for dry ingredients. This is a special time saver in making cake when you either have to wash the cups between measurements or measure all the dry ingredients first, which sometimes calls for the use of several dishes.—"Ida," The Crescent, North Sydney.



HERE IN the pleasant shadows cast by growing trees, the fragrance of colorful flowers, leisureed meals bring peace and contentment.

RECENTLY I introduced a guest to this happy idea, and she was delighted. During our *al fresco* meal, we discussed an American hostess whose breakfasts were "celebrated" in all sorts of places. A guest never knew from day to day where it would be found!

Come down on a morning, and at the foot of the stairs the eye would catch the cryptic message on a card: "The Rose Arbor." Next day it might bear the romantic direction: "The sunny side of the Lily Pool." In that house breakfast was served in no fewer than twenty-six different spots, and there were as many varied places for luncheon and dinner, too.

This may seem a little too much, yet, to my mind, routine eating has its lamentable effects; whether we dine in state of poverty or surrounded by luxury, the act of going three times a day to the same spot for meals reduces the act of eating to a dull monotony. Didn't old Omar find paradise beneath a tree with a jug of wine, a loaf of bread, and his "thou"?

Eating unexpectedly in various spots—whether it be the verandah or garden—will add zest to the simplest meal.

Of course, the first rule for dining in a garden is to be comfortable. One's feet should be under some sort of table. This table should be so placed that no one is exposed to glare and heat of the sun or the penetrating chill of winds or the curious gaze of strangers.

Moreover, in regard to this *al fresco* dining: It should never have the slightest air of haste or responsibility about it.

Any meal which is eaten hastily and under pressure is not good.

Simple, colorful table appointments are best. Table mats on a lacquered table, or printed cottons, will serve admirably. And use your gayest china.

Even auction or contract bridge can be played on your verandah or porch, provided it enjoys the necessary seclusion which blinds and awnings give.

Garden Seats

EVERY room in the house has its equipment for sitting down. A room with no place to sit in would be intolerable. Yet, in the average Australian garden, no one can sit down, no chance to rest, no invitation to linger and look. A seat or two wouldn't cost so much. Garden chairs and benches are best made of wood—good, planned and painted wood—not "rustic" stuff.

Just paint them a modest shade of dull green. In rare instances they may be painted red or black without hurting anybody's eyes.—E.E.G.



Protect
all broken
skin from
germ in-
fection—
Use

MELASOL
the new Australian germicide

Never disregard the slightest skin break—a scratch you can't see makes an easy entry for germs. Melasol affords definite protection because it contains 40% Tinctol, the new Australian germicide and deodorant, eleven times stronger than carbolic, but non-irritant and non-poisonous. The ideal antiseptic for children's cuts and sores.

Your doctor recommends Melasol. Ask him about it.

Also unequalled for: Poisoned wounds, skin eruptions, mouth wash, tonsillitis.

Get a bottle from your Chemist to-day, 2/-, 4/6, 9/6.

MELASOL
Antiseptic Solution

Contains 40% Tinctol, the new Australian germicide and deodorant. Eleven times stronger than carbolic, but non-irritant and non-poisonous.

"Sure in Action—Safe in Use."

IF YOU want a change from ordinary mustard mix a little fine salt and some good curry with it. It will prove delicious.—G. H. Merriam, Indooroopilly Rd., Toowong, Brisbane, Qld.

Our FASHION Service and FREE Pattern



WX362.—Marocain coat featuring tray shoulder yoke and cape, also unusual front fastening effect. Material required, 5½ yards 36-inch and three-eighths yard 36-inch lining. To fit size 36-inch bust. Width at hem, one and three-quarter yards. Other sizes, 32, 34, 38 and 40-inch bust. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

OUR free pattern this week has been selected with a view to the uncertainty of between seasons weather. A slimly fitting skirt and fully puffed sleeves are the points of interest.

A charming evening frock, a swagger coat of tailored aspect with a very smart cape and some dainty suggestions for small girls are also included.

Our free pattern is cut to size 36-in. bust and all turnings must be allowed for when cutting.

WX367.—Satin or taffeta evening gown with covered shoulders. Material required, 5½ yards 36-inch. To fit size 36-inch bust. Width at hem, 2½ yards. Other sizes, 32, 34, 38, and 40-inch bust. PAPER PATTERN, 2/.



WX363.—Linen frock with pleated skirt. Material required, 5 yards 36-inch, three-eighths yard 36-inch contrasting and five-eighths yard 36-inch lining. To fit size 36-inch bust. Width at hem, 2½ yards. Other sizes, 32, 34, 38, and 40-inch bust. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.



WX363



WX364



WX365

WX366



WX365.—Silk frock with jacket effect. Material required, one and three-quarter yards 36-inch for bodice and two and seven-eighths yards 36-inch for skirt. To fit size 36-inch bust. Width at hem, one and seven-eighths yards. Other sizes, 32, 34, 38, and 40-inch bust. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

WX366.—Crepé-de-chine frock with high waistline and double inverted pleat in centre front. Material required, 1½ yards 26-inch for bodice, and 3 yards 36-inch for skirt. To fit size 36-inch bust. Width at hem, 2½ yards. Other sizes, 32, 34, 38, and 40-inch bust. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.



WX364.—Sand crepe coat and panelled skirt, also silk blouse with Peter Pan collar. Material required for coat, 2½ yards 36-inch, 2½ yards 36-inch for skirt, and one and five-eighths yards 36-inch for blouse. To fit size 36-inch bust. Width at hem, one and seven-eighths yards. Other sizes, 32, 34, 38, and 40-inch bust. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

All these patterns may be obtained from The Australian Women's Weekly on personal application, or by post, at the prices indicated, at—
SYDNEY: Mardonell House, 321 Pitt Street.
MELBOURNE: The Age Chambers, 329 Collins Street.
BRISBANE: Shell House, Ann Street.

WX368.—Baby's silk frock with knife pleats at front and short puff sleeves. Material required, 1½ yards 36-inch. To fit size six months. Other sizes, infants and 1-2 years. PAPER PATTERN, 9/6d.

WX369.—Maid's linen frock with jacket. Material required, two and seven-eighths yards 36-inch for frock, and 1½ yards 36-inch, and 1 yard 36-inch contrasting for jacket. To fit size 14-16 years. Other size, 12-14 years. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

WX370.—Girl's cambric frock and bloomers. Material required, 1½ yards 54-inch. To fit 6-8 years. Other sizes, 1-2, 2-4, 4-6 years. PAPER PATTERN, 9/6d.



WX368

WX369

WX370

Headache!

That's a sign of P.B.S.



Headaches due to faulty functioning of the liver, kidneys and bowels are just another example of how [P.B.S.] (Poisoned Blood Stream) can make young women feel old and eventually drag their health to the scrapheap.

One in Eight Suffer

One in every eight persons suffer from Poisons in the Blood Stream which eventually result in such dreaded diseases as Constipation, Rheumatism, Neuritis, Bad Breath, Backaches and everlasting Headaches.

Try this Simple Speedy Corrective

A small dose of Schumann's Mineral Spring Salts in a long tumbler of warm water every morning on rising will very quickly expel the poisons from your Blood Stream—and restore you to perfect health.

To-day is the Time

Take one dose to-day and feel better to-morrow—and if you want to feel permanently well—be regular with Schumann's Mineral Spring Salts, which are made from the most active ingredients of the famous Mineral Springs or Spas of Europe. Remember there can never be a substitute for Schumann's.



Schumann's

MINERAL SPRING SALTS

Sold Everywhere

Price 1/6

Family Size, 2/9

"PURIFIES BUT DOES NOT PURGE"

Free PATTERN

In return for this coupon our free pattern is available for one month from day of issue.

SYDNEY: Mardonell House, 321 Pitt Street.

MELBOURNE: The Age Chambers, 329 Collins Street.

BRISBANE: Shell House, Ann Street.

When free patterns are required by post, forward this coupon and stamp for postage to:

Pattern Dept., The Australian Women's Weekly, at the above addresses.

PLEASE PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS IN BLOCK LETTERS.

Name

Address

State

Pattern Coupon, 24/2/34.

£100 in prizes for Australia's Jolliest BABY



● The quest is on. A £100 Quest for Australia's Jolliest Baby.

Your baby may win it; any baby can win it; it hasn't got to be a beautiful baby, or even good looking. The competition will be judged purely on the jolliness of a snapshot taken by yourself or a friend. Any baby at all may enter, as long as it is two years or less at 17th May, 1934.

And look at the prizes. £50 for Australia's Jolliest Baby, £25 for second, £10 for third, and 100 consolation prizes of handsome baby gift boxes, sold everywhere for 4/6 each.

THERE IS NO ENTRANCE FEE

There is no entrance fee. All you need do is to take a jolly snapshot of your baby, fill in an entry form obtainable at your chemist and post the two to Johnson and Johnson Ltd., 517 Dowling Street, Moore Park, Sydney, to arrive before May 17th, 1934.

It's quite simple, and there is an excellent chance that your baby may prove Australia's jolliest and so win a big cash prize.

Johnson and Johnson believe that Australia has the jolliest babies in the world, and this quest is an endeavour to determine who has Australia's Jolliest Baby.

Ask your chemist to tell you more about it. Your chemist will tell you, too, why Johnson's Baby Powder, superlatively soft and pure, is so much better for your baby.

Johnson's baby powder

"Best for Baby—Best for You."

● A product of Johnson and Johnson—world's largest manufacturers of Surgical Dressings, Tek the Modern Toothbrush, Modess, etc.

Q.D.I.

Amazing Cures of Skin Diseases

Brilliant Chemist's New Formula Succeeds
With Cases Considered Incurable

Succeeding even when specialists have been baffled, Mr. J. J. McHugh, the brilliant consulting chemist, of Marrickville, has become famous throughout and even beyond Australia for his amazing knowledge of dermatology and the complete cure of many cases of skin disease considered hopeless.



He states that his remarkable success is due to his secret formula and unique methods of personal diagnosis. One of the most amazing cases of Eczema successfully treated by Mr. McHugh is that of an Ashfield woman who had suffered for over five years and had spent over £200 in unsatisfactory treatment of all kinds, without relief. By his personally discovered formula

Mr. McHugh was able, in a few months, to completely cure this patient of an irritating and disfiguring skin disease.

Mr. McHugh's new formula has won him fame throughout Australia and New Zealand, and even in U.S.A., for successful treatment of Eczema, Psoriasis, Germ under Nail, Varicose Veins, Ulcers, Tropical Ringworm (Tinea), Barber's Rash, Dandruff, Ringworm, Acne, Pruritis, and other distressing skin complaints. Reports of almost miraculous cures place his success among the remarkable advances now being made in medical science. Hundreds of sufferers have been effectively treated by post, as well as personally. The Australian Women's Weekly readers are invited to write enclosing stamped envelope for full details of treatment, and reports from patients to Mr. J. J. McHugh, M.P.S., Ph.C., Consulting Chemist, 447 W. Illawarra Road, Marrickville, N.S.W.

For Young WIVES and MOTHERS

Keeping Baby's Milk-Mixture Cool in the Hot Weather!

By M. TRUBY KING

Daughter of Sir Truby King... Authority on Baby Welfare.

A properly brought-up baby, breast-fed from birth, is not likely to be attacked by summer diarrhoea, and should a baby chance to become ill, he soon throws off the hostile germs—as the bow of an ocean liner throws off the spray.

Natural breast-feeding, then, is the greatest preventive of diarrhoea.

PROFESSOR BUDIN, of Paris, has shown that out of 250 deaths of babies occurring in one midsummer week from infantile diarrhoea, 220 were artificially fed, and only 30 breast fed. This should be ample proof of the benefits of natural feeding.

However, there are always some babies whose mothers for some valid reason cannot nurse them as nature intended, and for these babies humanised fresh cow's milk (the preparation of which was described in The Australian Women's Weekly of 3/2/34) is the best substitute. In summer special precautions are necessary in the preparation and storing of humanised milk.

The humanised milk must be boiled for a minimum of three minutes; but

total by the addition of BOILED WATER.

The milk-mixture must be cooled quickly and at once to well below 60 degrees Fahr. if possible. Germs multiply with extreme rapidity in warm milk. Cover the jug loosely with damp butter-muslin and stand it in running or frequently-changed cold water.

If ice is available the problem of cooling is quickly solved. In the country a running stream or artesian water may be handy. If not, a pailful of water left outside in the cool, night air, and away from the early morning sun, will keep quite cold for some hours next day.

IF the mother has no means of keeping the humanised milk cool between one feed and the next, she may make up each feed separately by dividing the figures in her recipe for the whole 24 hours by the number of daily feeds (i.e., if feeding 4-hourly, divide the figures by 5).

Select the shadiest, draughtiest, cleanest place for your milk-safe, stand the jug of humanised milk in a shallow dish of the coldest water procurable and place in the safe, making sure that the damp muslin dips into the water all round, so that it will keep the milk cool by evaporation. This method always ensures some cooling, especially in hot, dry weather.

Special care must be taken with regard to cleanliness in hot weather. Billes, jugs, bottles, and teats must be washed absolutely free of all traces of stale milk. An almost invisible amount of stale milk may render a whole day's supply of fresh milk poisonous. Vessels which have contained milk should always be washed in cold water first, and then with hot water and soap. Then rinse out with boiling water, and do not touch the inside of the jug with a towel of any kind.

Beware of flies! Keep everything under cover.

MOTHERS are advised not to start weaning their babies from the breast till the beginning of April at the earliest. If weaning cannot be avoided, it should be done gradually, with great care in the preparation and dilution of the humanised milk. Those about to wean should write to the Sister in Charge of the Australian Mothercraft Society, 233 Elizabeth St., Sydney, for a free leaflet entitled "How to Wean Baby at the Eighth or Ninth Month." (Enclose stamp for reply.) This leaflet will help you avoid the pitfalls of weaning. Even one breast feed a day is better than none, so try to delay complete weaning till cooler days come.

Do not forget that baby requires plenty of cool, boiled water, and may be given as much of this as he will drink—between meals, when awake.



THE TWO beautiful children of the Duke and Duchess of York, who is the president of the Truby King Movement in England. Princess Elizabeth and Princess Margaret Rose are both "Truby King babies."

boiling for five or ten minutes may be necessary; and in hot, thundery weather twenty minutes' boiling is advised.

If fresh milk cannot be obtained twice daily it is best to re-boil the milk-mixture in the evening to ensure it keeping during the night. It is important to measure the amount of boiled milk when boiling for longer than three minutes and make up to the original

DOMESTIC Insect PESTS

Bugs

By ENTOMOLOGIST

Few insects are held in such abhorrence by the housewife as the domestic bed bug, which is popularly known as "housewives' horror," or, in the more genteel Victorian era, referred to as "odious creatures," or by similar polite terms.

BUGS may be introduced into houses by many means—upon the clothes, or in the luggage of travellers by train or boat, or in library books, laundry, and similar means of transportation. Once established in a house their destruction is difficult, for they breed rapidly, and shelter by day behind skirting boards, under loose wall-paper, and in the wooden frames of beds, emerging from their hiding places at night to suck the blood of sleepers. Their flattened shape is well suited to their habit of living in crevices.

Their eggs are really beautiful objects when viewed under a microscope, the outer covering being delicately sculptured, and at the extremity of each is a small cap-like lid, which is readily pushed off by the young bug when it is ready to emerge into the world. These eggs are attached to the sides of their

hiding places, and may be seen with the naked eye. The young bug closely resembles the adult, except in size, and is ready to feed immediately on emergence. Bed bugs are wingless in all their stages.

The problem of control of bed bugs is a difficult one, and in cases of bad infestation there is but one satisfactory means for their destruction, and that is by the use of hydrocyanic acid gas evolved from potassium cyanide.

On account of its extremely deadly nature, its use should never, under any circumstances, be attempted by inexperienced persons, since fatal results to the operator and others may so easily ensue; but the work of fumigation should be entrusted to some reputable firm of professional fumigators.

In the case of light infestations much may be done by means of the systematic and thorough use of kerosene applied to their haunts, but it is necessary that this be done repeatedly, since only those insects with which the solution actually comes in contact will be killed. Perseverance is necessary to exterminate the pest.

The bed bug is known to be a carrier of a number of diseases.

1,330 Australian Dentists can't be wrong!



They designed this brush... the NADA...

and it has been given the official endorsement of the Australian Dental Profession. You wouldn't question their judgment, would you?

CHEMISTS ONLY. SELL NADA. Everywhere.

Price 1/9 or 2 for 3/3

NADA Dentists' Design TOOTHBRUSHES

Invented by The National Brush Co. (Aust.) Ltd., Sydney N.S.W.

DON'T DRUDGE

Use PERSIL next washing-day!!



Have you read about the sensational PERSIL DOUBLE YOUR MONEY BACK GUARANTEE?

DOES OWN HOUSE-WORK AT 70

With the Help of Kruschen

"For nine years now I have used Kruschen Salts and could not do without them. I take a third of a teaspoon in a cup of water as hot as I can drink it. No sickness, no headaches now. I am 70 years of age in April, and just with taking Kruschen Salts am able to do all my housework myself. I recommend Kruschen to all my neighbours. Before I began taking it I was never away from the doctor, but now I never need him. I used to have sick headaches and then was not able to do anything. But now it is different—thanks to Kruschen Salts."—(Mrs.) J. G.

Kruschen keeps the organs of the body working actively, cleanses all clogging impurities from the system, and sends clear, vigorous blood coursing through the veins. And the result? An end to all life's minor ills and miseries. No more headaches, tiredness, depression, "nerves," and constipation. Instead, a sensation of delightful freshness, high spirits, happy outlook—in short, sheer good health!

THE BODY BEAUTIFUL

By Evelyn

Face Packs subtract Age and add Beauty

Sagging Muscles are prevented... the Contour of the Face is preserved... and tell-tale Lines and Wrinkles removed!

THE average woman is not aware that some of the most effective aids to loveliness decorate her own kitchen cupboard!

Beauty specialists know their value, however, and use them freely. During my studies overseas, I secured a number of these formulae for facial rejuvenation in the form of packs, bleaches, and masks. Several of these I am now going to pass on to you in order that you can be your own beauty specialist at practically no cost.

THE chief purpose of the face pack is to cleanse the skin through the glands, to draw out impurities, and tone up the face muscles. To be entirely effective, the skin must be made receptive by massage.

The preliminary massage stimulates the excretory glands, and, through the pack, the skin, freed from impurities below the surface, becomes clearer, more refined in texture, and radiant with the glow of health.

Time and time again I have given you the simple massage movements, so that there is no need to repeat them here.

THE YEAST PACK

BEAUTY specialists are now turning their attention to yeast for face packs.

You may open your eyes at this, but yeast has a definite value as a cosmetic.

Pure yeast from a brewery is the best kind to use. Mix it with milk to the consistency of cream. It should be smoothed on with the finger-tips lavishly so that not even the slightest glimpse of the skin can be seen.

Your hair, of course, must be covered with a towel. Start at the little hollow at the base of the throat-line, and continue right up over the eyelids to the hair-line. Leave on for fifteen to twenty minutes, or until dry. If necessary, you can hasten the drying process by using a fan.

While the pack is drying you will experience a slightly "pulling" sensation, but as this is part of the value of the treatment it must be ignored.

When quite dry, it must be cleaned off thoroughly with a piece of cotton-wool or towel wrung out in tepid water. The face should then be bathed with cold water. An astringent lotion containing witch-hazel is recommended for final application, before you make up.

AN OATMEAL PACK

OATMEAL is always good for the skin, and a soothing face-pack can be made from ordinary oatmeal made to a stiff paste with milk. Spread this on evenly and leave it on for a few minutes before washing it off with tepid water. This is a good pack to use after your face has been exposed to the sun.

EGG MASKS

A USEFUL "temporary" mask that is definitely refreshing, and which both cleanses and nourishes the skin, is the egg mask.

No. 1 is made from the yolk of an egg. Beat the yolk until it is creamy and then spread it quickly and smoothly over the face and neck with the finger-tips. Always work upwards. After it has dried—ten minutes should be sufficient for this—remove with a pad of cotton-wool dipped in rose-water. Follow this by patting the face with a pad soaked



HERE you see a close-up of Lillian Harvey, the lovely Fox Films star—her skin radiantly clear and beautiful after the clay pack.

in an astringent lotion. A few drops of eau de cologne in cold water will serve.

No. 2.—Take the white of one egg and mix with a sufficient quantity of fuller's earth, to make into a stiff paste. Apply all over the face like a mask, and keep on until thoroughly dry. Remove as you would the yeast pack, and apply a gentle astringent before you make up.

REJUVENATION!

A WONDERFULLY effective mask, called the rejuvenating mask, is made from the stiffly-beaten white of egg mixed with a little talc powder.

Cleanse the face first of all with milk of almonds, and then apply the mixture and leave till dry. Cleanse with tepid water and then run over the face with a pad dipped in the astringent lotion. This is a famous recipe—yet it is so simple.



NOT SO long ago the idea of covering the face with mud would have been repugnant to the fastidious woman. To-day, the mud pack is one of the most popular forms of facial treatment.

BLEACH MASK

THIS is for fallow and "high" complexioned people. Mix starch with milk and a few drops of peroxide to a medium paste. After cleansing the face with milk of almonds, apply this. When dry, remove with a towel dipped in tepid water, and then apply an astringent—cold water and witch-hazel.

★ ★ ★

Of course, you have all heard of the clay pack. The illustration shows the lovely Lillian Harvey being introduced to this stimulating beautifier. You can buy a reliable make of clay pack, and apply as you would the yeast pack.

...WHAT MY PATIENTS ASK ME

PATIENT: Doctor, I have heard that drinking water makes you fat. Is this correct?

IN the normal person, it is incorrect. Fat is stored up mainly from the fats and carbohydrates of the food in direct proportion to the amount eaten. This, of course, is within the limits of the human body, for no one can put on fat indefinitely, though some people reach colossal proportions. One Daniel Lambert was reported to weigh over forty

stone, and his waistcoat could accommodate seven men.

But there is a special mechanism in the body to control the intake and output of water and keep them in balance—the pituitary gland, which also has a large part in growth and sex development.

If there is something wrong with the gland, the body may not rid itself of all the fluid it takes in. There isn't much volume in a bucket of water, but it is certainly heavy, and if an equivalent amount is stowed away throughout the body, the affected person will certainly put on weight, even though he eats little. In such cases, the fluid intake should be watched just as carefully as is the food.

PATIENT: Is it true, doctor, that blood tests can determine whether or not a certain man is the parent of a child?

NOT quite true. In certain cases such a test can determine positively that a given man is not the parent of a certain child, but further the test cannot go.

By certain chemical reactions, blood can be separated in several groups which are to some extent specific. Thus a person belonging to one group never has children whose blood belongs to another group, so perhaps sometimes after all, when only one or two people are suspect, parentage can be determined.

Perhaps more interesting still is the study of blood grouping among different races. It has been found that the European races—Gypsy, Alpine, Nordic, Baltic, and Jew—have no markedly differing blood relations. On the other hand, European races seem to be developing as nationalities such



...BY A DOCTOR...

as English, German, etc., thereby seeming to deal a nasty blow at Hitler's ideal of a true Nordic civilisation.

The most characteristic blood serum was the Eskimo, which in addition to giving a definite serum reaction also has a strong fishy smell.

PATIENT: I have been suffering from a complaint which has caused me severe pain for some time. My doctor has been giving me morphia injections occasionally, as this is the only thing that gives me relief. Do you think, doctor, that there is any chance of my becoming a drug-addict?

VERY little, I should think. Some people have undoubtedly become addicts after morphine has been used on them for the relief of pain, but their number is infinitesimal in comparison.

Drug addiction is something apart from the ordinary use of drugs. It has been estimated by psychiatrists that the majority of drugs (including alcohol) addicts are abnormal mentally. Some put the figure as high as 86 per cent. It is said that most of these unfortunate are people who have been unable to cope efficiently with life and turn to drugs (again including alcohol) as a release from their conscious inferiority.

But the normal person can be given doses of morphine for medical reasons without fear of a habit being formed just as the normal person can take a drink without becoming a drunkard.

MISS MONICA MACK.

The Beautiful Theatrical Artist and Fashion Expert, is another of the lovely girls who use and recommend Mercolized Wax as the ideal skin and complexion beautifier.



Extracts from the Diary of a Globe Trotter

January 8, 1934: . . . Just fixed up trip to Australia. Thank goodness for a long sea voyage. May help my skin to clear up. Bridge to-night at the Chautauks. Hope Valerie is back from the Cape. January 9: . . . Thoroughly good show last night. Val turned up, having flown from Africa. Looks wonderful. Shocked at my appearance. Told her about the treatments I'd had. Most amused. Said: "My complexion's pretty good, what? And I've been in the jungle more or less for weeks. I just took my pet little beauty box along, that's all!" Promised to stay on after cocktail party here to-night, and tell me how she does it.

January 11: . . . Took Val's list to chemist to-day; stocked myself up for the trip with mercolized wax (complexion cream); stallax granules (shampoo); clynol berries (weight reducing); pheninol (underarm hair remover); tip (neutralise perspiration annoyance); collandum (cheek colour); prolectum (lip stick). Expect to surprise Dick, what with my new travelling rig, my new complexion and glossy hair. Sailing Friday week.

At Sea: . . . A red-letter day! Dick said, this morning: "Great Scott, this trip's doing you good. You look a different woman. Years younger." Mercolized wax had done exactly what Val said it would—absorbed into itself all impurities, particles of dead skin and powder which have too long been clouding my real skin. In a few days the effect was most marked, and my complexion really beautiful—no wonder Dick noticed it.

At Sea—Colombo yesterday: . . . My hair got very dull and sticky all those days out, and I did want it to be right for looking up the Gordons at the Galle Face. Thank goodness I'd brought along the stallax granules. A quick little shampoo with some of these in the water washed away all sticky salt and dandruff and left my hair better than it's looked for ages. Stallax has a faint but very lovely perfume too. Dick noticed it and liked it.

At Sea—off Perth: . . . We land tomorrow for a few hours. Must remember to get more clynol berries. They kept my weight down beautifully on the ship. Getting hotter and hotter. Must get more tip to dab on underarms to neutralise perspiration annoyance and stop ruining my tracks there.

EXERCISE FOR BEAUTY



THIS WILL bring down your thighs, and round the undeveloped calf. Place your hands on your hips, go up on your toes and bend the knees, keeping the back straight and shoulders well back. Demonstrated by Rochelle Hudson, of Fox Films.



Olive Oil

is nature's great beautifier

—and it's olive oil that makes Palmolive green

CLEOPATRA knew the beauty value of olive and palm oils; so did other lovely women of her time. And from that day to this, nothing has taken the place of those priceless natural oils for skin protection.

Palmolive Soap is the modern development of this age-old beauty formula. The only oils in Palmolive are the soothing beauty oils from the olive tree, the African palm and the coconut palm. That accounts for Palmolive's natural green colour. That accounts, too, for its gentle, mild, thorough cleansing. Palmolive refreshes the skin and keeps it supple and smooth.

Now that Palmolive is selling at the lowest price in history, give yourself the benefit of this finest of all beauty care for the bath, too.

The seal on the right shows the exact amount of olive oil we put into each cake.



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ARISTOCRATS of the GARDEN

Carnations are easy to Grow—Says the OLD GARDENER

Those who love carnations—and who does not?... for they are, undoubtedly, the aristocrats of the garden—will be more than interested in this week's talk by the Old Gardener.

COMING along just now, I noticed a lady working hard in her garden, so I thought I would go in, Miss, and make myself known to her.

"And so you're the Old Gardener," she says. "I was saying only last night to my husband that I would like the Old Gardener to see my garden." I says, "Well, here I am, and what a nice little garden you have."

It was a pretty garden, all neat and trim—spick and span, as we call it. And there she was, dis-budding her dahlias and chrysanthemums, tying up plants here and there, and clipping off all the dead and dying flowers, quite professional-like.

I've often noticed that garden, Miss, when I come along this way, and my word, it used to be so neglected; but now, what a garden! It does my heart good to see people proud of their achievements in garden work.

Some people have an idea that carnations are hard to grow. Not they—just a little care and attention, and, of course, patience, are needed.

They like to be grown well out in the open, where they get the morning sun. They need plenty of room, and good, rich, loamy soil. The soil should be a little heavy. Too much sand is not the ideal for them, as people sometimes think. Carnations like firm planting, and this cannot be done in sandy soil. Almost any soil can be brought up to the right condition.

Dig the bed deep, Miss, but don't remove the subsoil. One of the most essential things is to see that the bed is well drained; wet, sticky, or sour soil is fatal to them—brings on collar rot and other fungoid diseases. Lime, that's what they like. It sweetens the soil and keeps down many diseases and insect pests; also assists the plants generally.

Have you tried growing carnations from seed, Miss? It's very interesting.

You have a nice carnation plant over there; plenty of cuttings. Let me show you how to take cuttings. See those little grass-like pieces on the sides? They're just the pieces we require. Don't cut them off—tear them off this way,

and we'll make this semi-shaded corner the nursery.

I'll dig the soil over for you, rake it level, and put about an inch of that good, sharp sand you have there all over the bed.

Put the cuttings in this way: Press the soil around the base of the cutting firmly with the two thumbs, like this.



WHILE makers of artificial flowers strive to make their posies look like real ones, a new school of flower-arrangers are slaving with equal fervor to give their bouquets a stiff and artificial air. Here a novel effect is gained by a cone of white, with a spiral of red, carnations.

See, that presses all the air out from the bottom of the cutting. Now, there you are!

Now, keep them damp, not too wet, because they will rot off. It takes from six weeks to two months for them to root, then you can shift them to their permanent positions.

Cuttings taken from now on to the

end of March will flower during the latter part of the following summer. By the way, young plants must not be allowed to flower too soon. Keep them nipped back until the plant has a good foundation. The nipping back makes a good, strong, bushy plant which will give a profusion of flowers at the right time.

Always dis-bud when coming into flower, leaving the main bud. Nip off all side buds.

LAYERING is another good method.

Miss, to secure young plants. This is done by pressing down the side shoots on the old plants. Split the under side of the shoot in the form of a tongue, and pin them down with pieces of wire made with a hook on one end, to keep the layer in place; cover with soil, and in a few weeks it will root; then cut off with a sharp knife, and the young plant is ready for its permanent position.

When transplanting young plants, Miss, sharp sand should be placed around the base. This keeps the stem dry, and prevents collar rot.

Old plants which have been well cut back should now begin to show plenty of growth. A sprinkling of bone-dust or blood and bone over the bed, and forked lightly in, will help them considerably.

Keep that carnation bed well worked, Miss, and free from weeds. Stake them where necessary, although plants well grown, very seldom need staking unless, of course, they be the tall-growing varieties.

I LOVE the old-time carnations, and here are the names of some of them well worth pride of place in any garden.

Crimson: Wunda, Fiery Cross, Emperor, Rose Bay, and John Story. Pink and Salmon Shades: Owen Carroll, Salamander, Apsley, Donet, Summit, and Fair Maid.

White: Whydenta, Mrs. C. Harris, White Wonder, and White Sequence.

Cerise Shades: Anita, Supreme, and Superb.

Mauve Shades: Geisha, Mauve King, and The Shell.

Yellow: Saffron and Desert Gold.

Some of the other kinds and colors worth trying, Miss, are: Avignon, Carlton Beauty, Mrs. Kerlake, Chancellor, Nirvana, Gheena, Sunbeam, Beauty, The Prince, Maisie, Marden, Mrs. Miller, and Windford.

Well, I must be going again, Miss. It's come along for another chat next week. It's great weather, isn't it?

Rid Your Home of FLEAS!

When fleas become established in rugs and carpets there's only one sure way of getting rid of them. Sprinkle Pulvex Powder throughout your home. Pulvex cannot harm children or animals—it is non-poisonous and harmless to everything except insects.



COOPER'S PULVEX

KILLS all fleas

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Things That Happen

TOLD BY READERS

EXCITING or humorous incidents brought to your knowledge may be of interest to others. Tell them to The Australian Women's Weekly and mark your envelope "Things That Happen." Items must be true, and must not have been published before, or submitted to other journals. Payment for every item used in this section will be posted to contributors immediately after publication.

A Strange Bank

A PATIENT in the adjoining bed to mine in a public hospital had a wooden leg. In the course of medical treatment it was discovered that the leg was virtually a safe deposit, and contained over £75 in cash.—J.A.

Became a Habit

COMING home from my office recently I saw two little twin girls apparently quarrelling, and as I approached, one gave the other a nasty clout. The receiver burst into tears, and, to pacify her, I gave her a penny and told her not to cry.

Now, every time they see me coming, one slaps the other, and the crying follows. So embarrassing has it become that I have decided to come home by a different route.—"Marjorie."

First and, Perhaps, Last

ATTRACTED by the exclamation of a fellow passenger on a tram crossing Sydney's Harbour Bridge, I asked his companion if the occasion marked their first view of Sydney's "Exhibit A."

"Yes," she replied, "and for my husband, it will possibly be the last."

Following an accident to the man's eyes, the couple had travelled some five hundred miles to consult an eye specialist.

With his foot on the great man's doorstep, the patient had turned to his wife.

"Let's take a tram across the bridge before we hear the verdict," he said. Arrived on the other side, they left the tram to return to the fateful interview.

And as the tram rumbled on without them, I found that my own eyes, too, were rather blurred.—C.F.

Elusive Needle

THE other evening, while sewing, I lost my needle and, after a thorough search, gave it up. When undressing for bed I found it buried in my leg, almost up to the eye. Strangely enough, I had not felt the slightest pain.—E.M.

Coats and Chivalry Again

SEATED behind her boy friend on a motor cycle, a lass had the unenviable experience of watching her skirt and milanesse slip disappear round the front wheel, leaving her clad only in a black jumper and milanesse scanties.

With the grace and ready thought of Sir Walter Raleigh of happy memory, the lad took off his coat, wrapped it round her nether limbs, and hastily drove her away from the amused gaze of numerous onlookers.—S.R.

The Cause Was Good

I RECENTLY called on a firm employing a large number of men and boys, and noticed a collection box in aid of a certain mission's funds. Attached to the box was a card inscribed, "Fine, 3d, for swearing. The funds go to help a worthy cause." The office was had gone one better, however, and added, "Buck up, boys, and fill the box."—E.M.I.

The Family Medicine

A GIRL friend was telling me the other day what a martyr she was to indigestion. I advised her to consult a medical man and get a prescription. "I take medicine for it," she told me. "Mum gives me some of hers." I found on inquiry that Mum's medicine came from the hospital, and was supplied as a remedy for blood pressure and colic.—T.T.

FISH... Comes into ITS OWN!

These Recipes suggest many interesting new ways of serving Fish during Lent

By MARGARET SHEPHERD
Instructor to Leading Hospitals



"NICE little WNS for my dinner," says this milkmaid. "nice" they will be. So many tempting ways are given in the following recipes. Try 'em!

MODERN methods of refrigeration and transportation are making it possible to ship fresh fish into areas far removed from the sea coast.

When you cannot obtain fresh fish, however, tinned and dried fish are well worth your consideration.

Before giving you the recipes, I want to give you a few hints regarding the cooking and handling of fish:

Wash your hands in strong salt water if they smell "fishy." Put a generous handful of salt in the dish-water when you wash the utensils in which the fish has been cooked. If a "fishy" odor fills the house, burn some sugar in a pan and the fish smell will soon disappear.

Stewed Fish and Caper Gravy

One flathead, 1 tablespoon vinegar, 1 pint water, 1 small onion, 1 tablespoon flour, 2 tablespoons butter or good dripping, 1 dessertspoon capers, salt, and pepper.

Skin the fish or fillets and cut into suitable-sized pieces; rub in flour to which has been added salt and pepper. Heat the butter or dripping and when a faint blue smoke rises from it fry the pieces of fish quickly on both sides. Lift on to kitchen paper to drain. Fry the finely-chopped onion until brown. Lift out the onion, add the flour, and cook until it browns; then add the water by degrees, stirring all the time. Now return the onion, add the vinegar, pepper, and capers. Simmer for four minutes. Return the fillets, and cook gently for 10

IT HAS been estimated that there are two hundred and fifty kinds of edible fish. Of course, only a small percentage of these are obtainable in Australia, and even if the bulk were, we should not care for some of them.

But the fact for us to bear in mind is that fish is a food of so many varieties that it need never become monotonous, even in Lent, when it appears more often than usual on the menus.



STUFFED fillets of fish are really delicious. See recipe below. Many readers will appreciate also the hints given on this page for the baking, frying, steaming, or grilling of fish.

salt and pepper to taste, 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind, little nutmeg.

Skin the fillets and remove the bones. Wash in cold, salted water; dry, and squeeze a little lemon juice on the dark side of the fish. Add the salt, pepper, nutmeg, and lemon rind to the bread-crumbs. Moisten with the melted butter and a little egg yolk, if liked. Place a small portion in each fillet and fold over. Arrange on a greased baking dish, cover with a greased paper or an inverted plate. Bake in a moderate oven 20 minutes. Lift out, and sprinkle with finely-chopped parsley, and garnish with slices of lemon.

Oyster Tart

Two doz. oysters, 1 lb. puff or flaky pastry, 1 tablespoon butter, 1 tablespoon flour, 1 cup milk, 1 cup oyster liquor, piece lemon rind, 8 peppercorns, 1 slice onion, blade mace, cayenne, or paprika.

Put the milk and liquor into a saucepan with the onion, peppercorns, mace, lemon rind, and half teaspoon salt. Simmer slowly for ten minutes. Strain. Melt the butter in a saucepan, add the flour; mix and add the milk, a little at a time. Return to the stove and stir until it boils; simmer five minutes. Now add one dessertspoon lemon juice and the oysters. Keep in a warm spot—do not allow to boil again. Line a tin with the pastry and cook in a hot oven for

water till soft; strain. Strain the tin of salmon, break into small pieces, and put into a saucepan with the melted butter, rice, mustard, salt, and pepper. When very hot turn on to a plate. Sprinkle with chopped parsley, and garnish with rings of cold hard-boiled eggs.

Baked Fish

Baking fish white in the oven is an attractive and easy method. Lay the fish, fillets or otherwise, in a well-buttered fireproof dish, sprinkle with salt, lemon juice, and a little stock, and cover with a piece of buttered paper. Cook for about 15 minutes, according to the type and thickness of the fish.

Fried Fish

For successful frying, intense heat is necessary. After you have washed and dried the

fish, dip each piece first into flour, then into milk or beaten egg, and finally into sieved white bread-crumbs, and lay as many pieces as can be comfortably accommodated in the frying basket. Meanwhile the fat should be getting hot in the pan.

When it is boiling—that is, when the blue haze rises and there is no movement whatsoever—plunge the basket and its contents into it and keep it submerged until the fish becomes a good golden brown color.

Lift the basket out of the pan, drain the fillets or cutlets of superfluous fat, and arrange them on the dish for serving.

Failure in fish-frying is usually due to fat that is not sufficiently hot. Unless the fat is boiling when the food is introduced, it will not automatically seal the outer surfaces, so it is bound to penetrate and produce a sodden and unappetising fillet or cutlet.

Grilled Fish

Grilling is really very simple. Place the fish flat on the rack in the grilling tray and stand them under the fierce heat of the grill until one side is cooked, and then turn them over and cook the other side.

The one pitfall in grilling lies in the grill itself. You must have it red hot before you put the food underneath it. Grilling takes anything up to seven minutes according to the thickness of the fish that you are cooking, and only once during the operation must that fish be turned.

All fish require to have a few nuts of butter laid upon them to prevent dryness during the grilling.

Steamed Fish

One of the simplest ways of steaming fillets or thin cutlets is to lay the fish on a well-buttered plate, put a few nuts of butter on top, and cover with a second plate. Stand all over a saucepan of boiling water and keep the water boiling rapidly for about twenty minutes. Fish thus treated is light and nourishing, and will be much enjoyed by invalids and small children. The melted butter can be served as sauce.

Boiled fish is too often a sodden, flaccid mass. To boil fish successfully, put it into a pan containing half milk and half water, bring all rapidly to the boil, and then lower the heat so that the liquid will keep only at simmering point. If you boil fish rapidly all the time of cooking, it will crumble and the outside be cooked while the inside is raw and tough.



A SANDWICH TO YOU—BUT A STAIN TO YOUR TEETH!

7 kinds of stains discolour teeth—COLGATE'S REMOVES ALL SEVEN

MANY AN attractive woman wonders why her teeth are often dull, lustreless—even after brushing.

She doesn't know that the things she eats and drinks put seven kinds of stains on her teeth.

She doesn't know that ordinary toothpastes will not remove all seven. That Colgate's will.

For Colgate's, unlike ordinary toothpastes, does not rely on one way of cleansing—it has two actions.

Some food stains yield to washing action, some only to polishing action. Both are needed to give teeth spotless lustre.

As you brush Colgate's over your teeth, it foams. The polishing action of this foam loosens most of the stains, dissolves them, washes them away. The polishing ingredient in Colgate's—a safe powder such as dentists use—completes the job of removing the stains, leaving your teeth thoroughly clean—beautiful—harming.

So stop trying to get teeth clean with a toothpaste that does only half the job.

Send for a FREE sample tube today. Enclose 3d. to cover cost of packing and postage to Colgate-Palmolive-Peet Company Ltd., Box 2701C, G.P.O., Sydney.

For beautiful, stain-free teeth—use Colgate's twice a day, and see your dentist frequently.

The 7 causes of stains that discolour teeth

Group No. 1—Starchy foods
Group No. 2—Sugar foods
Group No. 3—Protein foods
Group No. 4—Fatty foods
Group No. 5—Mineral foods
Group No. 6—Fruits
Group No. 7—Beverages and Tobacco

Price 1/3d. a large tube. Also in powder form 1/6d. a bottle.



DO YOU KNOW THAT...

FISH is rich in protein, therefore a valuable substitute for meat?
Fish is less rich in extractives, therefore not so stimulating as meat?
Fish is easily digested on account of the large quantities of water it contains?

Fish when dried, smoked, or salted is not as easily digested as fresh fish?

Fish is rich in phosphorus, a constituent of bones and teeth?

Fish is rich in iodine, a substance necessary for health?

Fish is a delicious food if properly cooked?

Dark-fleshed fish (as mullet) should be skinned before cooking, the flesh then wiped with a damp cloth and lemon juice squeezed over it to remove the oily flavor?

All fatty fish are rich in vitamin A?

That fat MUST be at boiling point, that is, a blue smoke rising from it, before frying fish?

Fish can be fried, poached, baked, steamed, or grilled?

Lobster and crab are deficient in fat, therefore it is necessary to serve oil or butter with them?

minutes with a cover on the saucepan. Lift gently on to a dish, and pour the gravy around. Garnish with slices of lemon.

Crab and Prawn Ramekins

One tin crabmeat or fresh-cooked crab, 1 cup shelled prawns, 3 tablespoons butter, 2 tablespoons flour, 1 cup milk, salt and pepper, bread-crumbs.

Melt the butter in a saucepan. Add the flour. Mix well, then add the milk; stir until it boils, and simmer four minutes. Add the prawns and crabmeat broken into small pieces. Heat thoroughly. (Chopped olives may be added to this mixture.) Grease some small moulds or ramekins; fill with the above mixture, cover the top with bread-crumbs, and bake in a hot oven until the crumbs are a delicate brown.

Stuffed Fillets

Fillets of mullet or whiting, 11 cups bread-crumbs, 2 tablespoons butter, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley,

the first 15 minutes. Reduce the heat, and cook slowly for another 15 or 20 minutes. Lift on to a serving dish, and fill the centre with the oyster sauce. Sprinkle paprika on top, and garnish with lemon.

Salmon Mornay

Three cups hot mashed potatoes, 1 cup grated cheese, 1 egg, 11 cups white sauce, 1 large tin salmon, seasoned crumbs.

Line a greased fletcher or casserole dish with mashed potato. Mix a well-beaten egg to the white sauce, add the cheese, and pour the mixture over the potato. Then add the well-drained salmon, broken into small pieces. Cover with the remainder of the sauce. Sprinkle with crumbs, and bake in a hot oven 20 minutes.

Salmon Kedgerie

One tin salmon, 2 hard-boiled eggs, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, 2oz. melted butter, 6oz. boiled rice, mustard, salt, and pepper.

Cook the rice in rapidly-boiling salted

TO-DAY we announce the prize-winner in the popular cheese contest. Next week the results of the apple competition will be published.

On March 10, £1 will be awarded for the best recipe received for any kind of dish for any occasion—an open field. It will only take a minute or two to write out a good recipe, so send it along. Consolation prizes are also awarded.

GOLDEN BUCK

Quarter-pound Cheddar cheese, 2 eggs, 1/2oz. butter, 1/2 teaspoon Worcester Sauce, 1/2 teaspoon lemon juice, 2 tablespoons of salt, cream, or milk (milk will do, but neither of the others improves the flavor), pepper, neat squares hot buttered toast, and little chopped parsley.

Grate or chop cheese finely, put it in a saucepan with butter and milk. Stir over the till it is consistency of cream. Then add beaten eggs, sauce, lemon juice, and pepper to taste. Stir the mixture over the fire till it thickens. Serve on toast with a little parsley sprinkled over.

£1 prize to Mrs. Connell, 14 Myrtle Grove, Brompton N19, Melbourne, Vic.

CHEESE AND PINEAPPLE CAKE

Enough to cup sugar and 1/2 cup butter, add cream and mix to form a stiff dough. Bake in a buttered cake tin for 15 or 20 minutes in hot oven. Remove from oven, spread thickly with Cheddar cheese, and then a layer of pineapple which has been well drained.

Consolation prize of 2/6 to Mrs. Ridley, 44 Church St., Footscray, Victoria, Qld.

CHEESE DAINTIES

Cut cheese into pieces about one inch square, and same thickness. Take from strawberries, one for each piece of cheese. Mix a light pancake batter with 2 eggs, 1/2 cup water, 1/2 cup milk, and enough flour to make the right consistency. Press strawberry on butter of cheese, dip in batter, and fry in oil or butter till brown. Serve hot with lemon.

Consolation prize of 2/6 to Mrs. A. Saiter, 2 Henry St., Wickham, via Newcastle, N.S.W.

A SMALL portion of ham will retain all its moistness and flavor if, before boiling, a flour and water paste is spread over the cut part, and a cloth tied over it. When cooked leave in water until cold. It will be found that the taste is quite as perfect as a whole ham.

HOT HOLBROOK says: I blend, I stir, and I brew the Sauce of the House of Holbrook. The World's Appliance, &c.

THEN Tollerton sauntered in on his crutches. I never came across anyone else who could get the effect of sauntering on crutches, but Tollerton is always tremendously IT, and I'm not sure that, though he was so dreadfully smashed up in the war, he is not even more IT than ever. But I'm afraid he won't live to be Earl of Easingwold, poor chap, which is what keeps me tied to the place, except for a few months at a time, like that shot at getting rich quickly in New York. He was as pleased as the governor to see me back, and took to Sarah and comrade Kwei at once.

Then Strenall came to say that Miss Burton's rooms were ready, and Alicia insisted on carrying Kwei up to them. I stayed and told the others about New York, and how I hadn't found a job to get rich in.

Then I handed the job I'd been carrying about with me to Aunt Caroline; I said: "So I've come back to buy the bee farm I've always wanted, with the money Aunt Caroline promised me."

"What money?" snapped Aunt Caroline.

The Emerald CELT

"Well, when I was starting you were so certain that I was going to return destitute and in rags that you said you would cheerfully give me three times whatever I brought back above sixpence. Here's the sixpence, and here's a five and four Bradburys and two thousand-dollar notes. So you owe me twenty-seven pounds and six thousand dollars, which is twelve hundred guineas. And I'll put up a bee farm under the edge of the wold and sell the best honey in England by the ton."

It was a jolt all right; Aunt Caroline gasped. But when she had got breath enough to say she'd been joking, the governor and Tollerton were down on her like a cart-load of bricks, and in the end she gave in. It has done her a world of good parting with that twelve hundred, made her more civil.

Then Sarah and Alicia came down, and we went in to lunch, and there was no butcher's meat.

After lunch I showed the governor the emerald celt, and it fairly startled

him. He said that it might be a symbol or it might be a talisman, or it might be connected with one of the obscure cults which have lived on under the official religions of China, but, anyhow, it was worth a good many thousand pounds, and the best place for it was the vaults of Coutts' till the baby grew up. He would make inquiries about it cautiously, next time he went to London. I handed it over to him. It would be best that it should be in Coutts' when the Chinamen came to Easingwold. I saw no chance of their not coming.

WHEN I woke up next morning and heard only the sounds of the country, cattle lowing and sheep bleating away in the fields, and the doves cooing in the cedars in the gardens, and the peacocks screaming, my expedition to New York seemed no more than a dream—all except the end of it with Sarah and comrade Kwei in it. I settled down to the old life without an effort.

But about five days later Sarah said

Continued
from
Page 8

to me, one evening when we were walking in the garden after dinner: "Now that I've got Kwei comfortably settled at Easingwold, I suppose I can be getting home."

"You want a holiday already?" I said, pretty severely.

"A holiday?" she said.

"Well, the agreement was that you should be my secretary for a year if I paid your passage to England. Agreements have to be kept, and now that I'm a capitalist it's my job to exact my pound of flesh and grind the faces of the poor."

"I can see you doing it," she said, grinning at me.

"You will see me grinding this one," said I.

"But you don't want a secretary," she said.

"I do want a secretary. Did you ever hear of anyone running a bee farm without a secretary? And, anyhow, I've got a secretary, and I'm going to keep it. I've got into the way of having one, and I can't do without it. You know perfectly well I can't."

"I don't," she said.

"Well, it's early yet, but you'll learn that it is so," said I, being diplomatic, for I didn't want to rush things.

She said nothing for about half a minute; she seemed to be thinking; then she said: "Oh, well, it's a good thing I didn't take any autumn and winter frocks with me to New York; but by next spring I shall be going about in rags."

"A salary will be arranged," said I, in a lolly way.

"It won't! It wasn't in the bargain! And if you think I'm going to take a salary for doing nothing at all, you're wrong!" she said, flaring up rather.

"There will be plenty to do," I said.

"I shall be handling most of the governor's correspondence, and there'll be letters and letters about all kinds of things connected with the bee farm. You'll have heaps to do."

That seemed to satisfy her, for she calmed down and said no more about going.

She was uncommonly useful, for so many more letters got written, letters about the estate; and she fitted into our life at the Hall perfectly. Also she kept possession of comrade Kwei, though I wanted to get him a nurse, and looked after him. He saw a lot of country life and got plenty of fresh air, because when I drove about the estate, keeping tenants up to the mark or looking into their complaints, or went fishing or shooting, I took him with me—at least, she brought him. It was surprising the amount of ground she could cover with comrade Kwei on her hip and how quickly she learnt to throw a fly. Alicia, who is nearly as good a fisherman and shot as I am, often came with us, but I thought myself that we got on better alone.

Of course, Aunt Caroline did not make herself pleasant to Sarah, but then she did not know how, and one day she descended on me in the gun-room, and said: "I want to speak to you seriously, Jocelyn. You've got to bear in mind that you'll be Earl of Easingwold one of these days."

"Not for at least seven thousand of them. So we won't start worrying about that," said I.

"But you must remember your responsibilities, and I feel it my duty to warn you. That girl, Miss Burton, is setting her cap at you," she went on, with a sour face and a voice like vinegar.

"It's very good of you, Aunt Caroline. But you're wrong," I said. "I'm setting my cap at her; and we'll let it go at that."

There was rather a fuss; but we let it go at that.

THEN the governor went up to London and took the emerald celt with him. He left it at Coutts' and came back rather uneasy about it. He had shown it to an expert in Chinese things who had only been able to tell him that, from the style of the carving, he believed it to be Middle Ming, about the end of the fifteenth century. Without telling him that it was in England, that expert had made inquiries about it of two of the leading London Chinese, and they had seemed immensely astonished that a European should ever have heard of it. In fact, they gave him the impression that it was something very important indeed, and that they were very much annoyed that he should have heard about it. So it seemed more unlikely than ever that I should be allowed to keep it till comrade Kwei's twenty-first birthday without a struggle, or perhaps two. I might have to deal with the London Chinamen first and the comrade's step-brothers afterwards, or with both combined. But it would be some time before the New York Chinamen could take a hand in the game.

The weeks ran on, but nothing happened till the last Thursday in September, and then things began to move rather suddenly. On Thursday, from eleven till six, the historic parts of the Hall are open to visitors, and a confounded nuisance they are. But we have to let people see it, and we stick them; and, of course, three or



"We'll never get our furniture into this room!"

"We might if we scraped the wall-paper off."

THE GOV.

four thousand a year come in useful for repairs. After lunch on that Thursday, Sarah came in the West wing. Sarah amused the comrade, now beginning one of the large cars from the Station Hotel at York, over the drive full of visitors. The help, sitting beside the driver, a yellow Chinaman. The tro as going to begin.

I said nothing, Sarah. Why worry her? I went down to the hall and told Strenall to keep an eye on the Chinaman and see that he did not stray from the party. Then I went back to Sarah and suggested that we should try to catch a dish of trout for dinner, and we went.

The stream comes down from the wold, and the green pool, which we fished in half-way up the slope at the north-western corner of the home wood, and there is a clear view down into the gardens from it. I kept an eye on them, and in about three-quarters of an hour I saw a figure come out of the door at the end of the east wing. It was the big Chinaman. He moved about uncommonly quickly, taking cover wherever there was any, and I tumbled to it that he was making a careful reconnaissance of the house and gardens.

I stood watching him, not thinking of Sarah, when she suddenly said from behind me: "What's that fat man doing in the gardens?"

"I was just wondering," I said, quietly.

"WHY, it's a Chinaman!" she said.

I tried to persuade her that it wasn't, but she wouldn't have it, and she was a good deal upset about it, more upset than I had expected, but she certainly had grown tremendously fond of comrade Kwei. I told her that it was the celt they were after, not the comrade, but she said that their only way of getting the celt was to get the comrade, and then I should have no right to it, and they could make me hand it over. There was a lot in that.

We did not go back to the Hall till we saw the car full of visitors leave, the big Chinaman again sitting beside the driver. Strenall was uncommonly peeved about the Chinaman's slipping away, but for the first half-hour the beggar had been the life of the party, in the forefront and asking all the questions, and then he wasn't there. When the others came out of the Hall they found him sitting in the car, talking to the driver. A cool beggar.

We held a council of war that evening and decided that the Chinaman's examining the house and gardens meant that they were going to break in one night and try to get away with Kwei, and probably the celt as well. It did not look an easy job. So we transferred Sarah and the comrade to Henry VIII's bedroom above the great hall, because we all slept in bedrooms round it. Also I told the keepers and the gardeners and the shepherds on the wold to keep their eyes open for Chinamen, especially at night, so that all the countryside would be on the lookout for them. I could not see how, unless they made an attack in force, they could find out where Kwei was sleeping. Also I arranged that the York police should let me know if any Chinamen came to York.

Nothing happened; no Chinamen appeared. Then, five days later, Alicia came in to tea one afternoon, looking rather startled. Sarah saw it, and asked her what had happened.

"Oh, I had rather a jar. Hawkins told me that there were a couple of coveys of partridges in the long meadow, and I went down to try to get a brace. I couldn't get near them, and gave it up, and on my way back, in the middle of the home wood, I heard something move on my right, and looked round and saw a yellow face staring at me round the trunk of a large elm about thirty yards in, and when I saw it, it vanished. I was glad I had my gun with me, I can tell you."

Please turn to Page 38

DON'T SUFFER THE HUMILIATION OF SKIN BLEMISHES!

She hated the thought of going out! Her new outfit was certainly smart. But the whole effect was spoiled. Her skin was dull and blotchy.



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with

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If you want to remove every disheartening blemish from your skin, and be quite sure they will never return—use Rexona Medicated Soap regularly. Rexona Soap contains marvellous medications that heal and tone-up the skin and remove the cause of blemishes.

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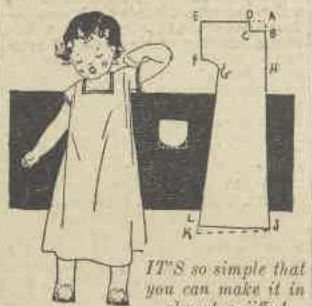
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HELP for MOTHERS

Directions with diagram are given here for the little girl's nightie. Send for pattern to make the lad's smart outfit. Price, 9½d.

WX 348.—BOY'S cream silk shirt with short sleeves and roll collar, and cream silk trousers. Material required, two yards 36-inch. To fit 4-6 years. Other size, 6-8 years. Paper Pattern, 9½d.



NIGHTGOWNS are much easier to make than pyjamas, especially when you choose a pattern that is of simple one-piece construction, as shown here.

All the sewing that needs to be done consists of two French seams, one at either side, a hem round the lower edge, and hem or other finish at the neck and edges of the very short sleeves. If you like, and you want to add a little decoration to the nightgown you may finish neck and sleeves with a narrow scalloped edge done with embroidery cotton or with a fine crocheted edge, done with a steel crocheted hook and crocheted cotton.

If you are making the nightgowns for a little girl who appreciates color, choose pastel-toned soft cotton material—light blue, pink, corn-color, or Nile green.

The measurements for the diagram pattern are as follows: A, 56 inches; AB, 4½in.; AH, 9½in.; AE, 11in.; AD, 10in.; DC, 4½in.; BC, 3in.; EF, 4in.; GH, 10in.; JK, 8in.; KL, 11in.

Connect the different points with

Just a Suggestion

CHARMING duchesse sets can be made of pastel toned organdie, and these can be embroidered with either fine silk or mercerised cotton thread.

Another good material is Swiss dotted muslin; this looks perfectly sweet if embroidered in an old-fashioned flower sprig design. Very smart ones can also be made from tussore silk. As you know, these can be quickly washed and ironed in a jiffy when dry.

Now you can be YOUR OWN MILLINER!

Here's such a pert little Hat for you to make yourself!

Designed expressly for our readers, only three-quarters of a yard of material is required—and the pattern, which costs only 7d. Make it from pique, linen, or any material to match your latest frock. Donegal tweed, the tweed that is greatly favored for autumn and winter wear, offers itself admirably to this style. You can stitch the brim for extra firmness to tone in with the tweed.

If you've never attempted a hat before you will be able to make this cunning little affair with absolute ease.

On each section of the pattern, the instructions are given in a clearly-defined manner. There is no possibility of any mistake being made. In short, you will be able to turn out a little model with quite a professional air. The pattern has been cut to fit a



21½-inch size head. It will be necessary to cut the brim and crown-band longer, if you find your head is larger—when



ANYONE SEEKING a smart little hat of feathery lightness will not be able to resist making this. Only ¾-yard of material is necessary—and the pattern, which costs 7d.

the ordinary measurement tape is run round your head.

Be sure to cut the crown-band on the cross of material.

The perforated lines given on pattern sections indicate exact size of hat; a margin is left for turnings.

It is advisable when making, to run a jacking thread around the perforated tip of crown—also crown-band. This eliminates any difficulty in fitting.

The smart pleat showing on the crown is marked effectively in the pattern so that you will be able to proceed with the making without the slightest bother.

With regard to the trimming. The original shows a smart little band of black corded ribbon with a fringed end. A good idea would be for you to have a series of bands to match your frocks.

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Tray-cloth or Centre-piece...

Featuring Federal Parliament House, Canberra

THOSE who delight in having something unusual, and at the same time decoratively useful for the home, will have great pleasure in crocheting this unique design. Full accurate directions will be forwarded readers directly on application for 3d., together with stamped, readdressed envelope. Please note that this design is absolutely exclusive to The Australian Women's Weekly.

By the way, friends overseas would appreciate such a cloth with its stately Australian symbol, so here is your chance to immortalise Federal Parliament House, and make a happy gift.

All these patterns, crochet directions, and traced linen articles, quoted on this page, may be obtained from The Australian Women's Weekly on personal application, or by post, at the prices indicated, at—

SYDNEY: Macdonell House, 321 Pitt St.

MELBOURNE: The Age Chambers, 239 Collins St.

BRISBANE: Shell House, Ann St.

DON'T let sun & wind shrivel your face into WRINKLES



Your face cannot resist wrinkles under summer conditions unless you take steps to prevent the drying out of the natural oils of the skin. In Summer-time, to keep your skin supple and wrinkle-free, do this each day before going out—Wash the face, using "Paris" Facial Soap. Then smooth a little Kathleen Court Cold Cream into the skin. Wipe off with a towel and apply a fine film of "Facial Youth" Day Cream. Follow with one of the Kathleen Court Face Powders, Rouges and Lipsticks.

With this simple treatment you not only increase your immediate loveliness, but, which is quite as important, you prevent your skin-cell parching; you also correct facial oil-balance and resilience. Even my rouges and lipsticks definitely help in this matter. The total cost is very moderate.



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FULL, ACCURATE, easy-to-follow directions can be had immediately. Send 3d. and stamped, re-addressed envelope.

He Won't Mind Wiping Dishes

with this Linen Tea Towel! Traced linen tea towels showing a pretty teapot and "Lazy Daisy" design, with colorful check borders and hemstitched ends, can be had for 1/10, post free. Send for half a dozen!



PETROV, our artist, gives an impression of a co-artist using quite happily one of these superb drying tea towels. The towel measures 24 by 31 inches. Such a generous size—and it will give months and months of constant service. Similar towels, without the traced design, cost 1/9, post free.



First favourite at the picnic! Anchovette sandwiches are enjoyed by everyone—young and old. Anchovette is the most popular sandwich filling in Australia. Get a jar today.





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The Emerald CELT

Continued from Page 36

"A L.L. Imagination. Your head's full of Chinamen, and you'll be seeing them everywhere," said Aunt Caroline, instantly.

But I did not agree with her; Alicia is only fourteen, but she is level-headed enough and has no nerves. But how had a Chinaman got into the home wood? Where had he come from, and how? Not from York and not by train, or I should have heard about it. But nowadays it is so much easier to get about unobserved; a motor car might have brought him from Leeds and dropped him, and be coming back for him.

I told Hawkins that there was a Chinaman in the home wood, but he would not believe it. But the home wood is a couple of miles long, running up to the edge of the wold, and a mile across, and here and there an acre or so is pathless. After dinner that night I went down to it myself and slipped quietly into it, and moved quietly along the edge of it nearest the Hall.

The light of the harvest moon was almost as bright as day. I saw nothing and heard nothing till I had turned and was coming back. I came to one of the broad drives that run right through the wood and stopped and looked down it. About a hundred yards down I saw two rabbits bolt across it, as if they were scared badly. It might have been a stoat, but I waited. Then two men ran quickly across it. They were short, slim men, much too small to be any of the keepers. There was more than one Chinaman in the home wood.

But even then I did not tumble to what they were really up to, and I slept that night with my bedroom door open and my automatic under my pillow. Nothing happened.

I SPENT most of the next morning and afternoon arranging a grand search of the home wood. I got together nearly a hundred men, chiefly tenants and farm laborers, to meet on the wold at the top of the wood at seven in the morning to sweep down the length of the wold and drive the Chinamen down to the road that runs to Easingwold along the bottom of it. These a dozen men would be posted to catch them. It would be worth ten pounds' worth of beer.

After tea Sarah and I went up to the stream for trout; Alicia came with us as far as the stream, and went on to shoot rabbits. We fished the green pool, Sarah carrying comrade Kwei comfortably on her left hip as she threw the fly. Like a fool, without thinking, I moved on up the stream, leaving her at the green pool. I had gone about seventy yards up it, when there came a scream from Sarah.

Then a loud cry: "Joos! The Chinamen!"

I started; but it was no ground to sprint on—very rough.

I heard her cry out and say: "You brute!" And then I came a cropper.

By the time I had picked myself up and reached her twenty seconds must have elapsed. She was picking herself up and holding her left wrist. "The brute twisted it and snatched Kwei from me!" she said. "Come on!" and she started to run, sobbing.

I ran with her, getting back my breath from the cropper. The path ran twisting between tall bushes; the Chinamen were out of sight. They would get into the wood well ahead of us, and there'd be no finding them. Their car might be on any of three roads, waiting for them. It looked pretty hopeless.

Then Alicia's gun banged twice about two hundred yards ahead, and a curious squealing broke out.

"What the devil?" I said, and sprinted ahead.

I BUCKETED round a corner and nearly ran into Alicia and knocked her down. She had the comrade on her right hip, and her gun in her left hand, and she was smiling. I pulled up, and she stopped smiling.

"I gave them fifty yards before I peppered them. I did really, Joos—quite fifty yards," she said, quickly and very earnestly; and I knew quite well that she hadn't given anyone forty yards before she peppered them—thirty at the outside.

"Peppered who?" I said. "The two Chinamen. I heard Sarah scream, and then I saw them coming before they saw me, and I stepped into the bushes and let them run past me, and stepped out and gave them a good fifty yards before I peppered them. Then, while they were busy squealing, I ran and picked up the comrade and came away with him."

"Splendid!" I said, and I examined the comrade carefully.

He certainly wasn't hurt, and he seemed more thoughtful than startled, and tried to get my finger into his mouth.

Sarah came up, panting and very white, and gave a little cry at the sight of the comrade, and almost snatched him from Alicia, and fairly nuzzled him and cried with relief. I

told her and Alicia to get back to the Hall and send the gardeners and some bandages, and took Alicia's gun and went on to take a look at the Chinamen. They were about a hundred yards down the path and had stopped squealing, but when I came up to them they were looking uncommonly sick and sorry for themselves, much too sorry to put up any fight when I took their automatics from them. One of them was one of comrade Kwei's step-brothers. Then I had a look at their calves. As I thought, Alicia had given them no forty yards before she peppered them.

I talked to them about the seriousness of kidnapping a child in a civilized country, and said I hoped that seven years' penal servitude would teach them not to twist English girls' wrists. Then Alicia and the gardeners came, and we bandaged their calves and carried them back to the Hall and put them to bed. I went up to the nursery and found Sarah recovered and the comrade making a hearty meal. Her wrist was hurting her a good deal, and when Dr. Horton came I made him examine it before he went to the Chinamen. He found that the brute had broken one of the metacarpal bones and bound it up. He was over an hour picking the pellets from the Chinaman's calves, for both of them were carrying about the best part of a charge of shot. He said that they'd walk stiffly for many a long day.

FIVE days went by, and I began to wonder what Kwei's other step-brothers were doing. Then on the afternoon of the sixth day Sirensall came up to the nursery to tell me that a Chinaman had called to see me. I went down to the blue drawing-room, and there was our fat friend who had come with the visitors.

He was soapy enough when he did get started, and he spoke English very well. It seemed that there had been what he called an unfortunate misapprehension. Comrade Kwei's step-brothers were noble fellows, and they had wanted very badly to have their little brother back at home, and they still wanted him. I told him that they didn't live in a healthy house, and they could go on wanting him till the cows came home. Then he said that it was not really their little brother that they wanted, but his little jade axe, and he had come to make an agreement about it and his two wounded countrymen. I told him that, as soon as they were well enough to travel, his two wounded countrymen were going to take a short journey to York Gaol, and he could make an agreement with the police.

He got flustered and argued and begged. But I stuck to it. The brutes had twisted Sarah's wrist, and to god they should go. Then he talked about compensating her. I had plenty of time to consider things while he talked away, and I saw pretty clearly that life would be more than a bit tiresome with a gang of greedy and revengeful Chinamen always on the track of comrade Kwei, and nearly sure to get him in the end, and that money in the hand is better than an emerald celt in the bank, especially when there are doubts about the ownership of the emerald celt. So I grew a bit less peevish and asked what they wanted to pay for the emerald, and he said, "Three thousand pounds."

I laughed a good loud scornful laugh. What is three thousand to Chinamen in Wetzler suitings? And we argued it out till he agreed to pay seven thousand for the emerald and two thousand compensation to Sarah. He went away very respectful indeed.

I told the governor and Tollington, and they both agreed that I had done the best thing for the comrade, since the beggars knew that he had the emerald.

I caught the next London express at York and got the emerald out from the bank first thing next morning and was back at the Hall at half-past two. At three o'clock my stout friend—I never asked his name—arrived in a large car with the nine thousand pounds in notes, and I handed over the emerald celt and the peppered Chinaman to him, and was jolly glad to see the last of them.

I locked the comrade's seven thousand in the governor's safe and went up to the nursery with the two thousand for Sarah, and told her what I had done. She was immensely surprised and pleased.

Then, when she had counted the notes and stroked them and made them crinkle, she said: "But you're the only one who doesn't get anything out of it."

"Oh, yes, I do," I said. "I get you. I'm going to marry you for your money."

She blushed and laughed and said: "But I've always wanted to be married for myself!"

"And there'll be something doing in that way, too, if you notice very carefully," I said, and grabbed her and tried to show her.

(Copyright)

PRIDE of BIRTH

JULIA stood erect and immovable, and Peter John thought she looked so stiff and cold, like the statues in the park, only, of course, she wore clothes and they didn't. He tried again.

"Will you come and feed the pigeons. I have enough bread for us both."

She dropped his hand and, making a little sobbing noise in her throat, she threaded her way through the traffic to the house into which the man had carried Fido.

"Madam, there is a child at the door with a baby. He says he must see you, and he refuses to go away."

Julia swept down the hall expecting to find some beggar child, but instead, found Peter John in the doorway, carefully holding in his arms a white bundle.

"God sent this one for you," he told her breathlessly, for the bundle was heavy; it had grown heavier and heavier as he had trudged across the Park. She took it from him awkwardly, and stood looking down into the blinking eyes of a very young baby.

"Is this your mother's baby?" she asked him, and her voice was severe. Small boys, she thought, were always up to some mischief.

"Oh! no," he assured her, not at all abashed by her stern manner. "I got it in the Park for you. It's made specially for you 'cos it's got hair, you see."

Leading him into the lounge she told him to tell her what he meant. She sat down very erectly with the baby held in rigid arms, and Peter John sat on the edge of a gilt and brocade chair.

"Now tell me," Julia ordered, her voice still stern.

"It's been lonely in the Park without you and Fido, and this morning I talked to a girl, who was sitting on a seat with this baby. I told her about our new baby, and about you and Fido, and how I thought 'praps God would send you a new Fido or even a new baby."



"Walter there's a button in my soup!" "Sorry, sir, printer's error, should be mutton."

"And this girl," interrupted Julia, "is she waiting outside for her baby?"

"Oh, no!" exclaimed Peter John. "She said that God meant this baby for you, because you had lots of money and a big house, and that I could bring the baby to you."

"What was she like, this girl?" "She had hair like gold in the sun, and a soft voice and eyes that didn't laugh."

The baby cried a little, and Julia swayed backward and forward to soothe it, while Peter John watched anxiously.

"It's a very special baby," he assured her, as if to excuse it for crying. "The girl said it was the sweetest baby girl that ever was, and wanted to know if you would be good to her, and I said you would because you were so 'lucial about Fido. Then she cried and said she wanted the baby for herself, but she had no money, and she said she guessed you'd give the baby a chance. You will, won't you? What is a chance?"

The baby's cries became louder, and the old walls, which for so many years had not known children, re-echoed the cries bewilderingly. Julia and Peter John stood up, looking at each other in startled surprise.

"Walk about," Peter John suggested hopefully, and Julia proceeded up and down the room, a slow and stately walk such as she had been used to with Fido in the Park, but it seemed to comfort the baby. Nestling closer to her, the child slept.

Julia looked at Peter John, and he saw that her eyes were no longer hard and cold; they were shining and warm like the summer skies.

"Do you think she will grow into a nice little girl?" Julia asked. A tiny frown wrinkled his smooth, white forehead.

"If you give her plenty of milk she will grow very quickly," he said wisely, and with a soft little laugh Julia drew him to her.

"I see," she said, smiling down into the serious little face. "I shall want a lot of help from you. You will come often and help me, won't you?"

She stopped and kissed him awkwardly, as one not used to giving or receiving caresses, and Peter John, suddenly embarrassed, feeling that here was something that he could not quite understand, remembered that it was luncheon time, and, with a promise to come again soon, slipped away.

Julia rang the bell, and when Jane entered the room she was standing with the baby in her arms, dignified, upright, and coldly impersonal.

"Jane, cancel my appointment to see those Pekingese pups this afternoon. Phone the Norland Institute and ask them to send an experienced nurse here at once."

The surprised girl left the room, closing the door with quiet efficiency, and Julia sank into a low easy chair and sat looking with loving tenderness at the innocent, sleeping infant that a girl-mother, in her great love, had entrusted to the wise care of Peter John.

JULIA interviewed her solicitors and extensive secret inquiries were made, but all efforts to trace the girl who had deserted her baby were in vain. Peter John could not give any more accurate description than the one he had given to Julia. Meanwhile Julia grew passionately fond of the child, and when all efforts to trace the mother failed, she legally adopted her. At first she had misgivings about giving to one, not entitled to it by birth, the name of Dentford, but love won, and the child was called Patricia Dentford.

Only once did Peter ever refer to the girl who had given him the child. One morning when Patricia was about two years old he was playing with her in the garden. He looked at Patricia's baby curls shining like pure gold in the sun, and he said suddenly:

"She had hair like 'Tricia's!'" "Who?" Julia asked, looking up from her sewing.

"That girl in the Park." Julia did not reply. She had hoped the child had forgotten the incident, and he never spoke of it again.

Patricia was six years old when Dick came back from India on leave. He loved the child instantly, and would sit for hours watching her at play, and Julia noticed his whimsical smile, and sometimes thought his eyes asked a question. He took her out and lavished presents on her, and the child would have been thoroughly spoiled had it not been for Julia's stern sense of duty. If not a Dentford by birth, she must be a Dentford by training, and she spared no efforts to make the child worthy of the name she bore.

"Julia," Dick said to her one day after watching Patricia at play, "you or I might have had such a daughter. She's a thoroughbred."

Julia was a little shocked, not even to Dick would she admit how often, watching Patricia, she had wished that she was a Dentford by birth and rightful heiress to the Dentford Estates.

She still hoped that one day Dick would marry, and it was not till the night before he left for India that he spoke to her about it.

"I'll never marry, Julie. I've fixed things all right for Patricia and you with the solicitors."

Patricia was heartbroken when Dick left, and Julia felt a tiny stab of jealousy of which she felt ashamed. She noticed, too, that Patricia had copied many of Dick's mannerisms, and decided that the child was naturally imitative.

"So you are taking her from me, Peter John?"

Steadfast grey eyes looked into her smiling blue ones.

"No, dear Lady, I am not taking her from you, we will both need you, as we always have."

For the first time he saw the brave eyes misty with tears.

"Well, I am glad it is you she has chosen. Peter John, that spring nineteen years ago when you staggered into this room with your precious burden you brought me more than Patricia, you gave back my faith in human nature, and something of my lost youth." She paused for a moment as if she wanted to ask a question, but found it difficult. "Have you ever wished you knew the truth about Patricia... who her parents were... your children... hereditary...?"

"No, it is enough for me that she is Patricia. Our generation doesn't worry so much about birth and all that." He spoke gently, smiling down at her. Through all the years his admiration for Julia had never lessened.

Confusion, talking, laughter, showers of confetti sparkling in the sunshine, and they were gone. Julia stood on the lawn watching the brown strip of road and the red smudge of their car speeding along it. The car disappeared round the bend of the road, and she turned to go inside. It was then she became aware of a shabby little woman standing on the path.

HOBBS HOLBROOK says: "When appetite is in sorry plight, Holbrooks' Sauce will put it right." The World's Appetizer.***

"You want to see me?" she asked.

"Yes... please. May I speak to you privately?" She spoke breathlessly, as if it took all her courage to speak at all. Julia led the way into the lounge, and asked her visitor to be seated. The little woman sat on the extreme edge of a brocade chair, and folded her small gloved hands so as to hide the frayed finger tips. Her eyes looked hungrily at a photograph of Patricia.

"She is so very beautiful," she whispered, and there was a sob in her voice. Julia sat very still. She knew this woman had come to tell her something about Patricia, and she felt no surprise. It seemed that she had always known that this moment must come. She had longed for it, yet dreaded it. She wanted to know the truth, and yet she was frightened.

"You wanted to tell me something?" Julia queried.

"Yes, I wanted to thank you..."

"To thank me?"

"Yes, for your love and care of my little girl."

Julia started forward.

Continued from Page 11

"You gave the baby to Peter John in the Park?"

"Yes. I knew you would look after her."

"But why didn't you bring the baby to me yourself?" "You wouldn't have believed me, not then. You would have said it was blackmail... I thought I only wanted money... and my little baby... they would have put her in a home. I didn't want to give her up, but I was ill, and I couldn't get work. Besides, it was the child's birthday that she should be brought up in luxury and have a good education."

A little touch of pride crept into the weary voice. Julia bent forward; she felt a bewildering excitement. She had always guessed that Patricia was well-born, but now, after all these years, she would know. The little woman was strangely agitated, and her small hands fluttered about forgetful of the frayed gloves.

"He was up on leave, and we met... He loved me, but I knew to marry me

would ruin him, socially, and that meant so much to him. So I went away. Our little girl was six years old when he came back again. I used to see them together in the Park sometimes, and once he saw me, but I slipped away."

"Why do you come now, after all these years?"

There was that touch of pride in the weary voice again as she hurried on. "I didn't want him to know. I was so ashamed at first, but I loved him. Then last year when I read in the papers that Dick had died out there in India..."

"Dick!" Julia hardly breathed the word.

"Yes, your brother. You see, he loved me. He never knew about the child... The weary voice went on for a little while, but Julia did not hear the words. Then there was silence, so intense that the little woman grew frightened. If only that proud woman would say something, anything rather than this silence. Perhaps she disbelieved her story, and in a minute would order her from the house. But Julia had forgotten the shabby little figure. Her heart sang with a great joy. Patricia, her glorious Patricia, was a Dentford by birth!

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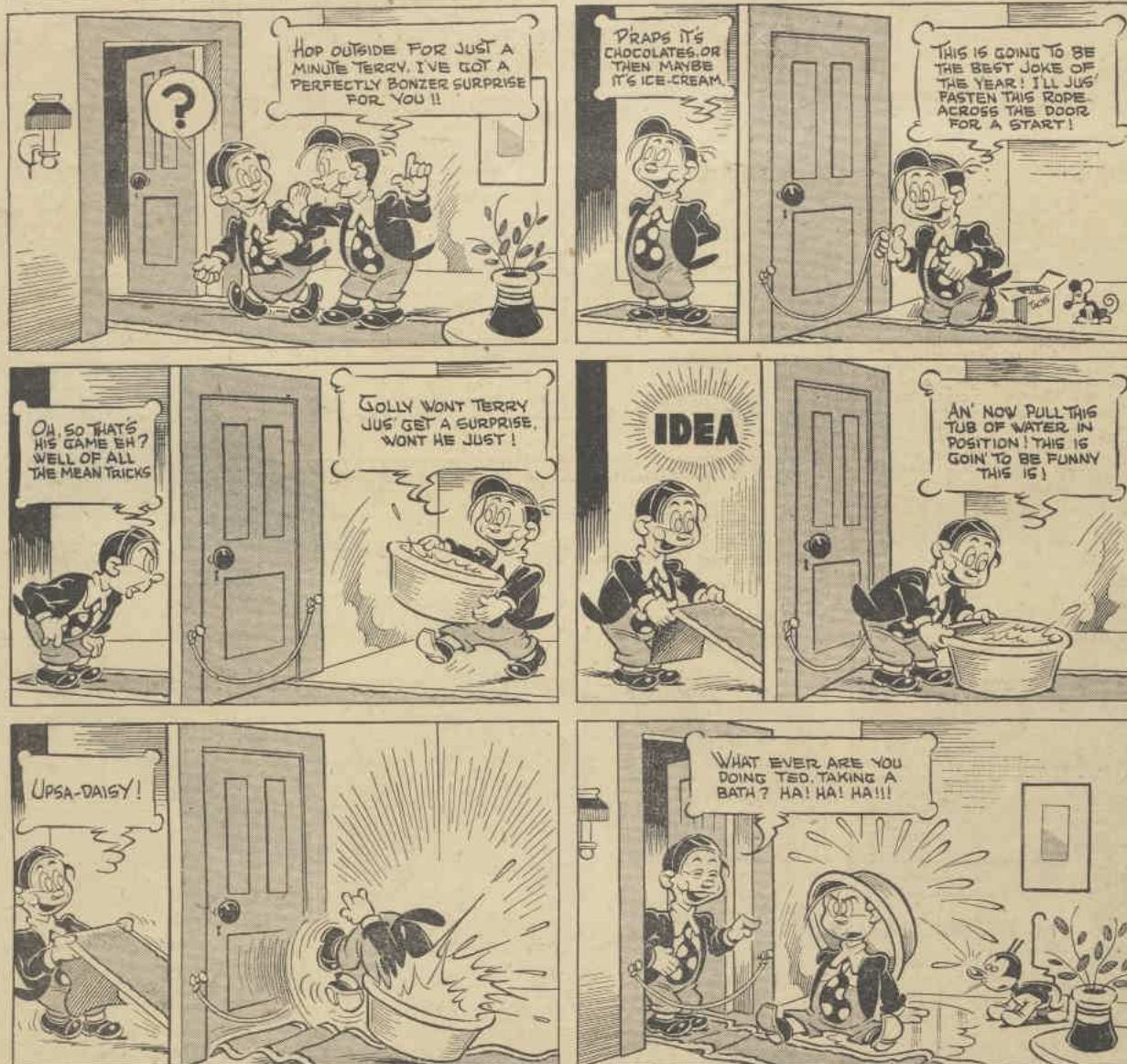
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OBTAINABLE AT ALL SHOE STORES

TERRY and TEDDY

TERRIBLE TWINS

by HARRY EYRE JR.



FRED IN THE LAND OF MAGIC

THERE was such a stir at Mushroom Grove. Humpty Dumpty had come there for a fortnight's holiday, and what do you think happened? He had fallen from a wall and broken himself into dozens of tiny pieces within a few hours of his arrival.

Of course there were such remarks as "Well, didn't I say he'd fall and break himself if he didn't get rid of his climbing habits?" and "I knew it the first time I set my eyes on him sitting on that high wall that he'd come to a sad end."

As there are always a few people nasty enough to say these things, nobody took much notice of them.

Fred was the first one to make a move to help Humpty, then several bigger boys came to his aid, and carefully, very carefully, lifted the shattered pieces of Humpty to the nearest bedroom.

One doctor came to see Humpty, and shook his head gravely. "I'm sorry, but I think Humpty will never be able to climb walls again. I am hopeless. I can do nothing that will make him better again."

Another doctor came. This one was stern looking, with a funny, curly moustache. What a lot of choked giggles there were when he rushed past several little girls in the street, and one cried, "There goes Rip van Winkle!"

Fred had hoped that the second doctor would look clever and kind, but when he saw this man with his funny moustache and glassy eyes he lost hope. Fred knew almost immediately what he would say: "H'm, a bad case; too far gone. I'm afraid. I'm sorry. Good-bye."

And he was right; for that was exactly what the doctor did say.

Then another doctor was called, then another, and another, until every doctor had been summoned for miles around, and not one of them had done anything to relieve Humpty's pain.

Fred was rather annoyed, and thought that one of them ought to be able to think of a way to mend Humpty. But no; they all seemed to get that same look on their faces, and say, "I'm sorry, but this case is beyond me. Good-bye."

All the time Fred kept looking at Humpty and trying to think how his



Said Humpty Dumpty, as he sat on the wall, "If I hold on tight, I shall not fall. I can wave one hand, and balance just so. But if I move the other, ever I'll go."

pieces could be put together. Then an idea struck him—why not try to give him together? "Why hadn't that occurred to all those silly doctors who were supposed to be so clever?" pondered Fred.

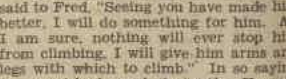
Not saying a word to anyone, Fred crept out of the house and went into the wood to get some gum from out of the wattle trees. In a short time he had got a lot, and returned once more to Humpty's bedside, where poor Humpty was groaning and making most awful noises.

Quickly Fred started glueing. But the task seemed almost hopeless, as it was worse than working out a jig-saw puzzle. Anyway, Fred did not give up hope, but went on sticking pieces together for many hours. Sometimes a piece would be put in the wrong place, and it was dreadfully hard to pull away even when the gum was still moist. Anyway, that was good, because it proved to Fred that when the gum was actually dry nothing could pull the pieces apart.

Well, at last Humpty was all stuck together, and only for a little bit of gum here and there he looked quite himself again—just like a big egg!

AS Fred was gazing at Humpty a fairy appeared on the end of his bed, and said to Fred, "Seeing you have made him better, I will do something for him. As I am sure, nothing will ever stop him from climbing, I will give him arms and legs with which to climb." In so saying she vanished, and instantly Humpty jumped out of bed, proud as proud could be of his arms and legs, and within an hour was on the back wall again.

(Another story about Fred next week.)



Said Humpty Dumpty, as he sat on the wall, "If I hold on tight, I shall not fall. I can wave one hand, and balance just so. But if I move the other, ever I'll go."

Just Chatter

GLADYS DOWNING, of Wyong (N.S.W.), collects photos of film stars; Walter Johnston, of Manly (N.S.W.), likes swimming in Manly pool; Eva McDonald, of Clayfield (Qld.), writes a very interesting letter; D. Connor, of Mirani (Qld.), is a great admirer of beautiful scenery; Alice Christie, of Geelong (Vic.), got a big sleeping dog for her seventh birthday; Dorothy Newman, of Manly (N.S.W.), recently returned from Hobart; Ruth Mason, of North Sydney (N.S.W.), writes good stories; Jack Spright, of Melbourne (Vic.), would like to be an engineer when he grows up; Julia Skirgeat, of Naugle (Qld.), is fond of riding; playing basketball and swimming; Joan Hyder, of Lindfield (N.S.W.), paints pretty pictures.

ABOVE IS Resalee Cook, a Resalee Pal.

Kathleen Miller, of Islington, likes the county air; Heather Linnett, of Charleville, has for her pets two bantam hens and five chickens; Alan Waters, of Newcastle (N.S.W.), likes riding horses; Helen Howe, of Newcastle (N.S.W.), writes an interesting letter; Joan Cornwell, of Newcastle, is fond of sketching.

Betty Frost, of Manungahang (Vic.), though only ten years old, writes an excellent letter; Lab Rae, of Concord (N.S.W.), does clever sketches; Noel Walker, of Manungahang (N.S.W.), likes playing cricket and tennis; Mary Donohue, of Ipswich (Qld.), will be fourteen in March; Elsie Murray, of Bendigo (Vic.), has a big Airedale dog and four little puppies; Elsie Harvey, of Burwood (N.S.W.), spent her Christmas holidays at the seaside; Ashley Beaud, of West Wycombe, long (N.S.W.), likes motor-cars; Louise Lang, of Bundaberg (Q.), is nine next month; Jean Fuller, of West Coburg, has a dog called "Bully"; Nina Helton, of Charleville, plays basketball.

Jean McKay, of Diamond Creek, once had a pet lamb; Walter Johnston, of Manly, is a very neat writer; Anne Perry, of Wollongong, does not like rainy weather.

An Old Exercise Book

By FARNUM TINNEY

On a dusty and worn-out shelf I lay. Long since forgotten and thrown away. My pages are yellow and grim with age. And numerous blots from page to page. Far my owner, a boy, as is clearly shown, Has long years since to manhood grown. How well I remember that schoolroom dim, Wherein I was first placed, neat and trim; With a cover blue, and pages so clean. The very delight of a scholar's dream.

But, alas, to an end came that dream of joy When I found I was owned by a clumsy boy. Then misery came and joined my lot. I was filled with smudges and many a blot. Until careless work and wrong sum after sum Littered my pages one by one. And when I was filled and had no more clear space, I was thrown away to my present place. And here I lie, where I have been buried, Lost from sight from the outside world. Prize of 5/- to Farnum Henry Tinney (13), Burlington Rd., Homebush.

Connie's Letter

MY DEAR PALS—
Somebody asked me during the week if I could think of any words that rhymed with "silver" and "scarf," and I found it very hard, as the words are not so easily thought of as first imagined. Just you write down as many as you can, and a prize of 2/6 will be given to the boy or girl who discovers the greatest number.

This week's prize letter comes from Joan Delprat, Perth Creek, Duaringa (Qld.), for which she receives a 5/- prize.

Well, Pals, goodbye until next week.

Cheerio,

From Your Pal,

CONNIE.

Each week Prize Cards and cash prizes are awarded for the best entries. All competitors must be under seventeen. When a Pal has won twelve cards, a prize of 5/- will be given. Address all contributions to Connie, Box 1231E, G.P.O., Sydney.

FOR FUN & FANCY

TEACHER: Now, Mary, can you tell me what the half of eight is?
Mary: Do you mean on top, or sideways, Teacher?
Teacher: Good gracious! What difference does that make?
Mary: Well, half of eight on top is nought, but sideways it's three!

Prize Card to Jean Ward, Mullumbimby, N.S.W.

What does a ship weigh?—Its anchor.
Why is the letter C fortunate?—Because it is always in luck.
What is the difference between an angler and a lazy schoolboy?—One baits his hook and the other waits for his hook.

Prize Card to Tony Fox (11), 114 Seymour St., Bathurst.

"You must never put off till to-morrow what you can do to-day," said another.
"Well, let's eat the rest of the plum cake to-day, Mummin!" said Jean.
Prize Card to L. Sumerville, West End, Brisbane, Queensland.

"A thing is transparent when we can see through it," said the teacher. "Now, Billy Jones, name something transparent."
"A keyhole, Miss," said Billy.
Prize Card to Lyn Hines, 25 Links Av., Concord.

During the history lesson the teacher asked the class the question: "What do you know of Margaret of Anjou?"
"She was very fat," answered one of the boys.

This was new to the teacher, and he asked for the lad's authority.
"It's in the book, sir." Among Henry's stoutest supporters was Margaret of Anjou.
Prize Card to Marjorie Gilbert, 21 Princess St., Homebush, N.S.W.



NO; MR. FISH is not really as funny as he looks here—just you wait and see him when you have colored him with your paints or crayons, and you will find he is quite a handsome fellow. A prize of 10/- will be given for the prettiest entry, and your effort alone before March 1. The part of Mr. Fish is taken by Roscoe Ales in Paramount's production of "Alice in Wonderland."

PAINTING THE QUEEN COMPETITION

Ruth Jukes (14), "Yarmouth" Marathon Rd., Darling Point (N.S.W.), sent the best entry in, and wins the prize of 10/-.

Prize Cards are awarded for the next best entries to Ruth Jukes, 23a Victoria Parade, Manly (N.S.W.); Jack Austin, "Rosemount," Barker Av., Shepparton (Vic.); Edna Harris, Lincoln St., Whitton, Brisbane (Qld.); Jean McManis, 17 College St., Gladstone (N.S.W.); Dora Kelly, Tumbi Umbi, via Wyong (N.S.W.); and Louis Whimsey, 63 Darabin St., Heidelberg (Vic.).

A PRINCE of GOOD FELLOWS

Continued from Page 5

"I'll try," Jenny spoke without enthusiasm. She picked up her bag. "Look in at me on the way!"

"If you'll find me a bargain bit of white brasher reduced for chorus girls."

"Right you are."

Ted waylaid her in the narrow hall. "Listen, Jenny, tell Anne I'll be round. It's my night off."

"Right."

"Give her my love and— He paused a moment then said suddenly, 'Take to see something?'"

"What?"

"Anne doesn't know. You mustn't tell anybody." He felt in his breast pocket.

"Le Roy has given you a contract," said Jenny hopefully.

"Don't be a fool. Le Roy won't give anyone a contract that he can get by the week. Why should he? No, look— He held a marriage license before her astonished gaze.

"But, Ted," she stammered, "do you mean—"

"I don't mean anything. I like to have it in case. I did it one day when I was feeling blue."

"My God, what a family," laughed Jenny. "They feel so blue they run out and put up the banns. What do you do when you feel cheerful?"

"Bat my young sister good and plenty."

"Well, I shan't dance at your wedding. I shall come in weepers and howl. I think you're a fool."

"I know you do."

"Marriage is a pastime for the idle rich, like skiing and Turkish baths!"

"Come on, Ted," called Mrs. Foster. "Your tea's getting cold."

Jenny made for the door. "Good-bye, Mum. I'll be working late. Give Dad my blessing."

"Good-bye, dear."

Mrs. Foster sighed. She was always

sorry when Jenny left the house. Now she would have to manage for herself. She was not good at managing. In the lovely old convent where she had been educated she had been taught to be chaste and cheerful, to be kind and clean. The curriculum had included a little French and fine sewing and a great deal of religious instruction. Nothing, however, was said of the dark rites of domestic economy, and to Mary Foster they remained a mystery all her life.

Jenny had not far to go, but she hurried. If you were late, even a few minutes late, Madame said that you had stolen her time and deducted it from your wages.

IT was a lovely morning and Soho was waking to life. At the foot of the staircase the Italian who kept the grocer's shop over which they lived gave her a cheerful good morning. Opposite, the outfitter who specialised in chef's caps, and aprons for errand boys, and false shirt fronts for waiters, was taking down his shutters. From the patisserie next door came the hot, steamy smell of baking. In the little sweet and tobacco shops the tea urns were being polished. Outside a restaurant a waiter was putting the day's menu in its frame. In Rupert St. the market stalls were already set up, and here and there a foreign tongue was heard mingling with the Cockney overtones. "Their point of view," meditated Jenny, hurrying along, answering now and then a friendly greeting from a neighbor. Easy at times. Easy with these kindly people among whom she

lived. Not so easy when it came to Madame's rapacious attitude to money. Nominally the girls on the early shift were supposed to be at the shop at nine, but Madame's interpretation of the arrangement was that at nine they should be already at work. So at five minutes to the hour three out of the four girls were already in the pale blue and silver overalls which Madame supplied and which fitted so beautifully with the decorative scheme of Chez Fleurette.

Jenny had not exaggerated when she had said that Madame was a genius. She had raised her business from the status of a flower shop to that of the flower shop. She catered for all tastes. You could buy cheap or expensive flowers; exotic flowers imported packed in ice; humble flowers from Covent Garden; wild flowers specially gathered in the country; hot-house flowers, even artificial flowers. No fashionable wedding, no expensive funeral but Madame played her part.

"Morning," said Jenny to the others as they powdered hastily. "How's everything?"

"Same as usual," said Yvonne, in her low, cool voice; "a lot of flowers unfortunately not born to blush unseen are awaiting our attention."

"Some day Madame will find some profitable way of selling stinging nettles and then Heaven help us!"

"To-day," whispered Anne Carroll, "I gather that the housewives of London will be asked to say it with cornflowers."

"Oh, Anne, Ted sent you the usual

fond messages and says he'll fetch you to-night."

"Thanks," said Anne smilingly, the secret smile of a girl in love.

"Now, mes enfants," said Madame's voice, very businesslike, "the window-blinds, please. Were the price tickets sorted last night?"

The girls scattered to work. Madame had only two windows on which to exercise her skill. On one side you could buy the sort of flowers that might be found in any middle-class sitting-room. You could buy them at Chez Fleurette just a little cheaper than anywhere else, and you had all the delightful sensations of patronising a luxury establishment on a grand scale. A ninepenny bunch of flowers entitled you to stand amid the long mirrors edged with silver which reflected the sky-blue panels and the flowers which stood out as against a natural background. Mirrors hedged you on all sides, and customers often stood for a moment delightedly bewildered as to which way to turn and as to which was reality and which was illusion.

Anne Carroll presided over the more homely flowers, and though she wore the same blue and silver as her more glamorous colleagues, her manner was subtly different. It was more sympathetic and less smart. It invited you to take her advice, and every morning Madame coached her as to what that advice should be.

"We will make a good thing on those Shirley poppies, Anne," said Madame now. "They won't last but . . . now, let me see, you must say they are frail—too frail for most people—that gives them fair warning—but so, so decorative—that is a good word."

YES, Jenny was right. Madame knew her job.

The opposite window was devoted to exotic blooms, orchids treated in novel fashion, sprays designed to suit all shades of evening frocks, bouquets for "occasions," cunning little baskets for a lady's boudoir, subtle suggestions for dinner-table novelties, and discreetly in the background flowers suitable for mourning the dead—at great expense.

This did not end Madame's activities. She had destroyed for ever the prestige of the palm and the fern and the posy of marguerite and geranium that used to adorn public and private rooms on festive occasions. When you gave a party you could entrust your decorations to Madame Fleurette, sure that she would supply something striking and original, sure that the assistants who came to arrange the flowers would be young and lovely, well-spoken and clever, and that you could leave them with the wedding presents or the family plate without any anxiety.

Opposite Madame's shop, but the breadth of a narrow street away, the Odeon supplied her with a steady stream of customers. No rich young man would think of wooing one of Toni Gerrard's famous blondes without one of Madame Fleurette's equally famous bouquets.

Then during the evening the dressers would sometimes come and sell the flowers back to Madame. The recipient got ten per cent. of the price paid by the original donor. It was not a great deal, but it helped to keep the blondes in skin food and butcher's meat. It was highly profitable to Madame, who could nearly always sell the same bouquet next day to a different young man.

Please turn to Page 42



"I Love
Arnott's
SAOS at
any time"

UNEXPECTED VISITORS...



STAYING FOR A MEAL!



How often has this very situation caused you worry? You wish you were that type of woman who always has a full larder, ready for any emergency. Well, you are, if you have a tube of Hansen's Junket Tablets in your cupboard! In two minutes it is made, in less than fifteen it is set—a delicious and popular sweet—that everyone likes! Be sure you use Hansen's and you can't have a failure.

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Make junket as instructed on Hansen's Junket Tube. Flavour with coffee essence and chill. When ready to serve, whip 1 cup cream, add 1 cup sugar and mix well. Put cream on top of junket and decorate with cherries.

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A PRINCE of GOOD FELLOWS

Continued from Page 41

JENNY bustled herself now sorting the flowers into the buckets that awaited them. Monsieur, who rose every morning at four to get to Covent Garden, was sleeping, but looking at the price list which he had compiled she realised that he had made a number of exceptionally good bargains.

Madame stretched her fingers greedily for the list. "Check these with me," she said, and there was in her eyes that strange look which came when any question of money was involved.

"They're lovely," said Jenny as they finished.

"They're cheap," said Madame shortly as she moved away.

Jenny looked apologetically at the flowers. She felt that they must have heard and been insulted. She had worked so long among them now that she sometimes imagined that she could understand their feelings.

For as a girl of sixteen Jenny had realised the unstable financial condition of her pleasant improvident family. Her father was the most disinterested of men, always loath to take his pupil's money, always ready to teach for love. Ted was a good saxophone player, but his quick temper often landed him out of work, and now he was saving his money to get married. Eve, with her nimble feet and her inherited sense of rhythm, spent all the money she earned in one job keeping herself well dressed enough to secure the next. She was not ambitious, satisfied if she could "keep in work," in what was a precarious profession.

So at sixteen Jenny had started running errands for a suburban florist, and because she was clever and pretty she was sometimes allowed to serve behind the counter, and because she was obliging the other girls gradually initiated her into the mysteries of the craft. Now at nineteen she had already served six months with the smartest florist in London.

"Hurry, girls," said Madame. "Jenny, you and Yvonne bring me those pink roses. Let me see. Toni Gerrard is back from America. The company for his new show will be at the theatre to-day. We want something to catch the theatrical eye—something a little crierd—a little obvious. We will do the window in pastel shades of pink and mauve. Now be quick, girls."

Madame herself worked as hard as the others, and within an hour their skilled fingers had created something really glamorous. The shop seemed to swim in a haze of scent and color. It was intoxicating.

Officially they opened at nine-thirty, but it was only Anne who had any customers to serve so early in the morning. Yvonne and Jenny were busy tidying, removing all suggestion of the fact that the flowers had once lived in boxes, been tied up with string and wrapped in damp paper.

"It's funny," said Jenny as she started to attack the order book; "one doesn't get tired of flowers—like one would, say, of cakes, if one worked in a confectioner's."

"Yes," said Yvonne politely. "It's funny."

That was all. Jenny gave up the attempt. She could never penetrate past the cool civility of Yvonne's manner. She was not like the other girls. They looked forward. Yvonne looked back. What she saw there closed her lips.

It was Pamela's arrival that revived the shop's normal atmosphere of whispered conversations. She took her place beside Jenny just as the clock struck eleven. Jenny was taking down the address of a smart nursing home to which a bunch of carnations was to be sent. Pamela waited her opportunity.

"How's Madame? She should be bucked to-day, that Toni Gerrard's back. The lover of blonde babies sends up business by fifty per cent."

"Does he honestly like blondes—real natural ones—or is it just gossip?" Pamela raised her delicate eyebrows.

"It's no use, sweetie, you can never be a natural blonde."

"It's my young sister. She's going to an audition at the Odeon to-day."

Pamela was obliged to attend to a lady who wanted flowers sent to a liner at Southampton, and Jenny was obliged to deal with a young man who wanted a gardenia. By the time they came together again Eve herself was in the shop.

"Got that bargain in white heather for me, Jenny?"

"Pam, that's the baby sister. Think Gerrard will like her?"

Pamela eyed Eve approvingly. "Of course he will. That's if he can stop long enough to look. He's very busy at the moment."

"What do you mean?"

"Love, my child," said Pamela, who

somehow always knew the latest gossip about everything and everybody. "Christine Beaumont—second lead. You've seen her. Her talents I understand are—shall we say domestic rather than histrionic. But for looks! She's lovely. Helen of Troy has nothing on her, and she shows the Venus de Milo where she gets off. There's no denying it. She's lovely. She gives me a pain in the neck and the middle, but even I have to admit she's a beaut. . . . Look out!"

Under Madame's watchful eye Jenny hastily put the tiny spray of white heather on the counter.

"That will be sixpence, please," she said.

"Sheer daylight robbery," whispered Eve, and stuck it in the lapel of her coat. Madame automatically clicked the cash register, the girls smiled hastily at Eve and resumed their professional manners for the next customer.

The first person that Eve met on the stage of the Odeon was Maurice Randall. They gravitated together like two bits of quicksilver. Indeed, their mutual attraction had something of this instinctive element.

EVE could not have told you why she felt so at home with Maurice Randall, nor why they suited one another so admirably. She did not analyse the miracle, she joyfully accepted it.

Maurice was dark, lean, agile and admirably adapted to his job. Perhaps he had Latin blood, he himself was not sure. His mother had always been extremely reticent about his unknown father. Perhaps his large dark eyes did not express much, perhaps his silence merely hid a certain self-distrust, Eve did not care. She was content. She was not curious about his past, but she was hopeful about his



TRY This...

THIS NOVEL clothes-line can be put in some little out-of-the-way corner of the kitchen. It will prove very useful in the rainy weather, when a few odds and ends must be dried. Then in the summer it can always be used to hang tea-towels on. As is seen, it is made from two coat-hangers and a few pieces of wire or stout string.

future. Some day, she believed, he would be "a real dancer."

For they had one great bond in common. They loved to dance. Most of the girls in the theatre loved their work, but it was partly for the excitement of the life, the applause, the frocks, the admiration from in front, the knowledge that in their world "anything might happen." But Eve loved it for sheer physical delight in movement and harmony and rhythm.

She looked at Maurice now with shining eyes. "If only—" she said. She did not need to finish the sentence. He knew quite well what she meant.

"After all, why not?"

"If you could stay in London anything might happen. I've been thinking it all out, Maurice. The thing to do is to offer to dance for some of these fashionable charities or some of these artistic little theatre people. You must be seen. Jenny is always decorating people's houses for things like that. I'm going to tell her to keep her eyes and ears open."

"I'm afraid Jenny doesn't approve of me."

"Nonsense. The Posters never disapprove. Didn't you know that? It's our family motto, and Tolerance is our middle name."

He laughed a little uneasily. "Are you sure?"

"Sure of what?"

"That you would all be so tolerant if you were really put to the test."

"Are you going to spring a wife on me?"

"No, but that isn't answering my question."

"Yes. I think it's easy. I don't greatly care what other people do or have done, do you? I mean Righteous Indignation must be a frightfully difficult emotion to express."

"You don't care?"

"No."

"Some day I'll remind you of that."

"Sounds ominous."

"Look out—there's Dixon."

A hush fell over the theatre. The waiting groups ceased whispering. Mr. Dixon had arrived. He spoke to the pianist. He spoke to Mr. Purvis, his assistant. A stage hand came forward and whisked a few chairs off the stage. Someone handed Mr. Dixon an alphabetical list of the names.

Mr. Dixon looked at his watch impatiently. Toni Gerrard had promised to be here at eleven. Well, if Toni didn't like the girls he picked so much the worse. He couldn't hang about all day. He didn't know what had come over Toni—getting slack, always late these days. Too much easy success. And how this Beaumont woman!

He called the first girl sharply. The audition had begun.

"Nice kid," said Pamela, as she watched Eve leave the shop. "I hope she gets it."

"So do I."

"You think a lot of her."

"Yes," Jenny laughed apologetically.

"Unfortunately, for the Irish blood is so much thicker than water." Jenny put a large pot of azaleas between herself and Madame. "Pam, what is Gerrard like? All the time I've been here he's been in America. I saw him once from the back of the gallery, but that doesn't tell you much about his off-stage habits."

"He's sweet," said Pamela enthusiastically. "He makes a joke of everything. Not a bit of side. Just as ready to kiss a poor girl as a rich one—and very ready for either."

"I see."

"Of course he's a bad lad, but it hasn't soured his nature. Look out. Here's your Mr. Freeman."

It was tacitly assumed that Jenny, and only Jenny, should attend to Clive Freeman's wants. His office was at the corner of the street, and each morning just after eleven he called for a buttonhole, and ever since Jenny had been working for Madame he had singled her out for his attentions. Twice he had formally taken her out to dinner, once he had taken her to Burlington House, and once he had driven her to Hindhead for tea. His conduct had always been irreproachable, and Jenny had a suspicion that he was studying her to try to decide whether she was quite good enough to be the future Mrs. Freeman. She hoped the question would need a great deal more consideration, for she had still to decide whether he was quite good enough to be Jenny's husband.

SHE smiled at him pleasantly. "Good morning, Mr. Freeman. What'll it be to-day? 'Carnation lily, lily rose.'" She liked to surprise him with a quotation.

"How about a pink carnation?" he said.

Pamela whispered. "How about a green one?" and Jenny kicked her delicately and deliberately on the shin.

She picked up the flower and fixed it in his buttonhole. "There's a lovely one," she said soothingly, as she might to a child who had been teased by an elder sister.

"Thank you," and then just as he was about to say more Jenny was glad to find an impatient woman demanded her attention and she was able to nod and smile and dismiss him.

Clive Freeman walked rather slowly along to his corner. He was conscious of the slight rebuff. He was sensitive under his grim, unsmiling exterior. Yet he bore Jenny no ill will. A sweet girl, he thought, and then with just the same clever caution with which he invested the capital of his company he amended the statement. Seems a sweet girl, he thought, this time. He was a man to face facts. He knew that he was forty, and though good-looking and well-to-do not a very exciting wooer. He was too reserved. He had no experience in the casual modern ways. Nevertheless, he would be a good match for a florist's assistant. But he had not waited all these years to marry the wrong girl at the last moment. Just because he felt sentimental about Jenny he must be careful.

At his office Clive Freeman took the carnation out of his buttonhole and stuck it in a glass of water on his desk. There must be some way of finding out a girl's real nature. He didn't want a wife with money or position. He could supply those. He only wanted something much harder to find—a sweet girl. He gave a low chuckle. He was positively absurd.

When his secretary came in to answer his bell she found him with his private letters unopened staring absent-mindedly at a pink carnation. She little guessed that at forty years of age Clive Freeman was setting out on man's eternal quest.

To be Continued.

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WOMEN'S MATCHES Certainly Not Dull!

Victorians' Lively Comments

By SAIDE PARKER

As a regular spectator of Sheffield Shield matches, who viewed women's cricket for the first time during the present interstate matches, I was amazed at one particular feature. I refer to the barracking.

I do not mean the perfectly natural applause of the enthusiastic crowd gathered to cheer either one side or the other, but the loud comments and the excited injunctions to players with which the Victorian team followed every stroke.

EACH of the three teams adopted a demeanor, apparently characteristic. The Queensland team wore a look of expectancy, not unminged with a certain apprehension, and the impression I received was that the average age of the girls and length of experience would be considerably less than that of their opponents. Off the field they were quiet, even perhaps a little shy facing the crowd. But they took the field with an air of determination.

The Victorians were demonstrative in their enjoyment and outspoken in their comments. To the average batsman it might prove disconcerting to be loudly barracked by fellow team members, but apparently they understand each other. The same can hardly be said for the umpire. To him it must have been an entirely novel and definitely unpleasant experience to hear players berating him from the dressing room, questioning his decisions, and loudly calling to batsmen "to appeal!" (though to whom one ap-

merely a well-wisher of the N.S.W. team acting in this capacity at the request of the association. Actually he is a member of the Umpires' Association, and fully qualified to act in his official capacity.

However, the bonhomie of the Victorian team was completely restored when bowlers Palmer and Antonio dismissed the entire N.S.W. side for the

At the meeting of the Australian Women's Cricket Council, the following were elected to office for the ensuing year: Miss E. Mills (Victoria), president; Mrs. Feige (Queensland), treasurer; Mrs. Waldron (Queensland), secretary; Misses Wilson and Barber (Queensland), auditors; Mrs. Waldron and Misses Debnam and B. Peden, Australian selectors.

meagre total of less than 40 runs. They eventually drove away from the scene of their victory in high good humor, laughing and shouting as they went.

But one had a fleeting mental picture of W. M. Woodfull addressing the members' stand when one of his team was given "out".

The N.S.W. team preserved an unmoved front. Led by veteran Margaret Peden they took the field, walked out to the crease or left it (in very rapid succession), without voicing any comment outside the confines of their dressing room.

When during that particular match, however, the scoring book showed a neat row of five 9's, perhaps it is just as well that, unlike those of the old quotation, the walls of the dressing room have not ears.



MARGARET PEDEN, captain of the N.S.W. team, is an "old girl" of "Abbotsleigh," and the school team has followed the matches with keen interest.

—Women's Weekly photo.

N.S. Wales' POPULAR CRICKET Captain

MISS Margaret Peden, daughter of Sir John Peden, M.L.C., is one of the most engaging personalities among the women cricketers, as well as being one of the most successful captains.

She has had extended experience of captaining teams, for she has been, in the course of her cricket career, captain of Abbotsleigh school team, of Sydney Club, and Kuringai club teams, of the New South Wales State team, and finally she was selected last year as an Australian captain.

MISS MARGARET PEDEN, member of the New South Wales Women's Cricket Association, and captain of the present State team, has always been keenly interested in cricket. Starting at a very early age, she played back-yard cricket until she became a pupil at the Abbotsleigh School.

Here she soon made her presence felt,

and brought about many reforms, one of which was the introduction of over-arm bowling. The school had previously been bowling underarm.

She captained the school team for many years and, on leaving, interested herself in the formation of a New South Wales Women's Cricket Association. This was accomplished with five teams, and Miss Peden was duly elected secretary, a position she has held for six years unopposed.

During that time the number of teams has grown to somewhere near the hundred mark, including numerous country associations throughout the State which have affiliated with the main body.

This popular girl takes a widespread interest in the welfare of women's sport generally. Last year, with Mrs. Pratt, field, sports secretary of the Y.W.C.A., she convened the Australian Women's Amateur Sports Council, of which she holds the office of hon. secretary.

After being captain of the well-known Sydney Club for several years, Miss Peden resigned and formed the Kuringai Club, holding the office of captain since its inception.

For the last four years she has captained the New South Wales team, and last year was selected as an Australian captain.

Ping-Pong for World Title

THE English Table Tennis Association has chosen a team of women players to represent it in the international table tennis tournament, to be played in Paris this month.

The Hungarian women are the holders of the world's title; and the selected English team whose representatives are Misses Osborne, Emdin, Woodhead, and Moorish, hope to annex the title this year.

The games will be played under the same rules and conditions which govern Davis Cup tennis.

The farewell dinner to the interstate cricketers is arranged to take place at the Girls' Secondary School Club on Friday night. Dr. Constance Darcy will preside at the dinner in the absence of Mrs. Bettman, president of the N.S.W. Women's Cricket Association, who is just recovering from a recent operation.

HOT HOLBROOK says: I have sliced Olives ready for sandwiches. Have you ever tried an olive sandwich?***

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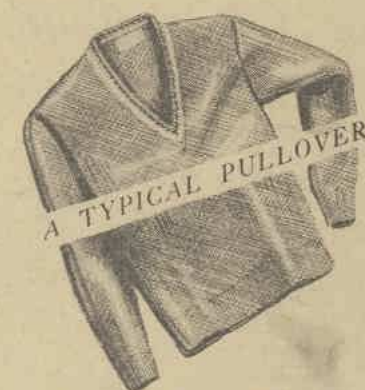
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